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NOV., 1910

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Vol. XII

No. 2

SMITH'S MAGAZINE

A PUBLICATION FOR THE HOME

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SMITH'S MAGAZINE

VOLUME 12

NOVEMBER, 1910

NUMBER 2

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART STUDIES

OF
STAGE
FAVORITES

MISS
ISABELLE
JASON
WITH
"THE SUMMER
WIDOWERS"



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With "Girlies"

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Will Appear in a New Play

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With the "Summer Widowers"

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With the "Follies of 1910"

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With the "Follies of 1910"

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With the "Follies of 1910"

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With the "Follies of 1910"

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With the "Summer Widowers"

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MISS STACIA LESLIE
With the "Summer Widowers"

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MISS RUTH ROGER
Recently with "Brewster's Millions"

Photo by Hauge, N. Y.

THE GIRL AT SHINING TREE

BY

S. CARLETON

Author of "The Ribboned Way," "Bellegarde's Girl," etc.

A TWO-PART STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY CH. GRUNWALD

CHAPTER I.

I EXPECT," murmured Carmarthen thoughtfully, "that I won't go down there to meet Law!"

He checked his half-broken black mare and his two led horses on the hillside, and sat, in the rose and silver dawn, a splendid, silent figure against the flushing sky, looking down on the abortive "town" of Stevenson. It consisted of one slumped silver mine that had never had anything in it, eleven decayed houses, and one combined bar and shop which marked the terminus of a scarecrow stagecoach. A stranger would be a mark for curiosity—and home questions—from each and every inhabitant.

Carmarthen, after an all-night ride from his newly discovered gold claim at Shining Tree Valley, had no desire for questions; or any society on the road home except that of the new partner he had come in to meet. He slipped off his mare with an approving acceptance of the fact that she had not turned a hair in her forty-mile journey, and led her and his two spare horses into a small natural clearing, well secluded by a high bank from the road into town.



There, beside a good hill brook, he promptly made camp for himself and his horses, and slept through the long June day, to wake at sunset fresh, hungry, and expectant.

The street in the valley below was empty. It was as yet too early for the bi-weekly stage that was bringing out Walter Law, whom he had ridden over to meet. Carmarthen yawned as one who had time before him, and turned to see after his horses.

At his whistle the three came and muzzled him in turn. Carmarthen regarded the pack pony thoughtfully, before he moved off to make his toilet in the brook and eat what scant fare there was in his saddlebags.

"I suppose Law wants the third horse for his stuff," he muttered, "but he's changed since I knew him if he telegraphs for a 'gentle horse' to ride himself—unless he's ill or something!" And he whistled with some dismay.

It had been Law who had told him of the gold lying at Shining Tree, and it was an old promise that if ever he prospected for it he would send for Law to join him; but that same prospecting might be hard hoeing for a man who had lost his nerve sufficiently to

require a "gentle horse." Carmarthen drew from his pocket the telegram which was all the answer Law had vouchsafed to his two letters, but nothing in it reassured him as to the state of that gentleman's health.

MELFORT, June 6th. Meet you Stevenson June tenth. Bring a gentle horse besides pack pony.

LAW.

The date caught Carmarthen's eye. He had written to Law at Rock City, and his letter must have reached him or there would have been no answer. But the telegram for which he had waited five wrathful days at Dead River, before starting for Shining Tree, had been sent from Melfort; a telegraph office he only knew as a lumber centre far off Law's beat.

"What he was doing there beats me," he murmured, pocketing the telegram.

Far down the valley road the black speck of the incoming stagecoach caught his keen eye. He mounted the convenient bank that hid him from the road that meandered from Stevenson to only the people who traveled it knew where, and looked down as from a watch tower on the village street.

His eyes were good, and he narrowed them on the dusty stage whose forlorn road ended at Stevenson. Two people, and only two, got out of it. One was a girl—Carmarthen paid no attention to her, except to wonder what brought any girl to Stevenson—and the other was Law. He had only a suit case and a canvas pack such as prospectors carry; and he shouldered them both himself. Yet Carmarthen slid down his bank again wrathfully.

"A prospector's pack," said he profanely, "the very last thing any one but Law would have been seen with; and making me lug in a third horse for that and one suit case! He could have put both of them on our saddles. As for grub, I might have known he'd rely on *me*! If I could have done without writing for him with any decency I would, but I'd no choice."

He wondered involuntarily if Law would have done the same by him, and stuck to an old promise as he was sticking to one; but he put the thought

away with a shrug. It was three years since he had seen Law, and he might have altered about keeping promises; but from past experience of him Carmarthen thought not. He proceeded to saddle for the ride to Shining Tree; and in the middle of it turned at Law's voice—to stand aghast.

Walter Law was coming down the bank toward him, looking perfectly well even to an apprehensive eye, and with him was a girl!

What could Law mean by arriving with a girl in tow? Mechanically his stare took her in. She was slim; too slim and boyish in a dusty white shirt waist and a short, dingy skirt. Her old Panama hat was pulled down over a mass of tawny hair. She was pale, even to her tightly shut mouth.

Carmarthen saw that her knees were shaking with fatigue as she followed Law; saw also, that she, too, carried a suit case. And at the realization of what that meant his wits came back to him.

"Holy smoke!" he gasped. "She's coming with us! Law must have gone and got married."

He was moving forward a step or two with the intention of announcing firmly that Mrs. Law must go back whence she had come, when Law advanced alone, with a sign to the girl to stay where she was.

"Hullo!" he said cavalierly. "You see we've got here! How are you?"

"I'm all right." Carmarthen swore below his breath. "But *you* must be crazy! What under heavens does this mean?" His face was angry and forbidding.

The girl standing out of earshot saw the ugly set of Carmarthen's mouth, but she gave no sign of it. She dropped her suit case on the grass and sank down beside it, regarding the lonely hill clearing, the untrodden wilderness beyond it with strange relief.

"What does what mean?" inquired Law; and followed the jerk of his partner's head. "Oh, you're talking about Letty!" with smooth surprise. "I had to bring her; you must have known that. I was down to my last cent get-

ting here, and I'd no money to leave with her. Anyhow, there wasn't anywhere else she could go."

"Must have known it!" gasped Carmarthen. "Why, I don't even know who in thunder she is. You're never married?"

"Married? Not much," returned Law almost absently; "Letty's my sister. And for goodness' sake"—he turned his pale-blue eyes hastily from Carmarthen because he knew there was something between terror and despair in them—"don't be kicking up a fuss about her! She's *got* to come with us. I couldn't leave her anywhere. She won't be any bother. She's used to queer places, knocking about with me for the last three years."

Carmarthen was too angry to speak. He had no desire for any girl's society in the deserted logging hut at Shining Tree. But it was out of the question to leave her at Stevenson, if Shining Tree were to remain the secret he chose it to be at present. One glance at Walter Law's garments told him the latter had spoken the truth when he said that he had no money to send her anywhere else. Carmarthen's hand flew to his own pocket, and came out holding fifty-nine cents! In spite of his three horses and his air of well-being he was down to rock bottom almost as thoroughly as Law. There was nothing to be done but take the girl to Shining Tree, now that she was here. He pulled himself together to face the situation with the best grace he could.

"It's no good crying over spilled milk now," he said resignedly, "but I might have managed something about a loan, if you'd told me you were going to be crazy enough to bring your sister out here."

"I did by approximation," Law grinned. "I said I wanted a 'gentle horse' when I telegraphed you from Melfort."

It was beyond Carmarthen not to grin, too, remembering his anxiety about his partner's health and nerves.

"I thought that meant you'd lost your nerve, but it seems you haven't," he retorted dryly. "What under heaven

took you to Melfort? Didn't my letter catch you at Rock City?"

Law stared at his own shabby boots. "It caught me," he said hastily. "But I was just leaving! Rock City was no kind of place for Letty."

Carmarthen grunted. It would have saved him days of kicking his heels at Dead River if Law had come straight from Rock City. But Law had probably had his own reasons for visiting an out-of-the-way place like Melfort, and they were no business of Carmarthen's.

"Well, you know best," said he. "Come along, and let me get over telling her what sort of a place she's got to go to now."

"Tell her nothing," said Law sharply. "I never do. Letty's—difficult."

"Difficult!" Carmarthen stared. "There's nothing for her to be difficult about, except plain discomfort. What do you mean?"

"Nothing." But Law flushed. "You mayn't understand Letty," he explained glibly. "I'm only warning you she isn't interested about gold."

"Interested or not, she can't be kept waiting on that bank forever," said Carmarthen crossly; the girl's mere presence was a nuisance already.

"She's used to waiting," said Law carelessly, but he turned. "I expect she's glad to be still, too. It was pretty shaky on that tin-pan coach."

Carmarthen, as he reached the girl, realized it had been pretty weary and long, too. Letty Law had hardly lifted her heavy eyes to his, and the hand she held out was trembling.

"You're tired," he exclaimed roughly. "Good heavens, Law, your sister isn't fit to start off and ride all night! She'll have to stay in Stevenson."

It was just what he had expected when he saw her arriving, but it was none the less infuriating. The girl would be certain to talk there, and there would be a rush to Shining Tree after the gold he wanted for himself. Something in the tone of his voice steadied Letty's shaking hand like the cut of a whip.

"I'm perfectly fit," she said at Car-

marthen's dismayed stare; for if she had been dying she would not have dared stay behind in Stevenson. She got up as if her tired body were galvanized, and looked at the three horses. "I'm used to riding. Which of those is for me?"

"The gray," returned Carmarthen briefly. "He's gentle."

"So I see," said Miss Law listlessly.

"The black mare looks nice."

It was merely a forlorn effort to be civil, but Carmarthen took it the wrong way.

"Unfortunately she won't let any one ride her but me." His answer was perfectly polite, but he had less use for Law's sister than ever. He supposed cocksureness ran in the family; but, standing before him pale and tired to death in spite of lying about it, Letty Law looked absolutely unable for a tearing, ranting demon like the black mare.

"I didn't know," she returned indifferently.

She could not gather herself together to talk to any man; she could only look at the wilderness in front of her with dull gratitude that it *was* wilderness, and not Rock City. She lifted her suit case before Carmarthen could forestall her, and slung it behind her shoulders.

"It's light," she explained. "I always carry it like that on a horse."

Light it was not, but Carmarthen said nothing. There was a curious arrangement of straps on the thing, and his quick eye saw that though they adjusted its weight well enough she could never stand the drag of them through hard riding. But it was none of his business if she chose to try. He stood aside as she passed him to the brook with a step she had hard work to make easy; but when she came back he admired her less than ever.

Most girls would have tried to make the most of themselves; this one had only washed the dust of the journey from her pale face and turned down the brim of her Panama over it, till all he could see of it was the line of a cheek and chin that were ungirlishly clear cut and hard, and white lips shut

in a straight line. She was like her brother in a way; both were fair, tall, slight; but she was totally unlike, too. Ludicrous as it was, the way Law's sister carried her head as she came back from the brook reminded Carmarthen far more forcibly of the black mare.

"Give her a saw bit, and she'd kill you," he thought involuntarily; "be kind, and she'll take charge, anyhow. I'm glad she's not *my* sister!" And out loud he informed Law curtly that he would have to ride the pack horse; he was too rough for a lady.

Law grinned, knowing perfectly no lady had been expected to ride any horse at all. Yet as he swung himself on the pack pony behind Carmarthen's back that gentleman might have had reason to take back his good opinion of his partner's nerve. Walter Law's face was tense with a remembered peril; white with relief that Carmarthen had not jibbed firmly about having Letty disappear into the wilderness at Shining Tree with him. He had spoken the truth when he said there was nowhere else for her to go; there *was* nowhere—that was safe for her brother. She might not answer questions, but he did not mean her to be asked them. Even in deserted Stevenson, where there was no telegraph, he had been sick with fear that some one would put a hand on his shoulder, now when he had so nearly run clear of whatever he might have left behind him.

And as he followed Carmarthen and Letty up the hill clearing, he turned in his saddle to scrutinize the one street of that centre. Not till he was assured it lay empty, unexcited, did he shove his heels into the pack horse and catch up to the two in front.

To her dying day Letty Law never forgot that all-night ride on the "gentle horse" through a country nearly impossible for horses. For weeks after she woke in the night trembling with the remembered agony of it; the darkness, the weariness that bit to the bone; the backward drag of the suit case strapped to her aching shoulders, the awful fear that her body would fail her, and make a fool of her before the man who led

the way so easily on his uneasy black mare.

To begin with, they troubled no road. Carmarthen left the hill clearing by a gully more fit for cats than horses, and the others scrambled after him. When they emerged on a track they galloped, where there was none they walked; when it got dark they fumbled on somehow. By ten o'clock Letty was swaying in her saddle, sick with fatigue. But her face was not a little too hard for nothing, and she had told the truth about being used to riding. She let the gray have his sensible head and follow the black mare at his own gait; and when that happened to be a walk she dozed, her knees clamped on the saddle by instinct, and her body giving from the waist in instinctive rhythm.

Once Carmarthen spoke to her. She knew he was saying something about her suit case, and she heard her own voice telling him it was not bothering her; telling him icily, without emotion or thanks, while its straps cut deep into her shoulders. After that they began to go downhill, and all the mind she had left went to praying she could hold out for ten minutes longer, and then ten minutes more. It was like a person in a dream that she knew suddenly that dawn was widening the sky over her head, and that Carmarthen had stopped. They were there—at Shining Tree—for he was off the black mare and standing by her, pointing to a dim bulk she knew must be a shack.

"It's no place for a lady," he was saying impatiently, as if he had already said it and she had not heard. "I might have had things a little better if I'd known you were coming with Walter."

"If you'd known," Letty repeated stupidly, and suddenly the meaning of what he said cut through all her numb weariness. He had not known one word about her coming; that was why he had looked so annoyed and taken aback when she arrived; she was just a plain nuisance. Sitting stiff on her horse in the wan dawn, it seemed to the girl she had been a nuisance to some one all her life. Walter only put up

with her; but she had ceased to mind being a burden on Walter. It was a different thing to be one to a strange man.

"But I can't mind that, or anything," she thought wildly. "I've just got to stay here." She bit her lip to keep from saying so to Carmarthen. "I'm used to roughing it," she muttered instead. "Is this"—and he thought she glanced contemptuously at the deserted lumber cabin where he had squatted, whereas she was too sick with fatigue to see it at all—"the house?"

"It's all there is," grimly. "I expect you're dead tired." But his consideration was perfunctory, and Letty knew it.

"I'm never tired," she answered rather hoarsely; and with the words slipped off the "gentle horse" and collapsed on the ground in a heap.

"Well, this is about all we needed!" exclaimed Carmarthen helplessly.

Law was not even in sight on his slow pack horse, and he supposed he had got to do something. With a queer shyness he bent over the girl, loosened the straps of her suit case, and drew them off her shoulders. It was daylight enough for him to see they had cut into her flesh where her arms had been thrust through them, for a tiny line of red stained each shoulder of her shirt waist. She looked horribly young and frail where she lay on the ground, and a novel feeling took Carmarthen.

"She's brave to the bone, if she is a nuisance," he thought involuntarily. "I believe she'd have died before she owned up she was done to a turn." And suddenly he swore at himself for a brute for not making her own it. "Poor little forlorn mouse!" he murmured guiltily. "But all the same, she can't stay here!"

He lifted Law's unwelcome sister as impersonally as if she had been a stray kitten, and carried her into the cabin.

CHAPTER II.

It was eleven in the morning before she stirred from a dead slumber just where Carmarthen had laid her down, and in the first stare of waking Letty



The girl standing out of earshot saw the ugly set of Carmarthen's mouth.

Law honestly could not think where she was.

Two walls of the tiny room were of chinked logs; the other two of unplanned boards that did not even reach the roof, but stopped short just where they happened to end, like a badly built board fence. For furniture there was the bunk she lay on, still in her last night's clothes, a bucket of water, a six-inch-square looking-glass, and some nails driven into the walls; not one other thing. The girl sat up bewildered, half frightened; and the wrench

of the movement to her tired body enlightened her both as to her surroundings and how she had got to them.

She had ridden all night, and it had nearly killed her—after days of circuitous journeying that had been more like panic-stricken flight than traveling—and now she was at Carmarthen's; in the house of a man who had not known she was coming, and did not want her. But

that was not the dominant thought in her head.

"We're here, at Shining Tree," she said to herself hoarsely. "We got away from Rock City. Walter's safe!"

To have to stay in the house of a man who did not want her seemed a little thing, balanced against that. For Walter Law might not tell her things, but she was not his sister for nothing; and there had been something wrong—deadly wrong—at Rock City, or they never would have left it for Shining Tree. Sitting up in her spruce-lined bunk, Walter Law's sister added his doings together, as she had not dared add them till now.

She was used to leaving places hastily, perhaps; but the way she and Walter had left Rock City, the last raw town that had known them, had been like nothing they had ever done before. To begin with, Walter had never meant to come out here and join Carmarthen. He had had a letter from him asking

him to come, and had grinned as he tore it up, vouchsafing that "A man wanted him to go out and hunt for a fake gold mine at a played-out lumber place called Shining Tree."

When she asked if he were going he had laughed uproariously, and returned that he knew too much. And that very night he had come home with a face she hardly knew, and hustled her out of Rock City just as she stood; with just time to throw the rest of her few clothes into her suit case. They had boarded a freight at a siding like tramps, only to slip out of it in the dark at a junction, and double and twist all the way round by Melfort, when it would have been easy enough to go direct to Shining Tree. If the reason they had gone to Melfort was a mystery to Carmarthen, it was none to Letty; Walter had been *afraid* to take a route he was known on.

Even at far-off Melfort he had been afraid. When he wired to Carmarthen from there that he was coming to Shining Tree he had not been able to leave the telegraph office fast enough, nor been himself till he got out of the coach at Stevenson. It was no use for his sister to try to persuade himself he had not got into trouble at Rock City, for she knew better. With a curious dread at her heart she found herself trying hard to think it was only the usual trouble of debt and no money—and failing.

Yet she argued doggedly to herself that it must be money. For anything worse they would have been stopped on the way here; they had never been out of reach if Walter had been really "wanted." And there would have been things in the papers; Walter would have kept them from her, and he had not; it did not dawn on her he had always read them first. It could be nothing but some debt he had had to run from, but even that—

"Oh," thought the girl, with tears stinging in her eyes, "if only he could turn honest! I'd believe I'd got to heaven if only Walter and I could make a decent living somewhere, and be honest!"

Somehow the words brought her back to the present. She dried her eyes sharply, and looked about her; to be suddenly aware that outside the fences of her tiny room the rest of the cabin was quiet with the quiet of desertion. Walter and Carmarthen must be out, and she had the place to herself. The thought brought Letty Law to her feet on the log floor.

Right or wrong as to the root of Walter's trouble having been merely money, she dared go nowhere that she could be questioned about him; which meant she had to stay in Carmarthen's house. Hateful, lowering as it was, she had got to make the man find her useful or like her. She had made a fool of herself last night, and given him a chance to find her the nuisance he expected; but now she had one to make him find her something else.

She dragged her one clean white frock out of the suit case Walter had laid by her bunk, sluiced herself in the bucket of water, and made a flying toilet. As she looked at all she could see of herself in the parody of a mirror on the wall, the weariness was gone from her face. Her shoulders hurt where the straps had cut them, but she forgot them as she opened the door that separated her from Carmarthen's living room. It was absolutely bare except for a built-up table and two benches, but she did not stop to look at it. The door opposite her must lead to the kitchen, and the kitchen was what she wanted. She would have dinner ready, and a good dinner before Carmarthen and her brother got back. But in the kitchen she stood and stared, spellbound.

The place was little more than an open shed, and before her miles and miles of young trees, the new growth on a burned-over lumber tract, rolled back in waves of vivid emerald to the great hills that shut the valley in. Whatever the place had been once, it was wilderness now, pure and simple, and at the sweet breath of sun and summer that came off it Letty Law caught her own.

"It's so lonely," she thought swiftly,

"and so—clean after Rock City! Oh, let alone having to, I *want* to stay here! I never was anywhere like this."

From close by she heard the rush of a river and longed to go to it, tingling with the curious joy of the wilderness that had already crept into her blood; and remembered she had yet to make her footing good in the house of a man who did not want her. She wheeled, without any joy at all, and regarded Carmarthen's kitchen.

It held a portable stove, a frying pan, a kettle, and a box of wood. On a shelf were a few dishes, and for the rest there was chaos. The floor next the shack was piled with a higgledy-piggledy mass of stores; rice, flour, bacon, and tins mingled indiscriminately; there was a day's work ready for her, let alone getting dinner.

With a resigned shrug of her sore shoulders, the girl went at it, piling and sorting stores, and making the fire, and seeing after dinner between times. It was hard work on a hot morning, but she was so intent on it that she did not see a shadow pass the shed or even a man stand dumb with astonishment outside it. Carmarthen, taken all aback at the sight before him, took stock of her unnoticed.

He had arrived in an exceedingly bad temper to cook his own dinner, after a morning spent chiefly in simmering discontent with both his guests. From the girl he had of course expected nothing; but Walter Law, instead of rising fresh from a cat's sleep as Carmarthen had done, had lain on his bed in dead, exhausted slumber, exactly as if it were the first time he had dared sleep for a week. He had not even roused to profane shakings or the tale of the gold he was there for, and Carmarthen had wrathfully left him to himself. Letty had been wrong when she thought he was out, for in his bed he lay still; and Carmarthen had supposed his unwelcome sister was doing likewise. And instead she was in his kitchen, that was already transformed to a place of comfort and order. He swept off his hat as she turned and saw him.

"Do you mean to tell me *you* cleared up this place?" he demanded without preface, and to his surprise Law's sister flushed crimson.

"Good morning," she said, with a little start. "Yes, I—"

But somehow she could not go on. If she had surprised Carmarthen so had he her; and for an instant that neither was aware of they stood and looked at each other, man and girl, as though neither had ever laid eyes on the other before.

Carmarthen's quick thought was that Letty Law, clean and fresh in her white frock, was lovely. He had not realized yesterday that her tawny hair was all soft waves, her skin transparent rose and white, and her steady eyes dark blue; or that her mouth could relax to beauty in its every curved, scarlet line.

But the girl's mind moved differently. The man who stood outside in the sun was tall, gray-eyed, somehow splendid with his height and the weather-beaten bloom of his dark face under his dark hair, but those things did not strike her or interest her. What did was that he looked the last man alive to be Walter's partner in what he had called a "fake gold mine" and her unwilling host; that he was too straight and—the word frightened her—too honest. If Walter had not come out to look for gold, but just because retirement happened to suit him, this was no man he could hoodwink about it. The rose color ebbed from Letty's cheeks.

"I," she began stumbly, as Carmarthen waited with a little smile that somehow hurt her because it was so different from his perfunctoriness of last night. "I—"

But suddenly she forgot she had meant to make the man like her. She meant, instead, to be honest with him, as far as she dared, and whatever Walter was, and trust to chance for the rest.

"I never would have come here if I'd known you didn't expect me," she said quietly. "I was a trouble to you last night, and I'm sorry. But I promise I won't be a nuisance if you'll let me stay now I'm here. I think I can work out

my keep, if you'll let me stay." And she did not dream how imploring her look was.

"Your keep!" gasped Carmarthen. He would have been taken aback anyhow at the speech, but from Law's sister, who he thought had sneered at his "gentle horse" and his log shack in the dawn before she collapsed in front of both, it brought him up standing. "I wasn't thinking of your keep," he returned curtly. "What on earth put that into your head? I was thinking——"

"What a nuisance a girl would be here," with a grave nod. "I know! And I was one last night. But I was tired. I couldn't help it. And there is my keep to consider! Walter—we—didn't bring anything."

Carmarthen came into the shed, bringing with him a faint, clean scent of out of doors and something the girl could not put a name to. Suddenly she realized that it was Russia leather, and that an odd belt he wore was made of it. She stared at that instead of his face. He had not said yet that she could stay.

"I didn't expect your brother to bring grub," he said untruthfully and very gently, "that needn't worry you. And it's I who should apologize for last night. I behaved like a brute. I should have taken that suit case from you before we started. But I'm not used to taking care of any one."

"That's just it," quietly. "I let you think I was the kind that needed taking care of, and I'm not. I should have told you my shoulders were getting cut last night, but I won't be a little fool like that again, Mr. Carmarthen, if you'll let me stay here. And I *can* cook, and be useful."

"Being useful's not the trouble," he interrupted abruptly. "It's—Miss Law, I daren't let you stay, unless you can give me a good reason."

The color slid out of the girl's face. She had wanted to be honest with him, but she could not do it; could not say she was afraid to go elsewhere.

"I haven't anywhere to go," she substituted very low, and without looking at him. It was true enough, but she was using it like a lie.

Something in her face more than her words staggered Carmarthen. It had never dawned on him before that a girl might have no home. A quick pity for this one smote him, mixed with anger against her brother.

"Do you mean you've always—just lived with Walter?" he asked awkwardly.

"No," lifelessly. "Only since my mother died and Walter had typhoid in a mining camp, and I went to him because I was afraid he might die, too. I had no one else, and I've stayed with him ever since because——"

But she caught back the reason, that was the ugly one that she had never had money to leave him and go and work for herself. Since he had fallen from a mining engineer in good employ to a common prospector washing and cooking for other prospectors, he had not kept her in clothes, let alone railway fares. And Carmarthen may have guessed at it.

"See here," he said abruptly, "we'd better come to an understanding. I did think last night that you were going to be a bother, but that wasn't all the reason I didn't want you here. It's not fit for you. I'd be ashamed to have you work as you worked this morning, and besides——"

"But I'm used to work," hastily.

"You're not used to being alone all day in a place like this," said the man gravely, "and I don't know that it's even safe for you. I suppose Walter told you he and I have come out here to hunt gold. We'll be away from dawn to dark. I hope—I mean I believe," with a glance at the empty wilderness behind him, "there isn't a living soul within forty miles of Shining Tree one way and a hundred the other, but I couldn't swear to it. Goodness knows who else may have heard of your brother's gold in the time since he told me about it; any kind of a rough prospecting gang may happen along any day, and make trouble for a girl who's alone here. That's why I don't want you to stay."

Letty stared at him. If she had no fear of prospectors she did not say so.

"Walter's gold!" she exclaimed blankly. With a queer shock she remembered Walter's speech about a "fake gold mine," his sneering laughter at the man who had written for him. "I don't understand," she faltered. "He told me it was your gold we came here for."

"Lord, no; it was he told *me* about it," said Carmarthen, and it was no real surprise to Letty Law; ever since she had met his straight gaze she had known he was no man to start a fake gold mine, whereas Walter—but she stopped thinking to listen to Carmarthen avidly. "Walter knew a man named McSweeney who found a miracle of a claim out here," he explained. "He got starved out and had to abandon it, for in those days there wasn't even any Stevenson to fall back on; and he let it stay abandoned, as those crazy old prospectors do. It's some years since Walter told me no one had ever found the place since, but it wasn't till this summer that I came here on the sketch plans he made for me. Then I wrote to Walter, and you know the rest," with a laugh. "He and I are here on half shares, if some more of McSweeney's old friends don't get wind of us and come for a look in."

"McSweeney!" cried Letty. "Walter sent you here to look for McSweeney's old claim?"

There was uncontrollable, horrified incredulity in her voice; and, remembering that her brother never told her things Carmarthen wondered why, and what she could know about McSweeney.

"Yes," he said lightly. "Why are you so astounded? Do I look as though he'd been a fool to trust me to play fair over it?"

But Letty stood dumb. She knew now why Walter had called Carmarthen's a fake gold mine, for that was what it was. Unfortunately for Walter's policy of never telling her things, she remembered McSweeney—the broken-down old prospector who had been used to haunt their tent in Cobalt in the days when Cobalt was all tents—and all that McSweeney had ever said about the prospecting he had abandoned

in the Shining Tree district. But under Carmarthen's eyes she dared not even place those memories coherently in her own head. He was not a man to have any mercy about being taken in—when he knew. She bent hastily over her cooking.

"I'm afraid you're having to play more than fair about provisions," she said quite naturally. "Dinner's ready, if you are, Mr. Carmarthen."

"Then I'll dig Walter out. He's asleep," returned Carmarthen.

But as he disappeared through the living room Letty made no move to follow him with the dinner.

"McSweeney's claim," she thought wildly. "Walter's dared to come out here with a man like that to look for McSweeney's claim! And he thinks 'more of McSweeney's friends may come after it!'"

Her lips twisted in a smile that had no mirth in it. Carmarthen was not likely to be troubled by competitors in the search for McSweeney's abandoned claim; there never would be any, just as there had never been anything in it to abandon. McSweeney had been a joke, till he grew to be a bore, with his tales of how he had worked and sweated and starved for nothing but a hole in the ground out in the burned-over lumber country at Shining Tree Valley. Walter knew, as she knew, that there had never been a cent's worth of anything there for McSweeney or any one else to find. It might have been for a mischievous joke that he had once told Carmarthen a different story, but it could only be madness—or necessity—that had brought him out here to see himself proved a liar.

"He's using the man," thought his sister bitterly, "either to get out of the way of something he's done or else just to get fed and housed. And I'm as bad, for I've begged him to let me stay here, when he's going to get nothing out of either of us but living on him. Oh!"—her lips set into the straight line that last night had made Carmarthen think there was no beauty in them—"what possessed me to do it? I—I'm afraid of a man like Carmarthen when



She looked horribly young and frail where she lay on the ground.

he finds we've brought him out here with a lie."

But lie or no lie, she had got to face it, and sit down to the dinner it had earned her. As she carried in her dishes Walter appeared from behind the board fence that disguised his bedroom, and Carmarthen turned to him with a laugh.

"You're a nice man to mine with," he cried. "Here's a whole morning gone, and you've never even seen the claim!"

"No," said Law thoughtfully. "Have you?"

Involuntarily he grinned. He was oddly boyish-looking now that he was rested; if he had any troubles he had put them out of his mind with a resiliency his sister lacked. She had been quite right as to his reason for joining Carmarthen; free quarters and seclusion had happened to be necessary to him, and Carmarthen was a Heaven-sent means of obtaining them. That the cock-and-bull gold story he had once cooked up into a look of reliability with an imaginary sketch map of an imaginary claim was going to be proved a lie did not worry him; he could always put the blame on McSweeney.

And in the meantime Shining Tree Valley suited him.

At his careless insolence Letty's hand clenched under the table. She read her brother's thoughts like print, and was sick with apprehension lest Carmarthen might read them, too. But Carmarthen laughed as he stuck his hand in his pocket.

"I've seen enough of it to make me feel easy about having come," said he, unconscious that to both his hearers the answer was as unexpected as a bomb-shell. "If the rest of your information's right, Law, we may drop any day on all your McSweeney friend hadn't the pluck to stick to; for I struck color, anyway, before I started in to meet you!"

Letty sat like a stone, too astounded even to realize that Carmarthen was in earnest. Dumbly her eyes found Walter's face, and every bit of expression was wiped off it as a wet rag wipes molded clay.

"You've seen color—in McSweeney's claim," he said. She knew it was spoken mechanically, and to make time. But she dared not speak herself.

"Yes," said Carmarthen comfortably, "and I'll swear nobody else has,

since McSweeney; they don't seem ever to have thought of prospecting round here in a country that's been logged to the bone and then burned and forgotten. McSweeney must have told you the truth when he said he'd kept a still tongue in his head about—the gold here to every one but you."

"I expect he did," said Walter slowly and truthfully. McSweeney had certainly told no one at all about the gold he had never known existed. He had not sat down to the table, and he did not look at Carmarthen; he was staring out of the window with an odd, dashed expression it might have startled the other man to see.

Suddenly he wheeled.

"You're sure you have struck something?" he demanded. "You're not just going on the look of things, and the—the map I gave you?"

"N-no," drawled Carmarthen. He pulled something small out of his pocket and cast it on the table.

Letty Law saw it drop with a pure, blank astonishment that slackened every nerve in her body. She and Walter, involuntarily, were going to be honest at last. For the quartz that rolled on the table held pea spots of dull gold.

CHAPTER III.

In the silence, Law stood and stared.

"You struck—that kind of quartz!" he exclaimed; and for once in his life his voice was beyond his control, just as Letty's had been when Carmarthen said they had come to Shining Tree for McSweeney's worthless claim. Carmarthen turned at the note of it.

"I don't see why you're so knocked out," he remarked practically. "I got it just where your plan said I'd get it. Did you think it was going to be richer stuff?"

"I didn't think anything at all," Walter answered, blankly still. He had not recovered himself, or he would not have given a sudden chuckle. "Lord, but McSweeney'd be in a rage if he knew!"

"Knew?" Carmarthen stared.

"Oh, knew we'd found the thing."

"But you said he was dead."

"So he is," carelessly, "but he'd turn in his grave."

There was a dancing light in his pale-blue eyes, and Letty would have guessed the gold was news to him even if she had not known it all along. But it was true that McSweeney was dead and could never tell of the empty claim he had left free to all comers. Letty stretched across the table and took up the lump of gold-mottled quartz. She could not understand how Carmarthen had found it, but she was fiercely grateful that he had. Even if it never amounted to anything worth while, it was enough to save her and Walter from being common swindlers to a man who would have no mercy if he found them out. But the thing bewildered her into stupidity.

"I don't see how McSweeney ever —" she began. She had been going to say "missed it," but Walter's foot on hers had cut the words off her tongue.

"Ever what?" he asked sharply. "If you mean left it, he all but starved to death here first. And he wasn't the kind people would grubstake to come back."

Letty made no answer. It was true McSweeney had been starved out of Shining Tree Valley, but it had been empty-handed. If he had had even a fragment of what lay on the table to show he must have got backing to return to it. Take the thing any way she might she could not understand it; unless blind chance had given Carmarthen the luck McSweeney had lacked.

Carmarthen cut off her thoughts in the middle.

"It's just as well for us McSweeney is dead," he observed. "Otherwise he might be talking to other people, and we'd have them tracking out here before we were ready."

"Nobody'll do that," returned Walter truthfully. The dead McSweeney's reports had not been the kind to bring them. "No one but us dreams of gold at Shining Tree."

"They mightn't have"—Carmarthen regarded him dryly—"if you hadn't enlightened all Stevenson about your business."

"All Stevenson!" Walter scoffed. "Two boys and a man and a dog! I never opened my mouth there, anyhow, even to the dog."

"Your prospector's pack did, though," retorted Carmarthen. "Your two boys and a man will gossip about it to every soul that comes into the country. They'll talk, and they'll wonder till some day some one will just naturally start out after us. I don't say they'll come on your trail, for I didn't bring you the easiest way, but they'll come; and if it's before we get the big lode that McSweeney told you of located, and staked, we're bound to have trouble. That's why your sister ought not to be here. She might have no end of bother with some gang or other some day when we're away."

"I guess not."

Law's face had lit with a quick passion, but it was not Letty he was thinking about, nor any one who might follow up a prospector's trail into country where prospectors never went; but only the gold! Carmarthen had struck against all probability or reason. He had been as bewildered as Letty about how such a strike had ever happened, but now his whole thought was a mad anxiety to see it for himself. Carmarthen lacked both the knowledge and experience which he himself possessed; he might easily have mistaken a solitary pocket for a reliable lead. If the vein were really there, and easily got at, heaven would be open to Law by the time he was ready to depart unostentatiously from Shining Tree, instead of the hell inhabited by a discredited mining engineer who had lived by his wits, and made a fatal mess of it.

"Come on and let's see the claim," he cried almost fiercely.

Carmarthen laughed, remembering his supineness of the morning. "You can do a little waiting now, till I'm ready," he retorted, and went off to see to his horses.

As he disappeared, Letty swung round on her brother.

"What's it mean?" she demanded. "You know as well as I do that McSweeney never saw anything out here,

that he used to sit and swear because he'd wasted every cent he ever had trying to make good in a place where there never was any gold."

Walter stared at her, and realized that for once she knew all there was to know.

"I forgot you'd remember McSweeney," he commented thoughtfully. "Mean? I don't know any more than the dead. I thought I should have dropped in my tracks when Carmarthen brought out that ore."

"But you came out here for it. He said so!"

"I came out——" He hesitated, palpably looking for words, and the blood darkened his face till his pale eyes looked white in it. "I came out because you and I had got to go somewhere. That's the plain truth for you, if you want to know it. When I got Carmarthen's letter to come I never dreamed there'd be any gold. It just seemed a chance to stay somewhere, till I got one to go somewhere else. But I forgot you'd known McSweeney. It's well I was in time to make you hold your tongue about him at dinner."

"It's better that I didn't give you away this morning when Mr. Carmarthen told me what we'd come here for," dryly. "I hadn't forgotten McSweeney, and his red whiskers, and his everlasting tale of failure and starvation out here at Shining Tree; and I nearly said so. I can't understand how Mr. Carmarthen's come on anything."

"I suppose he just *hasn't* come on McSweeney's old ground," Walter shrugged his shoulders. "That's all I can say, till I see for myself."

"I don't see how you dared turn McSweeney's luck all round, and send Carmarthen out here on it," said the girl slowly. "It was madness!"

"It was a joke," with calm dissent. "I never meant to be in it myself, but Carmarthen was so beastly prosperous when I knew him that I thought it might do him good to rub a little of his good luck off him with a thorough sell. Only"—he chuckled—"I don't seem to have done it."

"Lucky for you," succinctly. "He

isn't the man I'd like to have find me out in a lie!"

Walter's chuckle vanished. "He can't now," said he grimly. "Come down to business, Letty; you've got to hold your end up here as well as I. It was a lie all right when I started Carmarthen after McSweeny for fun, but it's turned out truth now; and the sooner you forget McSweeny had never even smelled any gold when he turned his back on this place the better for all of us. You don't take in what Carmarthen's strike *means*, Let! I grant you it's pure luck, and I don't deserve it, and all the rest of it; but if I make good on it I'm almost safe." He might have used the last word without knowing it, in the passion of hope that shook him. "If you knew the hole we'd been in you'd get down on your knees with gratitude that any kind of a lie brought us out here, even if it hadn't turned out true."

"Almost safe!" Involuntarily Letty repeated the word he had hardly known he used. "Then you *were* in trouble!" she exclaimed.

Walter started as if she struck him. A queer horror swept over his face, and he put his hand up as if he knew it. Two words had been echoing in his head ever since he left Rock City—murder or manslaughter—if he had stayed there he might have been given a choice between them, but Rock City would have given him no other. He had to push them off his tongue now like tangible things, before he could lie roughly to the sister who had been shrewder than he thought.

"I was in the trouble I'm always in," he muttered, "just strapped for money. What in hell do you mean?"

"I don't know. I thought— Oh, Walter, wait and let me say it all out—" for he had flung away from her. "I thought something happened in Rock City! I didn't tell you, but I was frightened. I kept thinking you expected some one to follow you; that that was the reason we came round by Melfort and kept stopping off when we could have got here days ago. I was sick with nerves all the way; I couldn't

help knowing something was wrong. And when I got here and found Mr. Carmarthen didn't want me I made up my mind to *make* him let me stay, because somehow I was afraid to go back anywhere I could be asked questions about you. I haven't got any one but you; I believe," very low, "it would kill me if anything happened to you, or anything you'd done was found out."

She had never spoken so openly to her brother in all the years they had lived together. For a moment he looked at her as if she were a stranger, a queer new respect replacing his startled anger. Then he put an unwonted arm round her.

"You kept thinking all that, and held your tongue on it!" he exclaimed under his breath.

But he had never told her things, and he dared not begin now. If she knew he had shot the sheriff of Rock City over the roulette wheel in Joe Baxter's saloon it would be a very different matter from merely guessing he was in a scrape. His thoughts glanced lightning quick over his last night in Rock City. He had killed the sheriff. He had had provocation enough, perhaps, to draw on any other man but the representative of law and order; but when the sheriff lay dead at his feet the sense of what he had done rushed over Walter Law. He had thought the saloon was empty, and suddenly, at a sound from behind him, he knew better; but he did not turn to see who had come in and caught him red-handed. He made for an open window in front of him, dropped out, and—from no reason but the selfish one that it might be unwise to leave her behind—dragged his sister from the house where she had been staying with a miner's wife, and ran for his life out of Rock City.

No one had seen them go, he knew that; the miner's wife had been downtown at a dime show, and they had troubled no station when they boarded a train. But in spite of it he had thought it only a matter of days till he should be traced and arrested, for all his clever doubling on the journey to Shining Tree, which was the only asy-

lum that offered itself. The only solution of why he had not been so arrested was that the sheriff had been new and unpopular, the strict rule he had instituted far more so, and that no leading citizen of Rock City had wished to capture the man who had abolished both.

But even that supposition did not explain why there had never been a word about the thing in the newspapers he had studied avidly on his journey. If it had been blazoned in print he would somehow have felt his escape to be more sure, that he was safe from pursuit; even to himself he did not say suspicion, because some one's knowledge of his deed was certainty. But even that some one could do nothing, now that he had got unmolested to Shining Tree; now that, if there were enough gold there, he could get clear to the Argentine even if the hue and cry after him turned out to have been secret instead of nonexistent.

He realized suddenly that his sister had felt his pause, that she was waiting for an answer, and knew too much to be put off with a blunt lie. He seized desperately on a half truth to tell her, and once more he pushed murder off his tongue.

"You're a good girl, Let, and a mighty brave one," he said lamely. "You were right, I was in trouble. There was a row at Rock City the night we left, and I got out for fear of being dragged into it." Which was quite true as far as it went and plausible besides; there had been plenty of events in Rock City that had ended in innocent spectators decorating the nearest tree, and Letty knew it. "But that wasn't all the reason we went round by Melfort. I had to give Carmarthen time to get here and ride in to Stevenson with horses for us. There's nothing for you to worry about, now we've struck the gold McSweeney missed and run clear of the fuss at Rock City." And almost he thought it.

"I thought the new sheriff had stopped all those horrid shootings at Rock City," said the girl innocently.

"He didn't stop this one—in time." Law's heart had jolted in him, but he

got out his answer. He did not realize that somehow it frightened the girl.

"You weren't in it enough to matter?" she asked. There had never been frankness between them, she did not expect details; but she had got to know that.

"I wouldn't be here if I had been," curtly. Nor would he. But he could bear no more of what his only safety was to forget. "No one's going to come here after me, if that's what you're thinking of," he added roughly, for he was quite sure no one could; his trail was lost a dozen times since he had left Rock City. "Some old prospector might turn up, but prospectors won't matter, once we've staked out our claim. Now, do you feel easier?"

Letty nodded, and drew away from him.

"Yes," she said, with a long breath, "especially since McSweeney's gold isn't a lie."

"Forget that," said Walter sharply. "Here's Carmarthen!"

This morning he would have added hastily that she must get on the right side of Carmarthen, but there was no need now; he seemed to have got over his grouch about her staying there. And at sight of him in the doorway Walter Law forgot everything except the gold he had never expected to find, that meant escape from things neither Carmarthen nor Letty should ever know.

"Come on," he urged impatiently.

But Carmarthen's tall figure blocked the door.

"I don't half like leaving your sister alone," he said hesitantly. "Suppose we take her along."

"Letty!" Walter hooted. "She's been alone half her life. And there's nobody to disturb her here."

Carmarthen glanced at the leagues of wilderness behind him. "I expect there isn't," he assented, with a laugh at his own expense.

But somehow as he led the way to the claim which was his, if it had never been McSweeney's, his mind stuck on the girl alone in the cabin. He had seen nobody in his short sojourn at Shining Tree, but he had been oddly



The quartz that rolled on the table held pea spots of dull gold.

suspicious that it might not have been because there was nobody to see.

"I expect I'm silly on the gold," he declared suddenly, "but I keep thinking that some one besides us may be round here. I don't care where you find gold, if it's in the middle of the sea, it'll draw somebody after you like a magnet."

"This gold won't," said Walter, with certainty. He had no fear of Carmarthen's boggy prospectors, and he had shaken off his own bogies in Rock City. "Which way?" he demanded, stopping where the cabin clearing ended in a thicket of brush.

Carmarthen answered him by disap-

pearing in it. In half an hour both men had totally forgotten the girl they had left behind.

CHAPTER IV.

Utter loneliness enveloped them as they walked. For years no other foot might have trodden the valley of used-up lumber country that had besides been burned bare, till the new growth that crowded the ground was only just high enough to hide the labyrinth of old logging trails that intersected it to bring up blankly at ruined shanties, long ago left unroofed and desolate.

The place, as Carmarthen said, was forgotten; nor was it likely to be remembered. Stevenson, forty miles to the east of it, was a failure; to the south a range of mountains shut it in from the world of cattle ranches that lay beyond; to the north and west were miles of trackless barrens and swamps, passable only by the river the lumbermen had once made their highway from Shining Tree to the great lake where their sawmills had stood. If Walter Law had hunted the world for a secluded place where he could burrow for gold undisturbed he could not have found one more solitary, or more convenient.

For Carmarthen, sent to look for a dead man's deserted mine, had also been able to settle down in a deserted house. All over the district where McSweeney had once prospected till he starved were scattered ruined lumber camps in all stages of decay; and Carmarthen's luck had made him bring up at the one cabin of them all that had either been better built or less dismantled, on the first day he rode into the desolate valley. What it had been built for was past his understanding, for it had certainly never been used; and it stood alone without storehouses, stables, or bunk house, exactly as Letty Law had first waked up to it, board-fence partitions and all.

Its new owner had had no more to do than to sweep it out with a bunch of spruce and walk in. Even his horses were secured against the weather by a ready-made log shelter behind in a hollow by the river that ran close by.

The cabin turned out to lie nowhere near the spot where Walter Law's cheerful fancy had made him mark with a red cross on a phantom map as the site of McSweeney's phantom mine, but the two miles that lay between them gave Carmarthen less trouble than making a camp for himself and his horses close by. To the ruined lumber shanties that dotted the valley from six to twenty miles away, he had given no more attention than a cursory glance at the one or two he had happened to pass as he came in from the south over the mountains. They had been empty,

given up to bats and owls, and his only thought was that he was in luck to have found a whole cabin tenanted by neither.

None of his luck was wasted on Walter Law as he followed him down the river on the little winding trail one man always makes when he walks alone. No new country would have been half so likely to remain uninvaded by visitors of any sort or description as this old, worn-out district lumberers had squeezed dry. That had been his only thought when he rode into Shining Tree Valley, but it was merely his second one now. He was fevered to the bone to lay hands on the miracle gold Carmarthen had struck without rhyme or reason, and see for himself if it amounted to enough to let him get clear of a country where common sense told him he must be wanted for manslaughter, if for nothing worse. The haste of his suspense brought him so close on Carmarthen's heels that he ran into him as the other man stopped short, wheeled, and pointed to a snarl of rocks that surrounded a hole in the side of a rise.

"There!" he said. "Some of the hole I made, and some I suppose McSweeney did, for it was the only thing I could find that came anywhere near the bearings you gave me for his old workings. You can crawl in and see what you think of it."

"Do you mean you went only by that map I made, that you didn't go by the ground, and the general indications?" Walter ejaculated, staring at him.

Carmarthen laughed. "I don't know a thing about indications. I came to Shining Tree because you said it was worth coming to; I found a hole where you said there'd be one; so I dug, and I got the bit of quartz I showed you. Here's your map." He took a worn piece of paper from his pocket and spread it out carefully. "And here's the highest peak of those mountains, bearing due south from where you stand, and the river turning west; and here's what you said would be the claim. I didn't waste time hunting indications."

No single word that he could dare to say came into Walter Law's head. Speechless, he bent over his own handiwork, and saw with stupefaction that Carmarthen had widened his hole in the ground exactly where pure fancy and the desire for a joke had made its maker place a red cross for an imaginary claim.

"Well, of all the luck!" he gasped involuntarily. For his fancy map was true to a hair. The river wound exactly as he had chosen to make it wind, the trend of the mountains to the south was absolutely faithful; even a gully he had marked as a last touch of invention ran between him and the river.

"I wouldn't preach about luck till you've seen the lead," advised Carmarthen dryly.

"I meant the map," returned Law, with simple truth. "It's more a miracle than anything else, if you only knew it." For that much he had to say or burst. "I'd never been in the place. I'd nothing to go on but McSweeney's—" He pulled himself up. "Done any drilling?" he demanded sharply.

Now that his lies about McSweeney's claim had come true he was afraid to go and look at it, yet it was without waiting for an answer that he disappeared in the hole in the rocks. Carmarthen's cigarette had long been smoked out when he reappeared again, and dropped limply on the ground by his side.

"It's good," he said briefly. "Where you've been drilling, though, is only a pocket. The main lead must run along that gully on the other side of the rise. I'll have a look how, in a minute." For the weakness of utter relief was slackening all his body.

Carmarthen nodded, and in silence both men stared round them. It was a peculiar place they sat in. In front of them was the rise where Carmarthen had made his strike, behind it the deep gully Walter Law could have sworn existed nowhere but in his imagination; and, cutting straight across it, at their backs, a wide logging road that wound in two sides of a triangle from the very cabin they had squatted in down to the

river. Which way the gully ran neither man troubled to wonder. Suddenly the dead loneliness of the place brought an exclamation out of Carmarthen.

"It looks like a dead world," said he. "I don't believe we need worry over claim jumpers."

Walter laughed. "Nor any one else," he said scornfully. It was all he could do not to toss his cap into the air and come out with the whole story of why even McSweeney had never come back, but prudence kept it off his tongue. He changed the subject hastily. "What the deuce brought you here?" he demanded curiously. "I don't mind telling you I hadn't anywhere else to go"—he dared not remember the reason—"but you're another pair of shoes."

"Not so very," returned Carmarthen slowly. "When you knew me I was ranching on Dead River, wasn't I? Well, I sold the place when the sheep came in, and I lost the money for it in another man's mine that I'd never laid eyes on. I punched cows for other people then for a while, but it wasn't suiting me, and one night I put on an old coat I hadn't worn since Dead River days and in the pocket of it was your map of McSweeney's dead claim at Shining Tree. So I thought I'd try a mine of my own. There'd been all the difference between cattle guarding for myself and for another man, and I guessed it might be the same way in gold mines. But getting here, and my outfit and extra horses, took every cent I had; I was down to my last dollar when I rode in. It was just a kind of a gamble, you see," placidly, "but I think we've come out on top."

"Gamble!" gasped Law; even in the flush of success he was glad he had not let out just what a gamble it was. "Come on," he added abruptly. "I guess I've thought out that lead."

For the solution of Carmarthen's luck had come to him, with the reason for McSweeney's failure. McSweeney had been in the place before fire after fire had eaten away trees, underbrush, and even the ground itself down to the bare bone of bed rock and left the outcrop naked. As for the gully before him, it

had probably not existed to the casual eye for earth and bushes when McSweeney had prospected; and Law's experienced eye flickered to it and stayed there.

"It's there we've got to work," he swore with inspiration, and disappeared into its cool depth as if he had gone into the ground.

It lay sunk between rocky walls, so narrow and deep that as Carmarthen followed him he realized that even if there had been any one to see them he and Walter must have been invisible ten yards away. Law marked a spot on the gully side, and flung at it like a demon with Carmarthen's pick; but it was not the exertion that sent beads of sweat to his forehead after the first five minutes; it was his luck, his unutterable luck. It was free-milling quartz he smote into, and he was old prospector enough to know certainly that they would run into a visible vein of gold before they were five feet down. He could bear to think of Rock City now, and he did till relief from the dread of being captured for lack of money made the beads of sweat on his forehead roll down into his eyes.

Carmarthen, looking at him, wrenched the pick from his hands.

"Stop it," he said authoritatively, "and come home! There isn't any sense in going crazy. You've seen enough, and we can begin work in earnest in the morning."

At the tone, Law came to his senses with a jerk. "I've had enough this day to make any man excited," he said, panting; and Heaven knew it was true. "But you're right; there's no sense in working to-night."

"It'll be supper time when we get back, anyhow," said Carmarthen. "Lord, Walter!" He lifted his handsome head as they emerged from the gully, and sniffed the air. "Gold or no gold, this place smells good!"

Walter swore inside himself. Nothing was sweet in his opinion but scents that had cost money, and Carmarthen's unemotional acceptance of the gold nothing but a miracle could have found annoyed him.

"I'd sooner have the gold, myself," he returned contemptuously. "You're getting as cracked as Letty! She stuck her head out of the coach at Stevenson, and swore *that* smelled good."

"Well, I expect it did, after Rock City!"

The retort was more trenchant than Carmarthen knew. Rock City, in another man's mouth, made Law's blood crawl in him. He fell behind Carmarthen in silence as they followed the narrow trail toward home.

And the cabin did look like home as they reached it. The kitchen fire was going in the shed, and Carmarthen forgot he had not wanted the girl who sat in its open doorway, the late sun golden on her golden head. For the first time in his life it struck him that an open door, a warm hearth, and a girl were good things to come back to. He called out to Letty gayly, but she did not move.

"I'm stiff," she returned ruefully. "I went sound asleep after you'd gone, and I believe I'd have been asleep still if a dream or something hadn't waked me." She looked more at Carmarthen than Walter. "You didn't come back before, did you?" she asked curiously.

"Did you dream we did?" He and Walter both laughed as she nodded.

"You went sound asleep all right, then," affirmed Carmarthen. "We've only come back this second."

"Well, I said it was a dream," said the girl, with an odd effect of defending herself. "What about the gold?"

"It's all right," returned Walter hastily, for fear she would let out that it might have been otherwise.

"I'm glad," said Letty soberly. And she was; yet, as she rose and turned into the kitchen to get supper, the reassurance of it was only secondary in her head. "It *was* only a dream," she said to herself slowly. "I'm glad I didn't tell them. But it was funny I should dream about Mr. Carmarthen."

And it was. She had been so tired after the relief of knowing McSweeney's gold was no phantom, the greater relief of knowing that Walter had only been in an everyday row in Rock City and

not in the fear of pursuit she had honestly thought he was, that she had utterly forgotten Carmarthen the instant he and Walter were out of her sight.

When her dishes were washed she sat down outside the kitchen door to rest. Before her miles of young woods rolled back to the horizon and the southern hills; the air was sweet and warm in her face, full of a thousand wild scents she had no name for. It was good—now that for once in their vagrant lives she and Walter were going to have a chance to be honest—good to be here.

With her sore shoulders against the doorpost Letty sat and listened to the hundred sounds of high summer that swept out of the young trees; sat so still that presently her head drooped to her arm, and she slept—long and dreamlessly, till at last she did dream. Some one, she felt sure, was bending over her; looking at her so closely that she thought she waked. She could not see the face so near hers, but a clean scent of Russia leather reached her, a scent foreign to the wilderness, just as it had that morning when Carmarthen came into the kitchen. She had tried hard to open her eyes, but try as she might nothing met them but a warm darkness.

Sleepily she heard herself speaking, but there was no answer, and something in the lack of it waked her—waked her in good earnest, to find herself half lying on the cabin doorstep and moving the arm she had unconsciously flung across her eyes to keep off the light. It had been with good reason she could not see; though of course there had been no one to be seen, any more than there was a sound to be heard. Yet all the same till Carmarthen said he had not been back before she had wondered if he had.

If Shining Tree Valley had not been so lonely, and if Walter had not convinced her no one was following him up for something he had done in Rock City, the reality of her dream would have worried her; made her certain that if Carmarthen had not been there some one else had. But that, out here, was nonsense.

"Heavens!" she said to herself, with a laugh. "What a fool I should have looked if I'd told Mr. Carmarthen I dreamed he watched my slumbers, especially as even yet he would prefer my room to my company. No, Letty, my dear, you air no dreams!"

Yet it might have been wiser if she had.

CHAPTER V.

For a man who had desired nothing less than a feminine guest in a bachelor household it was odd how soon Carmarthen settled down to conditions at Shining Tree.

Comfort, good meals, and having his socks mended might have had something to do with it at the very first; but by the end of a week Letty Law's own personality, a certain charm there was about her very detachedness, had made Carmarthen's eyes dwell on her with a look she never noticed.

It had struck him oddly that the last thing she seemed to expect of either him or Walter was companionship, and it spoke volumes for the life she had lived. He guessed compassionately that she had been used to spending day in and day out alone, and after a day or two he found himself trying his best to stop it.

But except for a visit or two to the claim, that hard work was beginning to make look like a real claim now, the girl seemed to hold herself off from him. Either she thought nothing of the long, solitary days when he and Walter were away from dawn to sunset, or she pretended to; and either, thought Carmarthen, was a dreary business for a girl.

He fell into a way of making her go for a stroll with him every night after supper, while Walter smoked in a lazy heap by the mosquito smudges; and insensibly, as far as Letty was concerned, the two grew into an intimacy that to Carmarthen was more than sweet. He had been a man's man always; of the few women he had known none had been like Letty. She had not a trace of coquetry, not an idea that he was fast turning from her friend into her lover,

and oddly enough he liked her for it. The women who had known Carmarthen well had been otherwise, and the girl's clear, unconscious eyes on his moved him as theirs had never done.

As far as he could, and to her brother's open scorn, he kept a guard over her. When of an evening she told him how she had been exploring on the back of the gentle gray he laughed to himself, thinking of the minutes he had stolen from the claim to scour the valley with a glass for her, to return to work satisfied at the distant sight of her riding slowly home. Far afield she did not go; there was too much work in the cabin to be off all day; but her immediate surroundings the girl knew like A B C.

If Carmarthen had discovered that the old logging road that cut across the mouth of the gully made an easier, if a longer, way to the claim than his own path, it was Letty who triumphantly proved that the gully itself ran in a dead line past their own cabin, so overgrown with underbrush that even Carmarthen had not noticed it. For fun, and on foot, she explored it, but it was too rough for real use; she little thought that one day she would bless Heaven for a secret way to the claim.

What else she did with herself beyond exploring she never told Carmarthen, but perhaps the neat shack spoke for her. Night after night it was his joy to come home and find her there; ready to stroll with him down to the river in the long June twilights, and talk as he guessed she never talked to Walter. Of her life she told him little enough, except by elision. But as day after day passed, and McSweeney's gold began to come up in lumps and she forgot the trouble Walter had got out of in Rock City, it was Carmarthen, not the girl herself, who saw her beauty grow with each tranquil, untroubled hour, and rejoiced at it.

He almost said so one evening when in the rose and topaz sunset the two happened to stray into the secluded clearing, shut in on two sides by high banks and on the third by the river, that Carmarthen used as a pasture for his

horses. There was a log shelter there for them, and behind it the tent where Carmarthen had slept ever since the arrival of his unlooked-for guest.

Letty stopped the words on his tongue by suddenly pointing to his quarters.

"I hate your having to sleep out here," she said soberly. "If I'd known in time that there were only two of those fenced-in bunks in the cabin, and I was taking one and Walter the other, I'd never have stayed at Shining Tree." For she could afford to think so now that the terror that had kept her there was a phantom.

"I'd have slept out here, anyway," declared Carmarthen.

"Oh, you'd say so," returned Letty scornfully. "But I know I'm the reason you're doing it. If it wouldn't be more bother for you to take me out now than to have me stay on, I'd go."

"I thought we settled that you weren't going, long ago?" said the man coolly.

"You gave in to my staying, you mean, because you had to; and"—she laughed out like a boy—"you've never said yet that I *could* stay. We've never mentioned the awful subject since that first morning."

Mr. Carmarthen had never dared, lest he should open the question of the departure which he had begun by being so anxious for. Days ago he had realized that it was the girl at Shining Tree, not the gold, that had changed the face of his sojourn there. But he knew better than to say so.

"Then I'll ask you to stay now, though the house is as much your brother's as mine," he returned abruptly. "For goodness' sake don't drag up the rubbish I talked about your going! As for your turning me out of my room, if I'd wanted to sleep there Walter would have found himself camping under the living-room table, but I like it better out here. Partly on account of the horses; they might stray or something, in the night."

"Oh, there's that, of course," said the girl half absently. She was looking intently across the river, and Carmarthen's gaze followed hers. "Is that



She was looking intently across the river, and Carmarthen's gaze followed hers.

smoke I see over there in the distance?" she asked suddenly.

"No, just a cloud," carelessly. "You've good eyes to see a tiny film like that."

Letty nodded. But as they turned to go home she stopped. "Mr. Carmarthen, you and Walter have never staked your claim," she said irrelevantly.

"No." He looked at her, amused. "We haven't taken time for it, in a place where no one's likely to come. Why? Do you think we ought to?"

"I don't know; you know best," returned Letty slowly, little guessing that only the bare fact of those missing stakes was going to save Walter's life no farther away than the next night.

"I only—— You don't camp down here with the horses because there might be some one about who'd take them?" bluntly.

"Lord, no!" In his first days at Shining Tree he had thought horse thieves might not be unlikely and a staked claim necessary, but the desertion of the place was so absolute that he knew both things were absurd. His first instinctive uneasiness had gone till he had scarcely glanced at what Letty had thought smoke, being so sure it could be nothing but a cloud. "Shining Tree's too dead for visitors of that kind," he added. "The nearest place they'd congregate at would be Rock City; and that's a good three hundred miles away across the mountains."

"Rock City's only three hundred miles from *here!*" exclaimed Letty.

It was well for her peace of mind that Walter had convinced her that his trouble there had amounted to nothing but being a participator in an ordinary barroom row, for even as it was she was thunderstruck at hearing the place was so close. In spite of knowing how they had doubled and twisted on the way to Shining Tree, she had imagined Rock City must be at least a thousand miles away. A half doubt rose in her as to the truth of Walter's innocence there; but he had sworn things were all right, and she was not the kind of girl to distrust her own belongings unless she had to.

"I never realized that," she added,

and was suddenly as reassured by the near neighborhood of Rock City as she had been startled. Walter *must* have told the truth about things, or Rock City's authorities would have laid hands on him by now.

"You wouldn't," said Carmarthen, with a laugh, "when you came here by way of Melfort. But Rock City's not likely to trouble our horses; there's too much rough country between us and them; nothing to tempt its citizens to explore as far as Shining Tree. That's a queer name for this place, too," irrelevantly. "Shining Tree!"

"It was the Shining Tree lumber company who named it, McSweeney told me." Letty was absent, her thoughts on the blessing it was Walter was not in trouble in a place no farther off than Rock City, or she might not have mentioned McSweeney. "It had another name before they worked here, he told me; but I forget it."

"Tell me about McSweeney," said Carmarthen idly.

It might have been the saving of some trouble to him if he had asked her instead to try and remember the valley's other name. If she had said it had once been known as Touchwood, he would have had other thoughts about the safety of his horses, remembering queer rumors that had been current even as far away as Dead River concerning a valley of that name which served as a secret retreat for persons urgently required in more populous centres. But his thoughts were on McSweeney, who had failed where he was making good.

But Letty had no desire to discuss McSweeney. "It's years since I knew him," she returned hastily. "Oh, the stars are showing already. I must go home! I've beans to bake."

She had raised her voice for the first time, and as it rang clear in the silent pasture the black mare whinnied suddenly; more suddenly came out from somewhere, and was cantering toward her master. Carmarthen's outstretched hand drew Letty sharply back as she was moving toward the cabin.

"Look out!" he cried. "Don't go

near her! Donna's a vicious devil to any one but me."

And the black mare looked it. At Carmarthen's sudden movement she had brought up short ten yards from him and stood there, half startled, all ugly, with her ears flattened back and the whites of her eyes gleaming in the twilight.

"She's not vicious," said Letty hotly; and then stopped with a guilty remembrance. Some men did not like their horses gentled by any other hand than their own, and gentling Donna had been the thing that had filled up her time when she was not keeping house or exploring on the gray. But Carmarthen had got to find out about it some time, and it might as well be now.

"I believe she'd come to me this minute if I called her," she said quickly. "May I try?"

"Yes," said Carmarthen doubtfully. "But she won't come."

He took a step forward to be in time if she did. But to his surprise Letty did not even raise her voice.

"Donna," said she, as though she had been speaking to a person, "come, girl!"

And at her voice the black mare's ears lifted as she moved gently to her side. Carmarthen stared in amazement as she nosed the girl's hand.

"Well, I'm hanged!" he commented. "I thought she'd have gone for you! She always does for any one but me or the man who used to own her; and he"—frowning—"had her half killed."

"I never knew but two horses that wouldn't come to me," said Letty quietly, but her hand paused as she stroked the mare. "I've got to own up," she added. "Half the time you don't take her to the claim with you, and I've got into the way of coming down here and talking to her till she's quite good with me. Some of it's cupboard love and your sugar, I know; but some of it is that she really likes me. Why, if I don't come by noon now, she comes right into the kitchen to find me. I have to shove her out the door, often. I hope you don't mind—I've been nervous that perhaps you might be annoyed with me."

"Annoyed? Heavens, no!" said Carmarthen, as heartily as if he had known all that might have depended on Donna's knowing a girl's voice and coming to it. "But I'm knocked silly. I never saw Donna like this with any one."

"It's I," with perfect simplicity. "I can always do whatever I like with horses."

Carmarthen smiled to himself, considering it extremely likely; by the light of remembering she had done what she liked with him, too, as regarded her staying at Shining Tree. But he did not wonder at a trifle like that, now that he had seen her get the better of an unlucky devil like the mare. And once more the curious likeness between her and Letty herself struck him as they stood together in the fading light. They both looked quiet enough, but it would take a heavier hand than his to make either do anything they did not choose to do.

"You'd better ride her about instead of the gray," he said abruptly, with a guilty remembrance of the evening he had thought Law's sister unable for Donna. "Ride out to the claim with us in the morning, won't you?"

Letty shook her head, pushed away the mare's nose, and made in earnest for the cabin.

"Not to-morrow; some day," she said cheerfully. "To-morrow I've simply got to sew. I'm going to make a day of it, so if you have any repairs you may as well hand them over. I don't know a thing about gold—seeing the claim once is enough for me, without getting in your way there—and to-morrow I'm fired to sew."

"I've nothing to be mended," announced Carmarthen untruthfully; he was not going to have her toiling at his old shirts.

"You, haven't now," cried Letty, laughing. "You had this morning, though, when you left your grand Russia leather belt on the kitchen floor because the buckle had come off it. I sewed that as good as new this afternoon, only I forgot to give it to you."

"What? You never sewed that heavy leather thing!"

"I told you it was as good as new," Letty nodded. "It's a very grand belt for a gold miner, Mr. Carmarthen."

Somehow she had thought a woman must have given him the unsuitable thing; soft, heavy, solid, and likely to wear forever. She was sure of it as his eyes lit with a curious reminiscence, but his answer was unexpected.

"I'm eternally obliged to you for mending the thing," he said; "I thought it was done for. A man I liked gave me that belt, Miss Letty, and I valued it. He was a kind of remittance man, an Austrian, away back in Dead River days; ill half the time, and proud as the devil. I and another man did a little something for him once"—it had been nursing him hand and foot till he died, but he did not say so—"and he made us take those belts—he'd two—to remember him by. It was pretty well all he had in the world, poor chap, when he gave them to us. I've worn mine ever since."

"I know," Letty nodded, thinking of the eternal story of the widow's mite. "I suppose the other man does, too."

The reminiscence in Carmarthen's eyes changed sharply.

"He's had the sense to keep out of my sight if he does," he returned curtly. "The other man went off and signed for the dead man's last remittance at the post office, that I was to pay his debts with, and got off with it. That's the way he showed his gratitude. It was he I got Donna from, by the way; and I expect he sold poor Von Arnheim's belt as soon as he found out he could get fifty dollars for it. Hullo," with some dismay, "you're not going in, are you?" For they had reached Walter, the mosquito smudges, and the cabin door, and the girl was holding out her hand in good night.

As she nodded, he held it an instant.

"You really mean you won't ride out with us to-morrow?" he added hastily.

His voice was very low, but at something in it Walter Law narrowed his eyes on the two figures in the cabin doorway, and kept in a whistle of amazement. Carmarthen could never be going to make a fool of himself

about *Letty*! But it suited her brother admirably if he were. In spite of his easy getaway from Rock City, he was not too easy in his mind about things there, and if ever he had to leave Shining Tree in a hurry it would make things easier if Carmarthen wanted to marry *Letty*.

"I'll leave Donna here in case you should change your mind," Carmarthen urged hopefully; and even Walter Law had so little idea of the immediate future that he frowned to himself as the girl only shook her head.

She had no intention of changing her mind, though it had nothing to do with what Walter had guessed about Carmarthen and she had not. It was simply that she had nothing left to put on. Her suit case had held just one white linen besides some under things, and to wash it every day was no joke. Her only other outer garment was the short dark skirt in which she had ridden to Shining Tree, and she had not wanted to wear it before Carmarthen. But when he and Walter were off to the claim the next morning she took the cloth skirt off its nail.

"It's almost to my knees," she said frowningly, "and it's dingy and hateful; but I've just got to wear it. I can't help it if I look awful. And I can't go on washing collars without any starch. I'm going to take one of Walter's gray flannel shirts and make it over."

For if Walter had come off luggage-less from Rock City he had repaired the omission at Melfort with some lavishness.

"He'll never even see I have it on!"

Mr. Law never did, very comfortably for himself, observe deficiencies in his sister's wardrobe. If she were absolutely in rags she said so, and he produced a few dollars if he had them; if not, the rags had to be mended. Now, instead of dollars, he had got to contribute a shirt.

Letty fished out one he had never worn, and got down on the living-room floor with it. With the sleeves cut and the shoulders shortened it would pass well enough with her old skirt, and she had it ready to try on in no time. She

fetched Carmarthen's infinitesimal looking-glass from her own bunk, and laid it on the floor in front of her. Kneeling there in the old skirt, and patting her reconstructed shirt into place as she fastened it, her thoughts were all on her own appearance in Carmarthen's glass; and suddenly only steady nerves kept her from a cry.

There was more than Walter's old shirt and her own face in the glass; more than the board-fence partition just behind her. Over the top of it, looking at her from Walter's bunk, was a man—who was neither he nor Carmarthen! Mechanically the girl kept on arranging the collar button of her shirt, from sheer terror and not knowing what she ought to do. Silently, like a prowling animal, the man must have got in at Walter's open window; silently was staring at her now, with Heaven knew what in his heart.

Letty's own heart stood still. And before it went on again the man's face was gone, while she watched it in Carmarthen's glass.

CHAPTER VI.

For a moment the girl knelt on, paralyzed. Then, very white, she rose and looked into Walter's room. It was empty. From the open window the world looked empty, too; there was not so much as a quiver in the bushes where the man must have vanished. She had not seen his face to know it again; she had only been sure he was a stranger, and on no good errand. A simple if unwelcome prospector would have come to the door; a man who had actually stolen into the shack and disappeared again without a sound was a different kind.

The dream she had forgotten, of some one bending over her while she slept, flashed back on *Letty*'s mind. It had been no dream; it had been true—all except the scent of Russia leather the memory of Carmarthen had added to it—and she had been a fool not to tell it to him and Walter. Some one else was at Shining Tree. If for a moment she thought it might be on Walter's ac-

count she dismissed it; any one looking for Walter would have found him long ago. It was the gold some one was prying round the cabin for, and for all she knew the claim, too. Somebody must be going to jump it. She had no fears for herself where she stood alone; living with Walter had knocked girl's tremors out of her. It was the claim that flashed before her, with Walter and Carmarthen working in it unwarned with not an ownership stake driven in.

"I'd better go straight off and tell them," she thought. It might not be the best thing to do, but at least they should not be surprised there. "It *must* be the claim some one's after!"

And suddenly, at a sound that brought her heart into her mouth, she knew better. It might be the claim in the main issue, but for now it was the horses. Down in the pasture Donna had given a whinnying scream, half fury, half fright. Letty forgot the claim. No man, if she were alone against him ten times over, should steal the horses. She shot out of the cabin just as she was, empty-handed, dressed in Walter's basted shirt and the old skirt that just reached to her knees. If she could only get to Donna in time she could make the mare fight off any man; she would drive the horses into the very shack before a thief should get them.

She ran like a deer to the pasture, but quick as she was some one had been quicker. It was empty. Even the pack horse was gone; and silence shut it in like a wall. As she stared in bewilderment from over the high bank at her right hand came the crashing and plunging of driven horses, and the whine of a whip brought down on them savagely, unceasingly. There was not a hoofmark to show how they had got there; only that they *were* there made the girl think of the river. They had been driven into it, and landed upstream; but that very trick had given her a chance to catch them.

She swarmed up the sandy bank like a cat. Once there she was high enough to see before her, and for one second there flashed out from the bushes a vision of the pack horse and the gray;

of Donna, plunging, fighting, bucking, two hundred yards ahead, under a stranger whose whip fell furiously on her sides.

Letty's mouth opened to scream to the mare, but she choked back the cry. She had seen the profile of the man who sat on her, and he would kill Donna before he gave in and let her turn. All she could do for the black mare was to let her go on; to turn her with her voice would be to do nothing but make her suffer. As she thought it, Donna, with a plunge that would have unseated most men and had no effect on the one who rode her, disappeared into the saplings after the pack horse and the gray.

"I'll get her back if I die for it," gasped Letty. "He's a fool in one way. He's losing time driving the other two when they're used to follow."

She dared not stop to go for Carmarthen and Walter; there might be rocks, brooks, anything ahead of the stolen horses that would hide their trail by the time she got the men after them. It was plain now, and she plunged down into it, running between the broken saplings that marked where the horses had disappeared in the thick, young trees. They were making no pace now, even Donna was walking, or she never could have gained on them; as it was she did gain a little, but not enough to bring them in sight. She prayed they might skirt close enough to the claim to let her shriek to Carmarthen, but the man ahead of her was taking a way directly opposite to the claim. He was not even taking the trouble to go in silence; the vicious snarl of his whip came back to her insolently.

"Oh, if I'd a rifle—or if Carmarthen were near," Letty panted, white with fury at the sound.

She ran on in the short skirt she thanked Heaven for, as she had never known she could run. Her breath came in tearing rasps under Walter's shirt, but she shut her mouth and ran on, praying for her second wind. Just as she despaired of it the man in front of her stopped; she heard him swearing

at the horses to stand. Breathless, the blood beating in her face and eyes, the girl crawled forward as close as she dared.

He sat the mare in a little clearing, rolling a cigarette. Donna reared as he lit the match, and he struck her brutally. Letty saw her heaving sides had blood on them, and if she had wanted a spur to follow herself she had it. That the thief was as likely as not to ride twenty miles, and leave her distanced and lost in the bush, never came to her. She had just one thought—to get back the horses or to keep tag on where they were taken. And suddenly she was thankful for Walter's gray shirt instead of her own shining white one. The man had turned on Donna's back, and was staring behind him.

For one second Letty was sure he had seen her. But she had not thanked Heaven for her dingy clothes in vain; she lay invisible where she had crept when he paused, and without a thought of her the man moved on; soberly now, and driving the pack and the gray before him scientifically. Letty followed at her own pace. It was beyond her to run any more, and, besides, a thought had come to her that intuition said was true. The thief had been in Shining Tree ever since she had; it was he bending over her when she thought she dreamed of Carmarthen—the Russia leather scent was the only link missing—and he must have been looking after the horses then; and he was going now to where he had harbored ever since.

"And that's just one of the ruined lumber camps I never took the trouble to look at," Letty muttered.

She plodded doggedly along the trail the three horses had left plain, and with no surprise saw it come out on a grass-grown logging road that ran down to the ruins of a lumber camp in a hollow close to a lake. It was a part of the valley she had never explored, and she dared not keep to the open road though the trail was plain on it. She slipped into the bushes between it and the lake, and came out close to the log wall of the nearest of a group of shanties. It was a gamble whether the horses were

there or not; yet she was sure they were.

The cabin she crept up to had mercifully no windows on that side. It lay on the very edge of the lake, running into unroofed log stables that made three sides of a square, with the lake itself for a fourth. That much she could see; for the rest, she had to find out. One step at a time she stole along the blank length of the shanty, round its end on the lake shore bent double, as she passed a shuttered window, and dropped flat behind the mound of an uprooted stump at the far corner of it. Under the sun-bleached roots she could see full into the open square between the buildings.

There was no more entrance to the place than could be filled in with two slip rails, new and strong in new posts, as if some one had just fixed them there; and she had only dropped down in time. In the square stood a tall man running in the last slip rail on Carmarthen's horses. The gray and the pack stood quiet enough, only Donna was wet to the ears, and trembling. But their new possessor cast not so much as a glance at them. He turned sharply from the rails, and Letty, peering under the stump roots, saw that he was taller than Carmarthen—and utterly handsome. He was dark as an Indian, clean-shaven, and his eyes—suddenly Letty knew she feared his eyes, as pitiless, marauding, they glanced full at her stump.

It was not so much thinking he saw her that kept her dead still in her risky shelter, as what those eyes meant set in any man's head. There was no sight they would stick at to get what he chose to want. The man moved toward her, and her heart turned over; if he took three strides more he must see her!

But he did not take them. He turned in at the shanty door. He could not see her from it or the one window any more than he could see the bars that shut the horses in, but he could see the horses themselves, and Letty dared not worm round the way she had come and let them out. She supposed even horse thieves must eat; she would wait till

this one began to get his supper; there would be a chance to take the horses then; but there was none now.

Suddenly, through the half-chinked logs in the lake end of the shanty, she heard the man speak to some one. Her heart jerked with the added terror of finding he was not alone there, but she dared not wait to make sure of it. Where she lay was not safe for one second. Let alone the window in the shanty's end any chink between the logs might show her crouching dark against the sunlit lake behind her.

Once more Letty Law crawled round the shanty, and settled into the shadow on its windowless side with no more noise than a cat. She would dare to peer between the logs there, and to listen, too—though there was no trouble about listening. The man who had just stolen Carmarthen's horses was talking about it loudly and coolly, to whom she could not see.

"Got them," he said, in response to a growled question. "Dead easy! I told you there'd be nobody about but a girl; and she was in the cabin, dead to the world making a dress. Mighty ugly it was, too, for a good-looking girl!" with a laugh that somehow matched his pitiless eyes. "So she didn't see me, and I bet even Carmarthen won't guess the way I took his horses out. He'll think they've just swum the river and strayed."

At Carmarthen's name Letty started. The man had known whom he had been robbing! She waited to hear him speak of Walter, but he said nothing. She had been right to think he had not come after Walter.

"You'd better put the horses somewhere against the time he does find them strayed," the camp keeper's voice advised dryly. "I wouldn't fancy being found here with them, Evans."

"Put nothing," said Evans curtly. "We'll get out of here on them before dark."

"What about waiting on for Bill?"

"I'll wait for no one after to-night," Evans flashed. "I'm sick of it here, or I'd have meddled with no horse of Carmarthen's. I——"

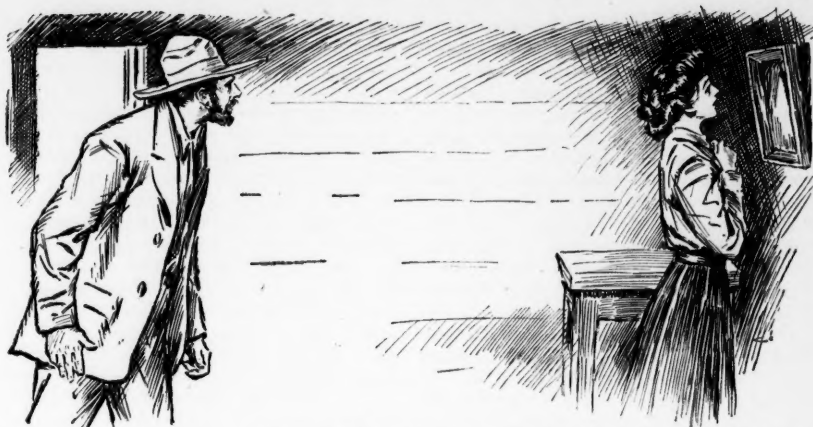
He lowered his voice at a wordless comment from the other man, and began to discuss something foreign to Carmarthen or the horses. From what he hinted more than said Letty gathered that Shining Tree Valley was an old place of rendezvous or refuge, ever since the departure of the lumberers, for himself and a few others; and that at present it was the latter. He and the man he called Hansard were not there to jump any claims; they were there for what both men only referred to as "the trouble outside," and waiting there partly till it was safe to go somewhere else and partly for some one they called Bill. But the man who had taken Carmarthen's horses meant to wait no longer.

"I'm off to-night," he said, with a yawn, "and for now I'm going to take a sleep."

Outside the log wall Letty's heart hammered. If he meant to go to-night she had no time to lose getting the horses away, but she dared not move to do it till she saw if either of the two men's eyes commanded the slip rails. She peered through a crack in the logs till her gaze found the figures in the dim shanty. There were only two men in it; one the man she had followed—and she had all she could do to keep in a gasp. He stood within two yards of her, and he was wearing a Russia leather belt like Carmarthen's!

The thing was too odd to be mistaken in, and the last link of her dream was supplied. Even that least detail had been true. For a second she wondered if Evans could be that "other man" Carmarthen had spoken of only last night; but it was more likely he had sold the second belt to some horse thief. The man with him was older, less dangerous—to look at; if she had known his reputation she might have thought differently; Evans himself could not touch Crow Hansard with a gun. But Letty was not caring particularly what he was; her only concern with him was that he stood away from Evans, staring out of the shack door.

"I don't know about getting away to-night," he said over his shoulder.



Mechanically the girl kept on arranging the collar button of her shirt.

"Of course we've got the horses, but I tell you that, let alone waiting here for Bill Vesey, I don't believe it's healthy for us outside. I guess our best plan is to wipe out Carmarthen before he gets on to our being here; and, after that, I've an idea I'd sooner stay here and play with the claim he's got than risk my skin outside. Even with horses I don't fancy making a break south yet."

"Claim!" Evans sneered. "I was all round that hole in the ground ten days ago. There's nothing to it but a pocket, or I'd have dropped Carmarthen from behind before this. McSweeney drew this place blank when the Shining Tree Lumber Company left it, and you would do a sight better to get out on a horse than to stay hunting gold here for a year."

"The horses can't make the journey," said Hansard thoughtfully. But he wheeled away from the door to look at Evans.

"They can carry us till they drop," he retorted, "and we can leave them where they do drop. And I've no use for running on Carmarthen; I'm off to-night."

He moved as he spoke, just as Hansard had done; both were out of sight of the horses. It was Letty's chance to go. She only barely realized that, thanks to the absence of the orthodox

and conspicuous stakes, Evans had not guessed at the existence of the real claim. All her thought was of the horses that would be ridden this night till they dropped dead, if she were not quick now. She moved.

"Listen," said Evans suddenly, "there's some one outside!"

Letty's blood checked in her; needlessly, for if Evans had suspected her presence he would have pounced on her first and spoken afterward. Through the breathless silence she heard what he had heard—the tread of a ridden horse, jaded and heavy.

"It's Bill," said Hansard under his breath. "If it isn't——"

Silently, without finishing his sentence, he took his stand behind the door. Evans nodded, and moved to his side. If it were not the man they expected there would be little rope for him. Letty hoped viciously that it was not; that it was an enemy who fumbled at the slip rails in silence, and in silence dropped heavily from his horse. But she was wrong.

Somebody called "Hullo, the shanty!" with a voice that matched the tread of his horse; and Evans stepped from behind the door and answered:

"Hullo! That you, Armstrong? Where's Slim Bill? We've been waiting for him."

The man limped up to the door and stopped on the threshold. "It's no good waiting for Bill," he said tonelessly; "he's dead. He got killed near a month ago, in Rock City."

The news must have startled even Evans, for he and Hansard burst out into a torrent of questions. Letty cared nothing for the answers. Now was her chance to get off with the horses, while the men had forgotten them. She was perfectly clear-eyed as to what she did. If she took back the horses Evans would know he had been followed; he and Hansard would have no choice but to come down and wipe out Carmarthen, and ten to one would come on the new claim they had not guessed at, and that Hansard, at least, would not leave neglected. But even with those things in the balance, she was not going to leave Donna and the others to be abused as she had seen them abused this day. She was five steps, ten steps off, when the strange man's voice brought her up standing.

"Shut your mouths and listen," he screamed, and for all her frantic haste Letty Law dared not stir. "I came to give you warning to go, and I didn't; I came most to wipe out a murderer! What did I come round by Melfort for? Why was I so long on the road here? Because I came dead on his trail from Rock City. I was a day behind him at Melfort, or he wouldn't have got here."

"Here?" Evans and Hansard both spoke at once, and Evans added a scornful rider: "Blood money again, Armstrong?"

"Here, right enough," declared Armstrong hoarsely, and Letty's breath causelessly, unreasonably would not come. *Whom* had he trailed to Melfort, and then to Shining Tree? Why did she think only of Walter? She could not move till she knew. Armstrong's voice came low in the silence:

"Blood money be damned! I want none for Law! He plain murdered Bill Vesey—shot him down like a dog in Baxter's bar, and ran for it—and I've come here to get even with him. I trailed him to Melfort, and he'd no more sense there than to send a wire to

a man to meet him at Shining Tree. I'd no money for the railway, and no way to send you word; I tramped here, mostly—it wasn't till a week ago I picked up a horse. But he's here still; it was only yesterday a man in Stevenson told me a man with a prospector's pick had gone through kind of mysterious, and never come out."

In the silence Letty Law's mind labored as if she had been stunned. *Walter* had fled from Rock City—*Walter* had wired from Melfort—*Walter* was *here*; and he had been wanted for murder when he faced her with a lie; a lie that unless she were quick, got the horses, warned him, he would pay for now. Somehow she found herself at the slip rails; had them down.

The newcomer's horse stood outside them with hanging head, but in her terror for *Walter Letty* never even thought of him. She saw Donna catch sight of her, and could not so much as whisper her name. There was no need, for the mare moved to her like a hurt child, and dropped a forlorn head on her shoulder. One of her small ears had been wrenched till it hung limp; but even that sight could not quicken the girl's cold heart.

"Let me up, Donna!" she breathed. "Let me up!"

Somehow she swung herself on the mare and moved off at a walk down the grass-muffled logging road, with the gray and the pack crowding mechanically after her; moved unnoticed and unsuspected, for the men's voices still snapped on each other in the shanty. She was off—safe on her way to warn Walter he was found out—that Rock City had tracked him to Shining Tree.

"Thank God," she muttered. "Oh, thank—"

The word died in her throat at a sound behind her.

She had forgotten the strange horse. As the others moved out of sight it flung up its tired head, whinnied, and was after them at a heavy gallop that smashed into the silence of the place like thunder. It set her own horses off at a run; just in time, for the three

men were out of the shanty and tearing down the road after her. All of them shouted; one of them fired at her, for she heard the shot; but what else they did she dared not turn to see, as on the first of the four mad horses she raced down the road.

It might have astonished her if she had known Hansard's shot only missed her by a foot because Evans struck up his elbow savagely.

"Shoot those horses, and we're here for good, or till they run on us from outside," he panted, stopping in the van of the useless chase after the fleeing girl. "Whether the man that killed Bill's here with Carmarthen or not, and whether we get him or not, we've got to wipe out Carmarthen now, and get back those horses! We've no other chance on God's earth to get out of this place alive."

For the man whose horse had gone with Carmarthen's had brought disquieting news. Evans cared little if Slim Bill's murderer were in the valley or not, or was no other than that boyish partner of Carmarthen's whom he had glanced at and despised; the thing that made him stand biting his lip was that Slim Bill was dead, and had died neither game nor silent. He and the two men who had waited for him at Shining Tree were wanted for many things; Evans and Hansard so badly that they had not dared breathe till they found harbor in Shining Tree; till they could slip out south and strike for Mexico.

Slim Bill, having a bit of personal work to do before he was finished with the north, had gone into Rock City to do it—and ended by dying slowly on a saloon table, gasping out viciously with his last breath not only what his partners had done, but where they were. The only link missing was that he had died before he could say how to get there to find them, and called the place Touchwood, instead of Shining Tree. Armstrong, whom he had somehow forgotten to mention, had heard him; and because he was not mentioned had tracked the traitor's murderer with a loyalty Slim Bill had not deserved. If,

incidentally, he had warned Evans and Hansard of their betrayal it was from no love of them, but lest they should be captured and talk, too. It was not likely his share in their crimes would be forgotten twice.

And Evans and Hansard were not safe another two days at Shining Tree; were not safe now, as Evans knew too well. Rock City was after them, even if Carmarthen did not hunt them from the valley anyhow for horse stealing; there was no choice but to get out of the place now. And the horses that would have carried them over the mountains south at dawn were out of their sight already, because, besides Law and Carmarthen, there had been a girl at Shining Tree. It was no wonder Hansard cursed her as the sound of her going died away in the bush.

But Evans wasted no time on curses. He had got to get back the horses, and get out quick from Shining Tree; and there was only one way of doing it. He had no desire to come face to face with Carmarthen; he knew him too well. Letty's first guess as to his identity with the man of the other belt had been right; and old scores, let alone the barefaced theft of the horses, would make Carmarthen no person for Evans to descend on openly. But—there were other ways.

Evans led the way back to the shanty, obliterated all signs of human residence, loaded his partners with grub and guns, and turned—not to the mountains, but toward Carmarthen's claim.

Horses he had got to have, and get out he must; but first Carmarthen, his partner who had killed Bill Vesey, the girl with them who had tracked him to the ruined shanty, should not be left alive to tell he had ever been in—which was so obvious that he did not mention it to Armstrong, or even Hansard.

Cat-footed, silent, the three took their own way through the bush toward Carmarthen's.

CHAPTER VII.

If Letty had known it she could have fled no faster, as Donna took her furious way home with the gentle gray

close on her and the strange horse galloping after the pack horse doggedly, as it would gallop till it dropped. Pull up in the lead the girl dared not, even if she could have; and through the bush the four horses thundered blindly till at last Donna pulled up of her own accord, and the others checked behind her with reeking sides.

Letty got down, reeling, and stared about her. She was at home; the mare had brought her to the top of the high bank that overlooked the pasture. Desperately she called for Walter, for Carmarthen; but no one answered. Long as she had been, half the day, on her foolhardy journey, it was not sunset yet; she supposed they were up at the claim still, and a sob tore her dry throat. She could never go there; she was too tired—but she would have to go. With shaking knees she was beginning to coax the horses down the steep bank into the pasture when some one shouted there; and at the blessed sound of Walter's voice Letty sat down where she was and began to cry.

"What on earth are you doing up there with the horses?" demanded her brother, advancing leisurely. "Are you crazy?"

But at the incredible sight of a fourth horse in a place where there could be only three, he was up the bank at a run.

"Where've you been?" he jerked out in a different voice. "And where did you find a saddled horse, *here*?"

"I—they stole ours," sobbed Letty, "and I——" Suddenly she realized that if what she had found out were true no one but herself and Walter must know it. "Where's Carmarthen?" she gasped.

"At the claim. I'm only back by chance, and I couldn't think where you were shouting from. For goodness' sake," angrily, "stop that crying, and tell me what that strange horse means! What the devil is it doing with ours?"

The hard streak in Letty Law came to the top; Walter was right; it was no time to sit crying. She choked down her sobs with an effort that wrenched her, and looked straight at him.

"It's not the horse that matters; it's

you," she said. It was useless to question Walter if she wanted to get at the truth; she substituted brutal facts. "There's a man in the valley who's— He's come after you for the man you killed in Rock City, in Baxter's bar. He trailed you to Melfort, and now—he's here!"

The blow was so straight, so unexpected, that Walter Law's self-control fell from him like a garment; the two words that were forever in his mind slipped from his tongue.

"They can't make it murder," he cried shrilly. "I swear it wasn't even manslaughter. I——" With the pupils of his pale eyes shrunk to pin points he clutched his sister. "Is he alone?" he muttered evilly. "He can't prove anything, if he's alone."

Letty shook her head, sickened. "There are three of them—you can't," she took him up incoherently; if he were once a murderer it was enough; he should never follow up the thought in his head. And at his open admission of the crime he had lied about, anger broke out of her. "Oh, what possessed you?" she flashed. "They said you shot him down like a dog—that you murdered him! That there wasn't even a quarrel."

"That's a lie," said Walter very slowly. He stood up and stared at nothing, as if he looked back on an actual sight and stated what he saw. "The sheriff drew on me first—it was self-defense when I killed him—only there was nobody there to witness to it. I'll swear he drew first."

"You killed—the *sheriff*?" Letty gasped. She stared at him dumfounded, with a wild thought that he must be mad; and Walter flung away from the look in her eyes.

"My God, can't you hold your tongue on it?" he muttered. "Isn't it enough that you know it, without talking about it?"

"But I don't know it," said the girl wildly. "I can't understand one word you've said, unless you've gone crazy. It wasn't the sheriff the man saw you shoot in Rock City—it was a man called Slim Bill."

"What?" Walter looked at her with a curious, checked blankness. "I never heard of the man," he said slowly. "It was Sheriff Vesey. I——" But he checked again, and this time profanely. Never, to Letty of all the world, would he have let out he had killed the sheriff of Rock City, if he had not thought she knew it already. "What you've told me's a crazy lie," he said sternly. "Get out your story from the very beginning, and let me see if I can make sense of it—for I swear to God I never shot any Slim Bill in Rock City or anywhere else."

But for one name he had spoken, his earnestness would have staggered his sister. As it was, she told her story of that day's happenings mechanically, with a sick underthought. The man who had looked over the cabin partition was suddenly nothing to her, nor even the recovery of the stolen horses; it was one point in the story of the man from Rock City that held all her mind. The sheriff's name had been Vesey, and the Slim Bill the man had talked of had been called Vesey, too. But before she could say it Walter laughed out, suddenly and with relief.

"It's a made-up lie," he said curtly. "I never killed his Slim Bill, and I wouldn't have taken to my heels if I had. It was drawing against the sheriff that fazed me; that meant hanging, with witnesses that had come in too late to see him draw on me for nothing. I don't give a straw for your men. Let them come—and take what they'll get for it!"

"You can't let them." Letty's voice came thickly, and something in her face startled Walter Law. "Walter"—and he thought it was irrelevant—"what was Sheriff Vesey's name?"

"George, I guess." But the laugh left his lips. "I—good heavens, I don't know. Why?"

"Because Slim Bill's name was Vesey, too. And suppose it's just a nickname for the sheriff; that the man up the river knows who you killed as well as you do!"

Walter looked at her. "My God!" he said under his breath. "He might

have had twenty nicknames for all I know."

It was a knife of deadly enlightenment the girl had put into him, and for a moment the two eyed each other, with a horrible conviction that she had hit on the truth.

"What are you going to do?" she asked brokenly.

"I don't know." Nor did he. He turned and led Carmarthen's horses down into the pasture, thinking hard, and barely noticing the strange one till it scrambled down by itself; but as he realized it he flung round on his sister.

"If you'd let the horses be the men might never have come after us," he cried venomously, "but bringing theirs with you settles that! They'll be here, and I've got to deal with my trouble in my own way. I'm going——"

But he hesitated. He had been going to clear out, in an old canoe he had long had ready, but like a flash he saw that was madness. What better off would he be in another place, penniless, certain to be tracked again sooner or later? He would make his fight for his life here, only he must do it in his own way. He would have no tales of being wanted for killing—any one—reach Carmarthen. And clear, faultless, there shot before him the only plan that would prevent it.

"I'm going to the claim," he said quietly, "and you hold your tongue to Carmarthen till I get back. What I have done in Rock City's no business of his, for I don't mean him ever to know it. You'll know *nothing* to him, beyond the theft of the horses and your grabbing them back again—that's enough to explain why you look like a wet rag. You stay here with the horses till I send him down to you. And for God's sake keep him thinking those men are just plain horse thieves till I come back, and don't let him leave you to get after them."

"Don't go—alone!" cried the girl wildly. "You—they——"

"They won't get me, if that's what you mean. For God's sake, don't fuss, Letty! I've got to run my trouble my own way."

He disappeared up the pasture, with a curiously calm acceptance of that trouble now that it was on him, and Letty stared after him dazedly. He had said to hold her tongue to Carmarthen, and she did not see how to do it. She was sick with fear for him, and he had not even told her what he was going to do. Yet some way—all ways—she had got to stand by him, no matter what he did. She stumbled over to the horses and tried to rub them down with an old sack, but she was too tired, too drawn with raw nerves. For all she knew the eerie loneliness round her might not be lonely at all; the men might have cut off Walter already, before he even got to the claim. At a step behind her she turned in sick apprehension, and saw Carmarthen coming to her at a run.

"Letty!" he cried. Perhaps he forgot he had never called her so, for his hand fell on her shoulder with the touch a man keeps for his own. "I met Walter going to the claim—he told me what you'd done. I— Oh, I don't know what to say to you!"

The note in his voice thrilled to the girl's wretched soul, but she dared not look at him for fear she spoke out all that was in it.

"I had to get the horses," she said faintly. "I couldn't help the strange one following me. You're not angry?"

"Angry?" If he wanted to snatch her up bodily he did not do it. "You must be about dead," he said roughly, "and I wouldn't have had you run that risk for anything on earth, if I'd known. Suppose the men had caught you, what do you suppose the rest of my life would have been worth to me? Don't you know I love you? Oh, don't start like that—I'm a brute, I know you've never thought of it, but it's true! I believe I've loved you ever since you fainted off the gray sooner than own you were tired out and your shoulders cut to the bone." All at once he was humble, but he was persistent, too. "Can't you like me a little?" he murmured. He bent his splendid head close, and closer. "You see, I—care so much!"

But Letty stood like a stone. As if some one had swept a veil from her eyes, she knew that she, too, had cared for Carmarthen ever since that first morning when she had done her best to be honest with him—and failed. But she could never say so. If Walter were caught, what love would a man like Carmarthen have for the sister of a murderer? She knew how hard he could be, for all his tenderness now. If he loved her, knowing all there was to know, it would be different. Now, when she dared not even tell him the whole truth about that afternoon, she feared him.

"You—can't care," she gasped.

"That's not an answer! Do *you*?"

"If I did I'd never tell you so," almost violently. "You don't know anything about me. If you did you couldn't like me—no one could!"

"No," said Carmarthen simply, "I'd *love* you enough to make up for all the fools in the world. I don't know what you've got in your head about yourself, Letty, but I've guessed at it," he added, for Walter had let out a truth or two about McSweeney's abandoned claim, "and I *don't care*! Look at me, Letty; you've got to believe me."

But the girl had started back, shamed to her very soul. He had no guess at all at the things between her and him; when he found them out he might be sorry for her, might stick to her from compassion—and she could never bear that.

"It doesn't matter what I believe—I don't love you," she cried, and the desperate lie made the passion in her voice sound like hatred. "And it's mad to stand here talking. Look at the horses—look what they did to Donna—those men up the river may be here any minute!"

"I'd forgotten them," said Carmarthen quietly; if he were checked sickeningly he did not show it.

He turned to the horses, and for the first time saw Donna's broken ear. His gorge rose at the sight; if the men did come he would be ready for them. He bunched the weary horses before him and ran his arm through Letty's.

"Even if you don't care you're tired enough to lean on me," he said quietly. "I don't believe there's any hope of our ever seeing the thieves, but on the chance I'm going to put the horses in the lean-to outside the cabin, where Walter and I can have an eye on them; and you're going to bed—now. You've done enough to kill you. I'm not going to worry you any more about myself, but I want to know about the men who took the horses. What were they like?"

Letty started. But if she held her tongue about Armstrong it could not matter what he knew about the others.

"One's name was Evans," she said tonelessly. "He had staring eyes—and he wore a belt like yours."

"What?" demanded Carmarthen electrically. "You're sure?"

"Sure." Stumblingly she told the dream she had had about him, and how it had come true; and as he heard Carmarthen's face set.

"What Evans is here for I don't know," he said grimly, "but he won't come down here and look for trouble with me; he knows I'd shoot him on sight. He was the man I told you about last night; and I got Donna out of a hell he called a string of horses; that was how he got the bridle on her today if he had to break her ear to do it. As for Hansard," more grimly still, "I guess I've heard of him," for there were not many men who had not. He had an interstate reputation as a bad man, and if he and Evans were in Shining Tree and dared to steal horses they had got to be cured of it.

"You're not going after them?" asked the girl nervously.

"No." Carmarthen shoved the horses into the stout lean-to that ran at right angles from the kitchen door of the cabin. If it were not for the girl on his hands he would have been off there and then, but he had got to let them come to him. "Go and change your things," he said over his shoulder, "or you'll be chilled."

Letty nodded, but she did not move. "Mr. Carmarthen," she said, with a hope that, after all, Walter might have told him things, "where's Walter?"

"Up at the claim. He couldn't be back yet."

It was not true, and Letty knew it; he had had time and double time to get back. A horrible wave of terror lest he had been caught there rushed over her. But he had said to hold her tongue; she dared not send Carmarthen to help him, even if he were. Silently, frantically she stared into the deepening dusk, and presently Carmarthen joined her, bearing a lump of soda bread and some whisky and water. She had needed the whisky, for it ran like new life through her tired body, but she could only crumble the bread. Suddenly she realized that Carmarthen was staring into the growing dark harder than she was.

"I—are you worrying about him, too?" she asked uncontrollably.

"No," Carmarthen lied promptly.

He had no doubt Law had found things to do at the claim and that he could take care of himself there, yet uneasiness was crawling on him. He wished to God the man would come, or that he dared leave Letty to go and look for him. But he did not dare. The girl was the first thing, whether she loved him or not, and she had been let run too many risks already. He might not have had a second thought at Walter's absence if the men in the valley had been any other than Hansard and Evans, but to pick off Carmarthen's partner with impunity would be a joke to both of them. He went to and fro with meal and water for the horses, certain that Law must be either dead or captured not to be back; and after a silent hour Letty touched his arm.

"What is it?" he asked almost roughly.

Things would have been easier for Carmarthen that night if she had given him a right to take care of her in her brother's place.

"The claim!" said the girl wildly. "I've just thought of it. Suppose Walter has never got there," for that much she could say if she kept back the reason for it. "You're having to stay here with me, and between us we'll have lost

you your gold. Evans mayn't want it, but Hansard was different—he'll jump it."

Carmarthen held back the arm he longed to put round her.

"You're thinking of too many things to be wholesome for a girl," he said gently. "There'll be no trouble over the claim—that'll last. As for Walter, of course, he got there, and now he's just taking a look round the valley. Don't get anything else into your head."

But Letty made no answer. Somehow, in the depths of her soul, she knew Walter was caught. It had been all very well for him to say he would run his trouble in his own way, that he had plans of his own; but, remembering Evans' eyes, Hansard's quiet, the voice of the man from Rock City, she was afraid. It might be senseless, unreasonable, but she was afraid. No matter what Walter had told her, in another hour she had got to come out with the truth to Carmarthen. He would have to help, somehow, even if he despised, loathed them both.

"Lie down, Letty," said Carmarthen, with rough suddenness. "I'll do the worrying."

Letty shook her head. If he could have helped her to do it things would have been easier for her, too. But at the authority in his voice she sat down by the kitchen table in the dark, and let her head sink on her hands. She had no thought of sleep, nor that she had tried her body to the breaking strain that day; she sat, wondering what she

should do, how long she dared wait—and woke, before she knew she had slept, to see dawn in the cabin; white, unearthly dawn thick with mist off the river, with Carmarthen sitting in the doorway in it with his gun on his knee. Guiltily, frantically, she sprang to him.

"Hasn't he come?" she gasped. "Isn't Walter back?"

"No," said Carmarthen, without looking at her. "He hasn't come."

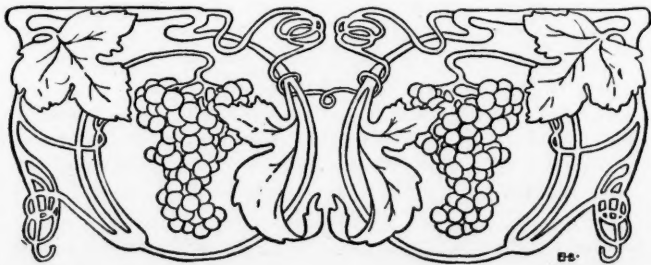
For no one had come. He had sat there all night waiting for them, partner and enemies; had crept out once and searched as far as he dared go from Letty; and the night was blank.

The girl stared unseeing into the white mist of the new day. She had never seen mist like this at Shining Tree; ten yards from her it hid even the trees; but she was not thinking of it. Walter was caught! She had got to tell Carmarthen why, now—and because she had been a cowardly, obedient fool, ashamed of Walter's shame, the story would be too late to save him.

"I—Walter," she began chokingly—and Carmarthen's hand caught her like a vise. There was something, some one, moving in the thick fog before them, where the claim trail came out of the bush. And it was not Walter.

"Hansard!" said Carmarthen quietly. He had known Evans would never face him himself; it was Crow Hansard who came out of the fog, and hailed the cabin with his hands held up pacifically. Carmarthen set the girl who did not love him sharply behind him.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.)





CHAINS

By Charles Battell Loomis

AT the present time in London—I am writing under blue English skies through which sail Continent June clouds—a play called “Chains” is being produced.

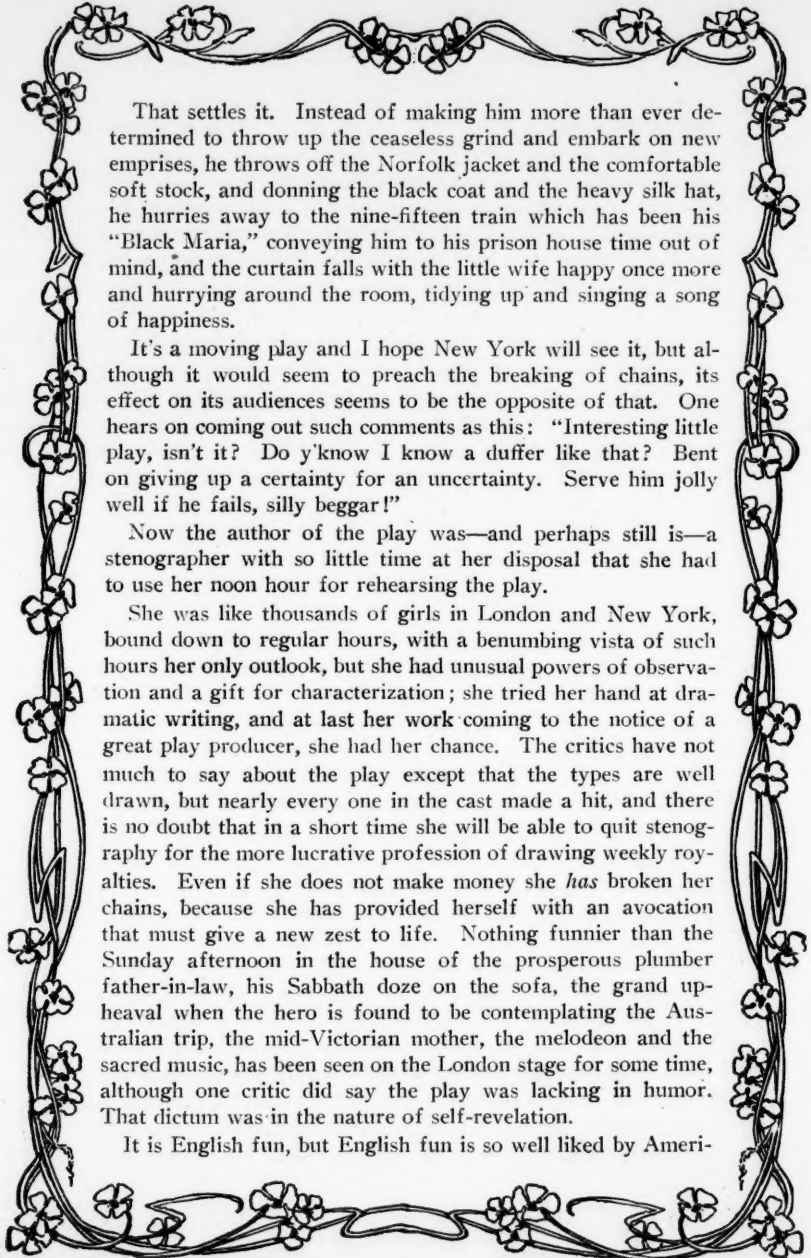
Its theme is the iron chains that bind people to their uncongenial tasks. A young city “clark,” tired of wearing a hot silk hat and a hotter frock coat to the city every day and going through an endless routine of uncongenial tasks, announces to a fellow clerk with whom he is lodging that he is going to chuck the whole thing and go to Australia on a venture.

His friend admires his pluck and wishes he might do the same, but most of his friends and neighbors call him a fool for giving up a certainty for such a hideous uncertainty as lies concealed behind the leagues of angry waves between London and Brisbane, Australia.

The hero of the piece—if he may be called a hero who is not heroic—is the man with whom the venturesome clerk has been lodging. He is married and lives in a little suburban villa where, during after hours, he cultivates his pathetic “two-by-four” garden, and thus for a few brief moments every day escapes from the tyranny of a starched collar, a frock coat, and a top hat. He wonders if he, too, would not better himself by throwing up a certainty for life in “the bush.”

His friends tell him—or would if they thought of it—that a bird in the hand is worth two in—Australia, and his pleasant-natured, optimistic, commonplace little wife is horrified at the thought of his throwing over his job; but her sister, a breezy, straightforward girl, with a soul above her station, encourages him to do and dare.

In the end her counsels would have prevailed in spite of the storms of denunciation that he calls upon himself from his father-in-law and mother-in-law for even thinking of “deserting” his wife, even if a fortune for both were to be his quest, had not his wife, who is sadly upset at his unthinkable rashness, confided to him that she is about to become a mother.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and vines surrounds the text. The flowers are small, five-petaled, and arranged in a repeating pattern along the top, bottom, and sides of the page.

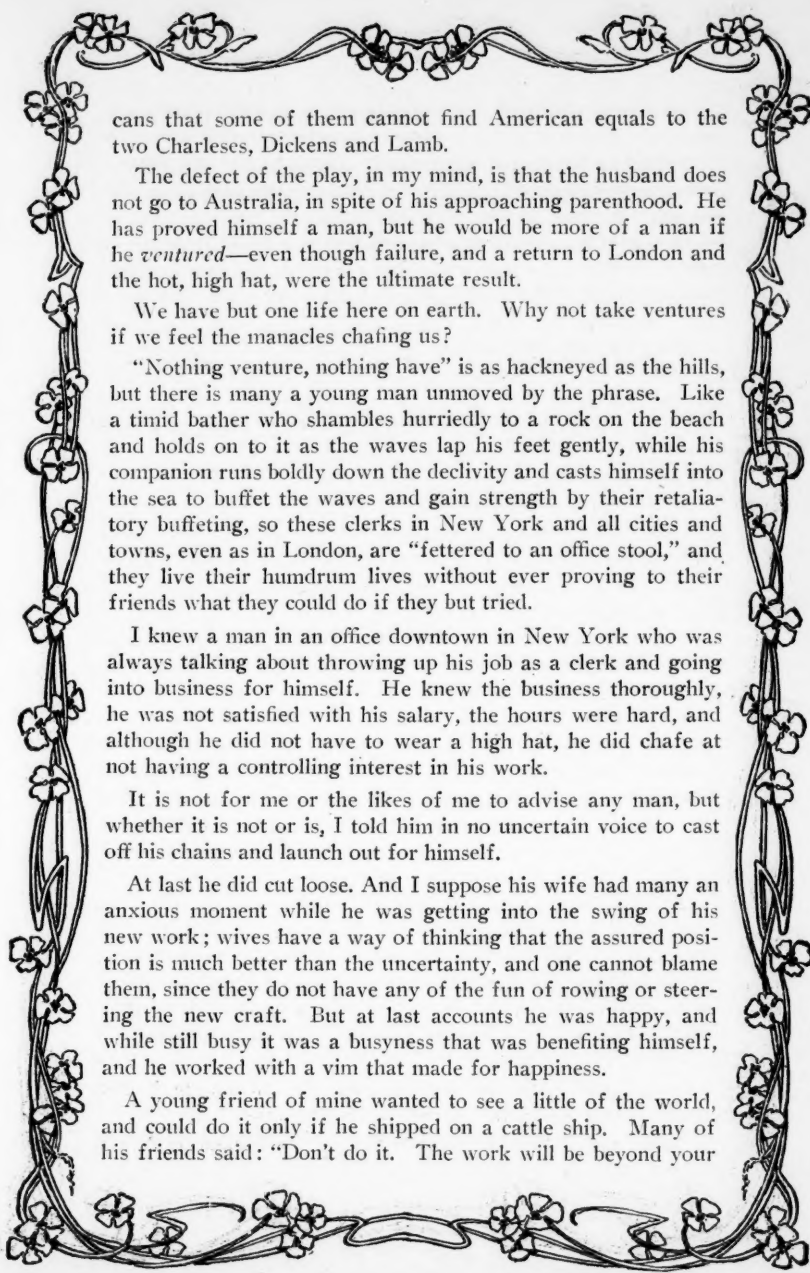
That settles it. Instead of making him more than ever determined to throw up the ceaseless grind and embark on new emprises, he throws off the Norfolk jacket and the comfortable soft stock, and donning the black coat and the heavy silk hat, he hurries away to the nine-fifteen train which has been his "Black Maria," conveying him to his prison house time out of mind, and the curtain falls with the little wife happy once more and hurrying around the room, tidying up and singing a song of happiness.

It's a moving play and I hope New York will see it, but although it would seem to preach the breaking of chains, its effect on its audiences seems to be the opposite of that. One hears on coming out such comments as this: "Interesting little play, isn't it? Do y'know I know a duffer like that? Bent on giving up a certainty for an uncertainty. Serve him jolly well if he fails, silly beggar!"

Now the author of the play was—and perhaps still is—a stenographer with so little time at her disposal that she had to use her noon hour for rehearsing the play.

She was like thousands of girls in London and New York, bound down to regular hours, with a benumbing vista of such hours her only outlook, but she had unusual powers of observation and a gift for characterization; she tried her hand at dramatic writing, and at last her work coming to the notice of a great play producer, she had her chance. The critics have not much to say about the play except that the types are well drawn, but nearly every one in the cast made a hit, and there is no doubt that in a short time she will be able to quit stenography for the more lucrative profession of drawing weekly royalties. Even if she does not make money she *has* broken her chains, because she has provided herself with an avocation that must give a new zest to life. Nothing funnier than the Sunday afternoon in the house of the prosperous plumber father-in-law, his Sabbath doze on the sofa, the grand upheaval when the hero is found to be contemplating the Australian trip, the mid-Victorian mother, the melodeon and the sacred music, has been seen on the London stage for some time, although one critic did say the play was lacking in humor. That dictum was in the nature of self-revelation.

It is English fun, but English fun is so well liked by Ameri-

A decorative border of stylized flowers and vines frames the text on the page. The flowers are small and five-petaled, connected by a continuous line of leaves and stems.

cans that some of them cannot find American equals to the two Charleses, Dickens and Lamb.

The defect of the play, in my mind, is that the husband does not go to Australia, in spite of his approaching parenthood. He has proved himself a man, but he would be more of a man if he *ventured*—even though failure, and a return to London and the hot, high hat, were the ultimate result.

We have but one life here on earth. Why not take ventures if we feel the manacles chafing us?

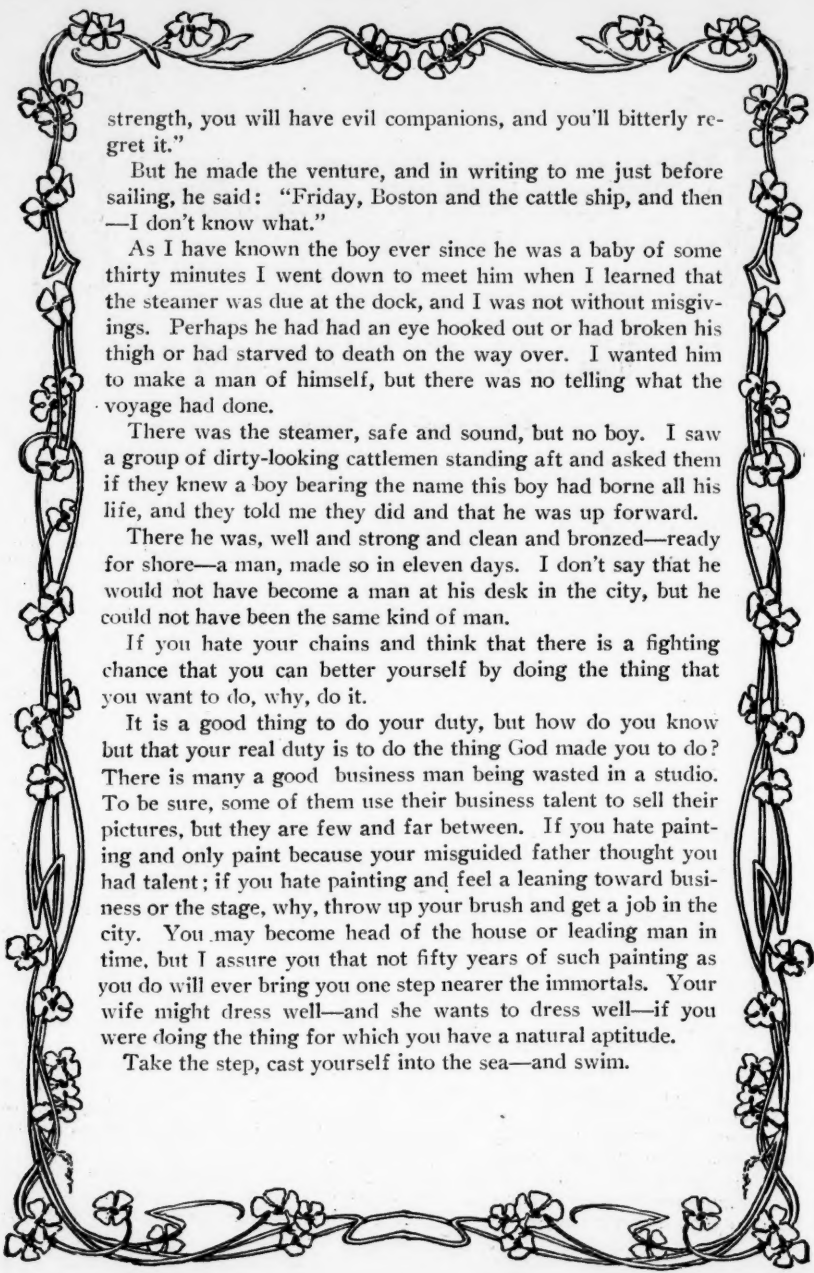
"Nothing venture, nothing have" is as hackneyed as the hills, but there is many a young man unmoved by the phrase. Like a timid bather who shambles hurriedly to a rock on the beach and holds on to it as the waves lap his feet gently, while his companion runs boldly down the declivity and casts himself into the sea to buffet the waves and gain strength by their retaliatory buffeting, so these clerks in New York and all cities and towns, even as in London, are "fettered to an office stool," and they live their humdrum lives without ever proving to their friends what they could do if they but tried.

I knew a man in an office downtown in New York who was always talking about throwing up his job as a clerk and going into business for himself. He knew the business thoroughly, he was not satisfied with his salary, the hours were hard, and although he did not have to wear a high hat, he did chafe at not having a controlling interest in his work.

It is not for me or the likes of me to advise any man, but whether it is not or is, I told him in no uncertain voice to cast off his chains and launch out for himself.

At last he did cut loose. And I suppose his wife had many an anxious moment while he was getting into the swing of his new work; wives have a way of thinking that the assured position is much better than the uncertainty, and one cannot blame them, since they do not have any of the fun of rowing or steering the new craft. But at last accounts he was happy, and while still busy it was a busyness that was benefiting himself, and he worked with a vim that made for happiness.

A young friend of mine wanted to see a little of the world, and could do it only if he shipped on a cattle ship. Many of his friends said: "Don't do it. The work will be beyond your



strength, you will have evil companions, and you'll bitterly regret it."

But he made the venture, and in writing to me just before sailing, he said: "Friday, Boston and the cattle ship, and then—I don't know what."

As I have known the boy ever since he was a baby of some thirty minutes I went down to meet him when I learned that the steamer was due at the dock, and I was not without misgivings. Perhaps he had had an eye hooked out or had broken his thigh or had starved to death on the way over. I wanted him to make a man of himself, but there was no telling what the voyage had done.

There was the steamer, safe and sound, but no boy. I saw a group of dirty-looking cattlemen standing aft and asked them if they knew a boy bearing the name this boy had borne all his life, and they told me they did and that he was up forward.

There he was, well and strong and clean and bronzed—ready for shore—a man, made so in eleven days. I don't say that he would not have become a man at his desk in the city, but he could not have been the same kind of man.

If you hate your chains and think that there is a fighting chance that you can better yourself by doing the thing that you want to do, why, do it.

It is a good thing to do your duty, but how do you know but that your real duty is to do the thing God made you to do? There is many a good business man being wasted in a studio. To be sure, some of them use their business talent to sell their pictures, but they are few and far between. If you hate painting and only paint because your misguided father thought you had talent; if you hate painting and feel a leaning toward business or the stage, why, throw up your brush and get a job in the city. You may become head of the house or leading man in time, but I assure you that not fifty years of such painting as you do will ever bring you one step nearer the immortals. Your wife might dress well—and she wants to dress well—if you were doing the thing for which you have a natural aptitude.

Take the step, cast yourself into the sea—and swim.



Honorio's Reward

By Anne O'Hagan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRIET ADAIR NEWCOMB

IT is when Honorio goes home from her day's "choring" at my house that I am most sure of heaven. Honorio does not suggest one of the celestial choir, by any means; she is forty, and gaunt, and rawboned; her face is lined, and her scanty gray hair gives not the slightest suggestion of the floating locks of the angelic host. Nevertheless, when Honorio, bending her honest, patient gray eyes upon me, smiles and takes into her rough, large-knuckled hand the dollar and a half for which she has exchanged a day of unremitting "general cleaning," all my early, insistent belief in heaven returns to me. There must be heaven for Honorio, and for all who are like her. No softly tinted clouds, piled high for the resting of her tired back, no roofs of turquoise, streets of shining crystal, no fair green meadows with radiant children playing in them, no sweet and gracious and all-satisfying companionship will more than compensate to Honorio for the narrow, dingy, lonely way of life apportioned to her here.

Honorio "chored" for my mother before me. I remember seeing her, a rosy, wide-eyed girl of sixteen, with floating, wavy, wild hair, when she first "came over" with her family. She lived in Jenkins Court, where my moth-

er was accustomed to make visits of neighborliness and healing and aid; and whither she often brought me, a supercilious young person of six, to broaden my sympathies and to soften my hard heart by a sight of suffering.

Honorio and all the Rileys, fresh from bosky meadows, were crowded into a two-room tenement, in which a cook stove and a picture of Pope Pius the Ninth were the two "salient" features. Those—and Honorio, shy and eager and full of colorful beauty. Strong she seemed, too, and I think it was this combination of gifts which induced mother to offer to take and train her as a domestic servant. But Mrs. Riley explained that the house couldn't keep itself, at all, at all, without Honorio; and that Joey, the big boy, "always wanted Honorio to be givin' him his supper when he come home of an evenin'; an' the little boy, Hughie, sure he must have Honorio to tell him the story of the leprachaun every night before he would hear of goin' to sleep. Oh, there'd be no sparin' Honorio at all, at all—anyways, not for good; but if there was bits of odd jobs, like——"

And thus Honorio became one of mother's staff of occasional helpers; and I became as addicted to the story



Harriet Allen Thwaites.

She often brought me, a supercilious young person of six, to broaden my sympathies and soften my hard heart by a sight of suffering.

of the little old shoemaker who lived in the hill as Hughie the insatiable.

Misfortune pursued the Rileys. It was not a year before Himself had succumbed to the scourge of his race. In another year Herself followed, and the three children were left desolate. But not resourceless. There was still Honoria—Honoria, with much of the color bleached out of her pretty Irish face, with the wild, waving hair trained to order, though not to beauty in order, and with all the warm, devoted heart of her shining out of her gray eyes.

To the neighbors who advised the separation of the family, and the putting of Hughie, the only member of it who was still incapable of helping to support himself, into an asylum, she replied with obstinate denial. She would not immure the baby in an institution; she would not take "a good place where she would be under no expinse to herself, at all, at all, but

where all her wages 'u'd be clear gain." She would not commit Joey to the tender mercies of the workmen's boarding house. No, she would "keep the family together; Joey was makin' good wages now, an' sure she could do a dale to help, what wid washin' an' cl'anin' an' one thing an' another." And the gentle pictured face of the great pope smiled a benediction on her resolution from above a blue glass vase.

It was when Honoria was twenty, and her way had proved successful for two years, that the misfortune which had dogged the earlier career of the Rileys suddenly awoke to the fact that it had been quiescent too long. Joey and Honoria had moved out to a suburb—such a dingy, mean little suburb, of cheap, rattling "two-family" houses, of unreclaimed marshlands where the mosquitos bred, of miles of shining railroad tracks, crisscrossing the flat earth, and of trains that thundered nois-

ily past a hundred times a day, splintering peace into fragments, and scorning to abate their mighty speed for the little Noah's ark of a station planted on the plain.

But Honoria was full of hope and good cheer over their purchase, on the installment plan, of the half-house on a bare, treeless, grassless street. It was all in Joey's name—of course. Joey was doin' well—splendid! Of course, there was danger in his business of mason, but what work wasn't dangerous, if you came to that? An' it wasn't as if Joey was a drinkin' man, or unsteady in any way. An' the schools at Locust Terrace were fine—Hughie was gettin' to be the great scholar, glory be! You couldn't tell—maybe we'd be havin' a priest in the family yet!

Of course it was quite a distance that she had to travel to her work—the work whose earnings enabled Joey to put so large a share of his wages into those installments. But if a person had to get up in the mornin', what much differ did it make if it was at half-past four or at half-past five? It was the gettin' up itself, not the time of gettin' up, that was the hard thing.

And grim, ironic destiny, listening to Honoria's proud, glad chatter over her washtubs or her scrubbing brushes, wearied of it, wearied of the gladness of the nature that he had not soured. She went home from our house one night when she was a woman of twenty-one, to find a keening crowd about the narrow, make-believe little porch of the half-house. She and Joey and Hughie all had keys. At this time at night Hughie had always gone in from school or play and had lighted the kitchen fire against Honoria's homecoming and supper preparing. Why, she asked her agitated heart, as she ran toward the crowd, was it overflowing into her yard—into the street before the yard—why—

"My God!" a woman screamed, as she approached. And another threw her arms around her to hold her back. Something lay on the mean, little make-believe porch—something covered over with a coat—something that had been

little Hughie when she went away that morning—something that, hurrying across lots to the house through the track-threaded district, had been overtaken by a runaway engine—Hughie, Hughie, the littlest one, the baby, the flower of promise!

When Honoria came back to work the next week the Irish color had been permanently washed out of her face. It was grayish-white, like a candle. And the hair that had been wild and flowing seemed washed of its young color, too. It was drab, dull, and streaked with gray. She looked like a sorrow-worn woman of thirty. Mother made her own work lie in the kitchen that morning, where she could talk with the stricken girl, comforting her out of the tender wisdom her own griefs and losses had taught her. I cried, because I had liked the little Hughie, and preferred his version of the leprachaun stories even to Honoria's.

Well, she and Joey pieced their broken life together again, as people somehow manage to do. But they rented the little half-house to some less thrifty workman who had not managed to acquire the privilege of paying installments himself, and moved back to the tenements again. Honoria apologized for the weakness, but she said that never again could she see of an evening the closed door of the little half-house, the smokeless chimney, the track-threaded country round about, without reliving the awful afternoon when she had come home to find—what she had found. So Jenkins Court knew the pair once more.

Jenkins Court not being so far out of the beaten track of life as Locust Terrace, Joey brought home a friend now and then, a fellow mason or a carpenter from the same job. Marty Kehoe was one of these—a gallant, laughing, light-hearted youth. He brought the first smiles back to Honoria's lips, the first brightness to her clouded eyes. He, like Joey, was "makin' good wages"; that he hadn't "more to show for it" was because he was alone in the world, with no sister to teach him to save, to help him buy



Hughie, Hughie, the littlest one, the baby, the flower of promise!

workmen's little cottages in the dreary suburbs from land-development companies. If he had only had a sister!

It came to him as an inspiration that a wife would do equally well as a balance wheel, and that Honoria, the frugal, was the very wife for whom a rudderless fellow like himself should be looking. It was in some such jocular vein that he made his proposals; but there was no question of his affection for Honoria. She promised to marry him—tentatively. When Joey had finished payin' for the bit of a place—sure, didn't Marty see it would be mean an' unsisterly in her to abandon Joey before he was a complete owner? Another year, now.

Marty affected to be annoyed. He told her quite plainly that he cared for her more than he could care for twenty brothers and their plans; but she answered him, with instinctive wisdom, that he would not have cared for her

had she been that lighter kind of a sister. So, grumbling half humorously, half sincerely, he consented to waive his own claims to her society and service until Joey's were fully settled.

And Honoria went to work, hemming dish towels, crocheting tidies, making ready a humble linen chest. She used to think a good deal of little Hughie, and how happy he, warm-hearted lad, would have been in her happiness. The rose did not come back to her pale cheeks, but some of the old light, like the shining of tapers, came back to her eyes.

And then, one bitter day, a policeman came to Jenkins Court looking for her. Her brother had been a little hurted, miss, and would she want to go to St. Vincent's Hospital where they had taken him? She mustn't get upset—he wasn't badly hurted; the beam that had been hoisted to the eleventh floor and had slipped its moorings, had

found Joey's head on only the tenth floor; of course, if it had been a longer drop it would have killed him; if it had struck him with the force it would have gathered by the time it reached the ground it would have mangled him beyond belief. But as it was it was really scarcely more than a tap, you might say, and he'd be none the worse for it come this day week.

Honorias had her hat on and was ready to accompany the reassuring policeman by the time he had explained. At St. Vincent's, the report was as favorable as the messenger's had been; concussion of the brain—that was all it would be; no bones ground to powder, no internal mechanism smashed, nothing dreadful that might have been. A tap on the head—a mere tap—that stunned the young man; he'd be around in a week or so.

"Thank God!" cried Honorias, in a rain of tears.

That night, when Marty comforted her, drawing her poor, brave head to his shoulder, she felt that she had been blessed. Suppose that Joey's accident had been very serious? Suppose that she had had no Marty?

When Joey finally opened his lips to speak with apparent rationality, his listeners were puzzled; he talked, in a perfectly sane manner, of "alley toys." He

insisted that the nurse would find them in his trousers pocket, and asked her to bring them to him. The nurse reported to the doctor, when a search of Joey's pockets and of the packet which had been made of its contents and put for safe-keeping in the hospital safe, revealed nothing of the sort. The doctor came and talked a while with him, and all of Joey's talk was of long-forgotten things and people. He wanted to see his father, his mother; he was indignant with them for their indifference to his plight. He called for old playmates and old places—and all in a perfectly rational voice. Yes, yes, he answered impatiently, he knew that he was sick; he was in the board hospital—sure he knew that!

Then the doctor called for other doctors; and they badgered poor Joey a while longer, and then they sent for Honorias. She came, and Joey brightened. He called her "Aunt Maggie,"



Honorias was ready to accompany the reassuring policeman by the time he had explained.

and entreated her to put an end to the time-wasting talk of the physicians by finding him his alley toys; and he also preferred a request for the company of one Denis O'Murtha.

"He's out of his head, the boy!" she cried. "Sure, he thinks I'm his aunt, his mother's sister, God rest them both! An' it's boys in the old country he's askin' to see."

Joey, in other words, though in excellent physical condition, with all his organs unimpaired by the impact of that beam with his skull, each physical organ performing its duties well, with red blood flowing unimpeded through his veins, was back at his twelve-year-old state. And there he remained for the next fifteen years.

At first he was an object of some scientific interest to hospitals and physicians. But when their observation revealed nothing further of the mystery that had set back his mind, and when their little experiments brought about no change, and when another and more exciting case came to their attention, he was permitted to drop back into the obscurity from which he had temporarily emerged. He went back to Jenkins Court, and into the tenement. He was interested in both, as a boy is interested in new surroundings. He was twelve years old—and he did not grow any older.

Honoraria received him with love and yearning. To Marty Kehoe, proposing a "retreat" of some kind, she turned indignant eyes. When Marty had made it quite plain to her that he didn't propose to be responsible for any "dotty" brother-in-law, she sent Marty about his business with the utmost promptness. She redoubled her efforts to work.

"Sure it's myself must pay for the bit of a place now," she told my mother. "They've set out trees in boxes along the sidewalks, an' two or three of the neighbors has grass into their front yards now; it's getting to be quite a pretty place. When Joey comes out of this notion he's got about bein' a boy again, he'll be glad to have the place clear."

To all suggestions that she have herself appointed a trustee for her brother she turned deaf ears.

"He'll be all right some time," she asseverated, "an' it'll please him to know that I always trusted that time would come, an' never did nothin' as if I expected him to be queer all his days. No'm. I'll just make the payments for him, like I would if he just had a bad cold an' couldn't get out himself." And she did it.

She took very good care of her lusty, overgrown boy. She developed unsuspected fierceness in dealing with his tormentors. She found ways of making him useful, and she took almost as much pride in them as he did himself. And she worked—oh, how she worked! Martyrs and saints, with what self-denying devotion did that woman waste her youth in work and in service!

And then, one day three years ago, she had her reward. A gamin, new to Jenkins Court, where all the old residents were used to Joey and habituated to his delusion, found irresistibly funny the attitude of the big, bearded man who hung around shyly for a while, and then asked to fly the kite the new boy was constructing. It was so amusing that the only way in which the new boy could fitly celebrate his appreciation of the humor of the situation was by firing a stone at Joey. It hit him beneath the jaw, and he went over. The new boy, frightened stiff, did not even have the power of flight left, and a policeman sauntering into the court at this inauspicious moment, grabbed him and telephoned for an ambulance in exactly two and a half minutes.

And again Joey did not die. But he came out of his stupefaction a grown man—a man with clear memories of fifteen years before, and a clear mind to understand the lapse which had occurred in the continuity of his existence. He was cured as blindly, as willfully as he had been laid low. Into Honoraria's sunken eyes, dim from tears, dim from long labors beside a night lamp, dim from a patient pain that had become almost hopeless, there



She sent Marty about his business with the utmost promptness.

flashed the look of one who sings hosannas.

There was joy in Jenkins Court. There were consultations at clinics. There were visits from union workmen, whose visits had been curtailed fifteen years before. Joey's gratitude to Honoria was all that the most exacting could require. In the first place, he was for going after Marty Kehoe with a horsewhip; but was restrained by Honoria, who told him, half laughing and half crying, that Marty Kehoe had been married these twelve years, and had a child for almost each of them; and that he was a poor, ne'er-do-well of a creature anyway, whom she was lucky to have escaped. And then Joey was for settling the Locust Terrace half-house upon her, but she would not have that, either.

"What would I be wantin' with a place of my own apart from you, Joey?" she demanded. "Sure, you'll never be turnin' me out, will you?"

And Joey swore with tears of love and thankfulness that he never would. It is so easy to swear true faith and loyalty; but the days and the years dull the luster of all things, even of gratitude and high resolve.

Last year Joey, at forty-one, a good, steady workman, capable of "earnin' good wages," a man with a bit of a place of his own, rented an' bringin' in a tidy bit, a man with money in the savin's bank—a most eligible parti, in short—fell in love. He fell in love hard, as is not infrequently the case with middle-aged men.

The girl was nineteen, and wore a multitude of puffs, curls, and rats in her burnished locks. She hesitated about accepting him because he had a sister who went out by the day; and she herself came of ancestry that had not gone out by the day for a whole generation—largely because no self-respecting housekeeper would have them, according to Jenkins Court in its more acidu-

lous mood. But finally Letty consented. She had coquettish instincts, and Joey was more easily inflamed than the "smarter" younger men of her little circle. She accepted him; but of course she wasn't goin' to go into no house where there was already a mistress.

And thus Honoria's death warrant was signed. It had been two years since Joey, with choking thanksgiving, had wanted to make some adequate sacrifice of his life to her. And to do him justice, he did try to insist to Letty that Honoria should live with them; but when Honoria heard, she withdrew.

"Sure Letty's right," she told me, defying me to see tears in the depths of her patient eyes, hear tears in her patient voice. "A new home ain't the place for a third party; let them get used to each other alone. She's right."

The other day she told me that the baby had come.

"It's a girl," she said eagerly. "An' what do you think, ma'am—they're goin' to name it after me. I'm that proud. Think of my bein' a god-mother. An' it's Letty that wants it as much as Joey—I've got a right to be thankful, haven't I?"

I thought back to the day when I had seen her first; I thought across the years. To be godmother to a selfish woman's child, to a forgetful brother's child—glorious reward for those years! For her who would not, I arraigned the High Powers, I accused them bitterly. But aloud I only murmured that I hoped her little godchild would make her happy, and would grow like her.

But is it wonderful I feel there must be a heaven for Honoria—a heaven of brightness and of rest, where fond eyes will dwell fondly on her, and little hands cling to her, and where she will walk among lilies with little Hughie running by her side, and where love shall make the light?



Daisies

DOWN among the waving grasses where the dewy cobwebs lie,
Airy daisies glance and glimmer as the breezes loiter by;
Many are the secrets hidden by their petals, softly curled;
Oh, the daisies are the wisest little blossoms in the world!

I was sad one summer morning, for my love was far from me,
And my foolish heart was asking if he loved me faithfully.
Then I plucked a dainty daisy with a disk of shining gold,
And I listened to the story which its snowy petals told.

"One, I love," I counted slowly, "Two, I love" and "Three, I say!"
But "He loves," the last white petal whispered as it sped away.
Cheery friends of parted lovers! Fortune wheels by fairies whirled!
Oh, the daisies are the dearest little blossoms in the world!

GRACE E. CRAIG.



"I'm—I'm just going to take a little walk down the street."

Polly and the Whited Sepulcher

By Edith Summers Updegraff

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BUNKER

MAW, I wish our house was like other folks' houses."

Polly leaned her pretty elbows on the red-and-white cloth and stared disconsolately at the smoky whitewash, the smudgy white paint, and the hopeless chaos of the kitchen.

"Land, Polly, ye can't be wishin' it more'n yer maw does," returned Mrs. Manes cheerfully, as she stirred the pancake batter preparatory to frying a new batch. "It's thruly amazin' how some can keep a nice, tidy house an' some can't. I fear yer maw's one o' them as can't. This same athernune I was into Mrs. Campbell's, next door, to get the lend o' her preservin' kettle an' her ironin' board an' a bit o' corn

meal, an' it filled the heart o' me full o' the wicked passion o' envy to see that floor o' hers, white like a sheet o' writin' paper, an' her stove shinin' like a black joel, an' her spare bed all white an' smooth undher a clean countherpane, an' everything that neat an' invitin'."

"Come in, Mrs. Manes," says Mrs. Campbell, harrowed an' anxious, a-scourin' away at her copper taykettle. "Come in," says she, "if ye can git in fer dirt."

"I'll make shift," answers I, laughin', 'to pick me way among the day-bree.' But Mrs. Campbell never smiled a smole, ner seemed to notice me little joke in the least, she was that busy

scourin' at her copper kettle. Have another couple o' pancakes, Polly."

Mrs. Manes flopped two fat, brown, luscious-looking pancakes on her daughter's plate and returned to the business of frying, wiping her mouth on her apron as she went, for she was in the habit of making her meal as she prepared it.

The crumpled and spotted cloth was laid, after a fashion, for eight; but Polly presided at it in solitary accordance with the conventions. The younger Maneses scorned to eat sitting down. As the twins, Maureen and Kathleen, aged twelve; Michael, aged ten, and Seraphy, aged seven, happened into the kitchen in the odd moments that they could spare from play outside, they raided the platter in the oven, secured as many pancakes as they could conveniently handle, hastily spread them with liberal quantities of butter and sugar from the table, and bolted outside again, leaving a trail of sugar behind. It was the usual way in which the youthful Maneses took their meals.

There came a time, however, when the pancake platter in the oven was empty; and Mrs. Manes, having peeped into the bowl of batter, clapped a tin lid down on it with a clatter of finality.

"Clear out, Mike," she admonished her youngest son, who had again appeared in the kitchen and was making platterward. "Y've et some six dozen already an' yer nigh to burstin'. There's jist enough batter left fer Jake an' yer dad. An' here they be a-comin' now, hungry as hunters."

"Well, maw. Well, Polly, ye look as sweet as a daisy this evenin'," greeted Polly's father, as he made wash-basinward.

"Hello, Pol. Who's dead?"

Polly was wearing a flowing black silk tie, of very long ends and very short bows, the latest fad of fashion in Toddsville; and before she could defend it, Jake, the incorrigible, had tweaked one of the ends and pulled the carefully arranged bow out of place.

"Oh, excuse me, Pol," he added, with brotherly solicitude. "I mistook you for an undertaker's hangout."

"Jake, let yer sister be," reprimanded Mrs. Manes, looking up from the frying of Jake's pancakes. "Where are ye off to, Polly?"

"I—I'm just going to take a little walk down the street, maw—to get the fresh air—and get away from Jake."

"Not she," guffawed Jake, his mouth full of pancake. "She's gone to meet Joe Somerville, the new fellow at the foundry. He's clean daft on her; says she's the handsomest girl in town."

"And so, by gum, she is," said Polly's father.

Mrs. Manes looked up a little uneasily.

"She's a changed gurl this last while back," she commented, looking out of the unwashed window after her daughter's slim little figure. "She that used to be the greatest tomboy o' the bunch is become a reg'lar fine lady since she took to clerkin' it in the dry-goods store—clothes, ways, an' all. Ah, well, the young will be leavin' the nest. It's nater—it's nater. Is he a nice, steady-goin' young man, Jake?"

To look at Polly, as she minced down the pleasant, tree-shaded street in the tender, blue twilight, one would never have associated her with the greasy slovenliness, the wild disorder, the unabashed dirt, and the frank and cheerful abandonment of all effort to curb the same, out of which she had just emerged. Her cheap white lingerie waist was immaculate and uncreased; her cheap black skirt fitted her trimly and did not sag in the back; her cheap black leather belt was not inadequate before its task of covering the point of junction of these two garments. Her low shoes were neat and polished; her hat was pinned on straight; her finger nails were the product of assiduous care.

But it was not alone in being neat, clean, and tidy that Polly differed from her home. Whereas Polly's home bore an all-pervading air of cheerfulness, of blithe insouciance, of complete and perfect freedom from all semblance of carking care, Polly herself bore on her young heart what seemed to be the burden of the whole universe; and



"Good evening, Mr. Somerville," said Polly, in a perfectly expressionless tone.

from her little, wistful, Cupid's-bow mouth and her big, wistful, Irish-blue eyes the very spirit of melancholy looked out. For the first time in the nineteen years of her life Polly had a trouble; and her trouble loomed up and overshadowed the sun.

She glanced back over her shoulder as she was about to turn the corner, and her eyes encountered her paternal mansion standing at the end of the street, a modest, decent-appearing, two-story cottage, in excellent repair, well shingled, immaculately white. As she

turned away she sighed tragically, for it was part of Polly's trouble that the house she lived in was a whited sepulcher.

It had not always been thus. Before the house's renovation it had looked no better outside than in. Whatever a sagging roof-tree, rotten shingles, fallen eaves troughs, broken windowpanes, and entire innocence of paint could contribute to a house's appearance had combined to make the Maneses' exterior the most slovenly, ramshackle, tumbledown abode of man in Todds-

ville. There had come a time, however, when this process of disintegration could be allowed to go no further, if the house was to continue to stand.

And so the Maneses, with the enthusiasm for work which they reserved for rare emergencies and the interest and zeal which novelty could always set aglow in their bosoms, had set forward the task of renovation. The sagging roof-tree became straight; the rotten shingles were changed for clean, new ones; the eaves troughs returned to the place where they could do the most good; the windows that baseballs had gone through no longer betrayed their ravages. And, to crown all, the entire house was given three good coats of the best white paint that Tom Sykes, the hardware merchant, had for sale. No sinner reclaimed from the blackest mire of iniquity and transformed into a shining light of saintliness could show a more complete transformation or an ultimate whiteness more free from spot and stain than did the Maneses' house.

With the more complicated interior, however, things had gone somewhat differently, though that, too, had been rigorously gone over. A sensation had been created in all the households of Toddsville when news was brought of Mrs. Manes' declaration that she intended to have *everything* pure white.

"How long will it stay that way?" was the question that each humorless, overanxious, dirt-fighting housekeeper asked of her neighbor. And they were not unjust to Mrs. Manes in surmising that it would not be for long.

It stayed white for a period of some twenty-four hours—that is, while the paint and whitewash were drying and the several members of the Manes family were farmed out on divers neighbors. With their return the reactionary process began, and kept increasing in a progression something beyond the geometrical.

And thus the Maneses' house had become a whited sepulcher.

The responsibility for this lamentable state of affairs rested where the neighbors were unanimous in putting it—that

is, with Mrs. Manes. Mrs. Manes' intentions were good, as evinced by her praiseworthy, if somewhat impractical, desire to have a house of spotless purity. But Mrs. Manes was inadequate before the complex problem of "tidy" housekeeping. Nurse she could and did, as everybody in Toddsville who had ever had an ailment knew well. And cook she could and did, as all those who had ever eaten at her shiftless board would testify with watering mouth. But to be clean, neat, painstaking, inimical to grease, dust, cobwebs, and muddy shoes, and indefatigable in ridding the house of the same, this was not a part of Mrs. Manes' make-up. To be perpetually engaged in rendering order out of chaos was for her an impossible activity. She gave voice constantly to her disapproval of the chaos; but she lived in its midst with wide-smiling cheerfulness and placid-nerved serenity.

Polly had not gone very far after she turned the corner and lost sight of the whited sepulcher before there came sauntering toward her, with a great outward display of ease and carelessness, a fine, handsome, upstanding young fellow in Sunday clothes, a boiled shirt, and a new tie of startling magenta hue.

"Good evening, Mr. Somerville," said Polly, in a perfectly expressionless tone, passing him by with unswerving step and eye.

"Good evening, Miss Manes," returned the young man, with a precisely similar tone and manner.

Then, when just past her, he brought himself up with a jerk all the more sudden and awkward because it was intended for an easy swing, and faced about.

"Ah—er—was you taking a walk?"

"Yes," answered Polly. "It's a lovely evening."

"Ain't it, though? I was just taking a little stroll myself. Don't matter which way I go. Do you mind having company?"

"N-no," said Polly.

And they walked along together.

Every evening for weeks past, ex-

cept when it rained in torrents, there had occurred the same accidental encounter.

It had grown dark when they arrived at the Maneses' gate, the terminus of their walk, and three cheerful, yellow bands of light fell from the kitchen windows and the wide-open door. From inside came a pleasant hum of talk, of laughter, of the dulcet tones of a mouth organ playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and of a clear, soprano voice caroling, in happy independence of the mouth organ:

Up in the mornin' no fer me,
Up in the mornin' airly;
I'd rather gang supperless to my bed
Than rise in the mornin' airly.

"Good night, Mr. Somerville," said Polly, in a low, hurried tone, laying her hand on the latch.

"Good night, Miss Manes." But instead of turning away at once he hesitated, his eyes on the three golden bands of light, his ears attentive to the cheerful sounds.

"You've got nice folks," he said, with a note of wistfulness. "Mine's all dead."

Polly said nothing.

"Do you think your folks'd take to me?"

"I—I don't know," faltered Polly.

There was a queer little unsteadiness in her voice that made him take a quick step nearer and look down into her face; and he saw that tears were trembling in her dark-lashed blue eyes.

"Miss Manes—Polly—dear Polly!"

His arms were around her and she was weeping foolish girl tears on the new magenta tie. The secret that for so long had been fluttering in both their hearts had taken flight at last; and they understood each other without words.

When at last they drew apart, and Polly said she must go in, he looked again at the three broad bands of light.

"Now we're engaged, you'll take me in and make me known to your folks some evening soon, won't you?" he said, as they kissed and parted.

Polly did not sleep that night; she tossed and turned under the old, log-cabin quilt until daylight looked

through the torn window blind. And it was not alone the first glimpse into a new and wonderful world that kept her awake. In Polly's case, this one of life's sweetest and deepest experiences was rudely and sordidly invaded.

For to Polly, in the light of the ideals that she had rapidly developed since going into the dry-goods store and long skirts, her situation was one of deep tragedy. She longed, above all else, for a "nice" home, such as other girls had, with a red plush set in the parlor, where she could sit with her lover of evenings, as engaged people should; and a dining room into which she could ask him to tea—a dining room with the table neatly laid and covered with a spotless white cloth; and the children suppressed and silent, with their hair combed and their faces scrubbed; and her father with his coat on; and her mother in a clean calico wrapper and a white muslin apron. Oh, if only her family was neat, genteel, polite, like other people!

For in her secret heart, though she scarcely dared to admit it to herself, she was ashamed of them all; ashamed of her jovial, great-eating father, who liked "the red tail o' a herrin'" for his breakfast; of her wide-smiling, slipshod mother, who would leave the breakfast dishes unwashed to play marbles with the children; ashamed of the broad Irish brogue and the homely Irish idiom that both of them insisted on using on all occasions.

She was ashamed of Jake, too, who teased, and chewed tobacco, and made silly jokes at her expense; ashamed of the dirty, handsome, quarreling, happy-go-lucky throng of little brothers and sisters, who dropped marbles and apple cores in every unlikely place; ashamed of the unpolished stove, the unmade beds, the grimy floor, the litter of pots and pans and dirty dishes; the caps, and boots, and overalls, and muddy rubbers, and baseball bats, and countless other horrid things that were never in their place because they had no place.

They were all banded together, it seemed to Polly, for the express pur-



"Why, Polly—dear Polly—sweetheart!"

pose of making things hard for her. If her mother hadn't gone and had everything painted white it wouldn't have been quite so bad. But oh, that white paint that showed up every speck and smudge!

How could she bring her sweetheart, her big, fine, handsome sweetheart, with his store clothes and his freshly sponged celluloid collar and his lovely red tie into this awful place? It was unthinkable. He would never look at her again. And, ten to one, he would take up with Annie Robbins, who had her eye on him already, and whose mother scrubbed her kitchen floor and polished her kitchen stove three times every week of her life.

Polly wondered if any one had ever before been placed in such a terrible position.

A week passed away; and each evening of the week, notwithstanding his broad and oft-repeated hints that he would like to come in and meet Polly's people, Polly found some excuse for saying good-by to her lover at the gate. The constant subterfuges, hateful to her inherited frankness and candor, began to wear upon her. She grew perceptibly thinner, and her eyes looked large and sleepless.

On Saturday evening the house seemed to Polly to be looking rather worse than usual. She was sitting at the table, nibbling uninterestedly at a deliciously broiled brook trout that Mike had caught that afternoon and that her mother had taken especial pains to make appetizing for her, when her father came in.

"Hello, maw! Hello, Polly! Ye're lookin' a bit palish, me gurl. Bether brace up an' git yer roses back, or we'll have to be showin' you to Doc Macarthy. Jake's comin' behind me, maw, an' he's got some young feller with 'im he brought back from the foundry to have some o' yer fine cookin'. Fetch it on."

There was a sound of footsteps on the gravel path outside, and Polly lifted her listless, self-centred little head and glanced out of the window. Then she made one bound from her chair, and was gone from the kitchen.

About nine o'clock that evening Mr. Joe Somerville's tall young body was outlined against the Maneses' open kitchen door.

"Y're not leavin' us thus airy," chir-

rupted Mrs. Manes. "Bide a while; the night's but a boy."

"Oh, I'll be off," returned Mr. Somerville, with youthful abruptness. "So-long, Jake; evenin', all." And he stepped out on the gravel path.

Halfway down the path he stopped suddenly and listened. A second and a third time he heard what sounded like a smothered sob. Peering into the thick darkness in the direction from which the sound came, he thought he saw a gleam of white. He groped his way toward it through the bushes and found that it was Polly.

She was crouched in a little, miserable, sobbing heap on the damp ground under a lilac bush, her handkerchief, a wet ball, tightly clasped in one little trembling fist.

"Why, Polly—dear Polly—sweet-heart!" He knelt down on the ground beside her, and put both strong, steady arms about her pitifully trembling little body. "What's the matter, Polly? What's happened? We couldn't think where you had gone to; your maw called and looked for you everywhere. Why didn't you come in? What made you cry?"

Polly stopped sobbing and clung closer to him, like a comforted child.

"What is it, Polly?" he repeated, soothingly stroking the tumbled brown hair that she usually kept so neat. "What's the matter?"

"I—I was afraid you wouldn't like me—after you saw how untidy our house was inside."

There was a second's pause; and then Polly's lover began to laugh—a long, loud, roaring, knee-slapping

laugh that would have done credit to any of the jovial Maneses.

"And so you thought I'd give you the go-by because yer maw's kitchen floor wasn't the color o' moonlight!"

He laughed again; and this time Polly caught the infection and smiled a little, with a feeble revival of her old-time gayety.

"But it is awfully untidy," she said, growing sober again.

"I don't know a lot about that, Polly; men don't take much note of such things—they ain't trained to it. But what I *did* notice was that yer maw makes the best biscuits and cooks the best brook trout that ever melted in my mouth. And you've got the finest, friendliest, jolliest lot o' folks that ever made a stranger feel to home."

Polly hung her head. A sudden, overwhelming wave of shame rushed over her, and submerged in it she had her first true glimpse of the relative values of things. In that vision her own little, narrow pettiness showed so small and mean that she could not bear to look at it.

Suddenly, with a wild, impulsive movement, she flung her arms around her lover's neck; and in her kiss and the pressure of her arms there were a warmth and a depth of tenderness that had never been before in Polly's embrace.

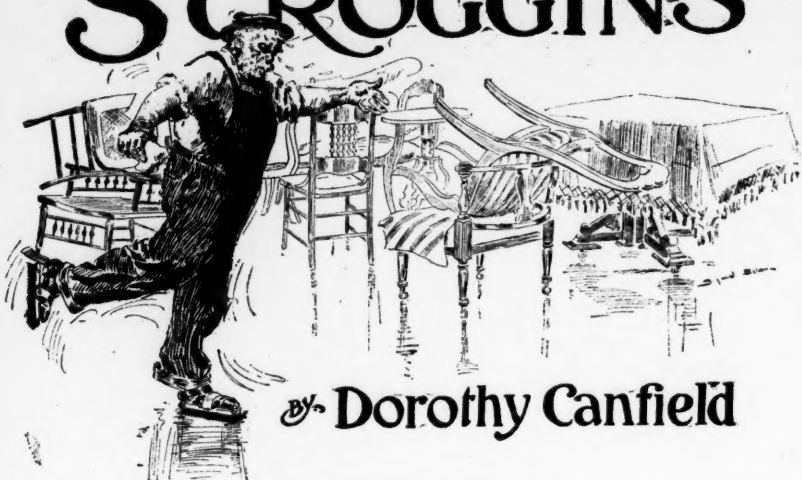
"Oh, Joe!" she cried. "Dear Joe!" And she pressed her little tear-stained cheek against the clean boiled shirt.

In a moment she lifted it again.

"Good night, now, Joe," she said softly. "I want to go in—I want to go in to my maw."



SCROGGINS



By Dorothy Canfield

ILLUSTRATED BY SIGURD SCHOU

IT all happened a long time ago, and I had almost forgotten about it, until a few moments ago I chanced to see Scroggins with his family walk past the house, in the Sunday-afternoon magnificence of a prosperous suburban workman. I have seen the Scrogginses parade along our street nearly every Sunday for a good many years now without thinking of the first time I saw him, but to-day something about the look of the clumsy *moujik* body, dressed in a neat ready-made suit, brought back the odd story to me, and out of the past came the query with which I used to puzzle myself in my younger, more speculative days. "What is Scroggins?" I asked myself whimsically, "and what is his relation to the cosmos?" I'm sure I know no more about the philosophy of it now than then. This, however, is what happened.

The first of it was an unusually bitter discussion on social distinctions I had at lunch one day with poor, tiresome Aunt Winifred, who was the scourge of my early married life. She

was only my uncle's wife, and my uncle had been dead for years, so that there was some ground for our feeling, my husband and I, that her custom of an implacably regular, all-day, weekly visit was warming up a rather stale dish of relationship. She not only spent one day in seven with us, but she insisted on continuing my social education as though I had been a little girl under her tutelage. I owe to my violent reaction from her absurd ideas of caste that ardent democracy which is now my passionate conviction. On the day to which I refer we had been arguing the question as usual, and when I ran upstairs to the sewing room I was raging at the old lady's snobbishness.

I was glad to find little Noodles playing about in the sewing room. He was a very soothing, masculine presence, Noodles was, even at the age of four, always so absorbed in his own world that he made my grown-up one seem most comfortably unimportant. I kissed him on his tousled black head and asked him what he was playing.

"At thinking," he answered, pushing

the chairs about in some esoteric design of his own.

I begged one of them, sat down before the machine, and began hemming. It is fast work, sewing on the machine, and the steady whir of the wheel had its usual hypnotically quieting effect on me. By the time the needle had flashed through the last breadth I had forgotten my quarrel with Aunt Winifred and was quite disposed for a talk with Noodles when he decided to favor me with his attention.

"Help me think, mother. My thinker's tired."

"Certainly, my dear. What do you want to think about?"

"I don't want to think *about* anything. I want to think *somebody*."

I bit off my thread and threaded my needle in silence, not wishing to confess my inability to follow my son's mental processes. As I hoped, he went on to elucidate.

"I've been thinking people to play with me; *not* little boys, but folks that can do things. I have watched a policeman police, and a grocer groce, and a butcher butch, but I can't think of any more things people do. Tell me something brany-spandy new."

I hesitated, trying to think of something original, and was inspired by a suppressed groan over a smear of bread and jelly on the scratched and dulled hardwood floor. A childish recollection of a winter spent in a French school and of the exquisite condition of the floors there, came back to me vividly.

"Why not watch a floor polisher?"

"I don't know what it is," said Noodles dubiously.

"I don't wonder, my dear child, judging by the dreadful condition of the floors in your poor mother's house. It is, my dear, a man with a long stick in his hand who comes around once a week with a sack on his shoulder. Out of that sack he takes a lot of brushes and things, while the hired girl moves the furniture out of the room he's going to polish, and takes up the rugs. Then the floor polisher sweeps up every smitch of dust and scatters a

little wax around, and then"—I stopped basting adequately to describe the scene—"he ties a 'normous heavy brick wrapped in flannel on one foot, and he takes his long stick to lean on, and he regularly goes skating on the floor. Around and around he goes, stretching his long legs like compasses, till all the wax is rubbed in. And then he puts brushes on both feet, and starts across the floor, back and forth, back and forth."

Noodles began enthusiastically at this point to act out the pantomime.

"Yes, that's it; lean more on your stick, back and forth, till the floor is as polished as a patent-leather shoe. And then he wraps up his feet in soft woolen rags, and very slowly once more up and down the boards he skates. And when he's through the floor is like a mirror, and oh, doesn't poor mother wish he grew in this country!"

I was ready to sew on the machine by this time, and ended in absent haste, losing myself in the blur of the spokes. Some time later, as I stopped to turn a corner, my mind wholly on the question of ruffling, Noodles said ardently:

"I think I will be a floor polisher when I am a man. I love to do it. What is his name?"

My eyes fell on the box of thread in the sewing-machine drawer, and I passed on to the little boy the name of the manufacturer, printed on the cover. He received it with the uncritical acceptance of childhood.

"All right. Scroggins. Scroggins." And for another period of silent, enthusiastic industry on his part he skated and puffed about the floor.

He was still at it when I went downstairs to begin the daily battle with our elephantine cook about having dinner on time. I had forgotten that such a person as Aunt Winifred existed, and was quite startled to see by her offended air that she was still fuming over our discussion. My temper being as transitory as it is unfortunately inflammable, I felt remorseful, and was about to proffer some conciliatory remark when Noodles called over the

head of the stairs: "Mother, I *love* Scroggins the best of all my friends! I love him the best of anybody but you and daddy."

"Yes, yes, Noodles," I called back hastily. "That's all right, but it's too cold for you out in the hall. Go right back and shut the door."

Aunt Winifred bounded in her chair. She had been gathering steam all the afternoon and now she exploded.

"Margaret, isn't there any limit to your radical, anarchistic ideas?"

"What's the matter now?" I asked, genuinely astonished.

"*Scroggins!* Good heavens! What a name for the best friend of a child of decent family!"

I stared for an instant, and then burst out into loud laughter.

"Oh, auntie, you are too delicious!" I said.

If my heat at lunch time had kindled a responsive flame in her, my laughter now fairly suffocated her with indignation.

"I fail to see any cause for amusement in my remarks," she said stiffly. "Who is Scroggins?"

"Oh, as bad a friend for poor little Noodles as even you could fancy him," I confessed as solemnly as I could, though still shaking. "He is a common, ignorant workman with no education and horny hands—a floor polisher."

Aunt Winifred electrified me by a sudden change of base, the harassed housekeeper bursting through the would-be aristocrat with startling effect.

"A floor polisher!" she cried eagerly. "Such as used to keep the floors in that French school so beautifully? Oh, my dear, *do* give me his address! I didn't suppose there was one in this country. What references has he?"

I was so disconcerted that for an instant I could only face her in silence, my mouth open. With her usual charitable zeal she misinterpreted my confusion.

"Margaret! Do you mean to say that you took a strange workman into your house *without* references?"

There was a moment's pause while I tried to think of some way to shorten the process, sure to be wearisome at best, of explaining to a very literal, dry-as-dust old lady the fancy of a very imaginative little child. This pause is to me, as I look back on it, the most significant moment of the whole story. Had the thing, whatever it was, already happened, or did that pause decide it? Suppose I had told Aunt Winifred.

At any rate, the fact of the business is that at that instant came a howl of anguish from the sewing room. I flew upstairs to find Noodles with the sewing-machine needle run right through his poor little thumb, badly hurt, and still more frightened.

I was still bandaging and antisepticizing and soothing the poor kiddie when Dick came home from the city, very tired and worn as usual—and also, as usual, no signs of dinner! In my scare over Noodles I had forgotten all about prodding up Lena, the cook. I called Aunt Winifred to amuse Noodles and hurried downstairs to the kitchen.

It was not a tranquil meal. Something serious had gone wrong with Dick's business, so he told me briefly, and Aunt Winifred's presence evidently jarred on him more than usual, since it prevented him from pouring out his trouble to me. However, he restrained himself from making snappish replies to her flowing twaddle, paying indeed but scant attention to anything she said until, after a rambling, incoherent introduction, she began on the subject of my carelessness as an employer.

"Really, Richard," she ended, with a direct question he could not ignore, "don't you think Margaret ought to be more careful about taking a complete stranger into the house, with such a name, and no references?"

My dear husband awoke from his preoccupation to a vague idea that his wife was being criticized.

"References?" he said. "Why, I thought she had cooked four years for the Matthewses before she came to us."

Aunt Winifred made a petulant gesture. "I'm not talking about Lena!" she cried. "Nobody listens to advice

from old people nowadays! I'm talking about Scroggins, your floor polisher."

I knew so well that Dick would turn to me to ask what she was talking about that I had my hilarious explana-

fended dignity at his tone, which was the short, brusque note of a man at the end of his strength and patience. She shut her lips in a resentful silence. I said nothing because I was too dumfounded, and Dick fell back into his



"Help me to think, mother. My thinker's tired."

tion all ready, and could not believe my ears as I heard Dick say impatiently:

"Nonsense! He's a most respectable man, as honest as the day. I know about him personally. I must say you'd be a more agreeable companion if you didn't indulge in so much evil-minded conjecturing!"

Aunt Winifred turned white with of-

moody absence. Oh, those were charming, harmonious meals, in the days when Aunt Winifred was bestowing her sunshiny presence on our new household!

I escaped as soon as possible upstairs to Noodles, whom I finally succeeded in singing to sleep. When I came down Aunt Winifred was not visible



Aunt Winifred turned white with offended dignity, and shut her lips in a resentful silence.

and Dick was smiling wickedly at me from before the fireplace.

"She's went!" he crowed triumphantly. "She's taken herself off for good."

"How—what did she—I hope you weren't——" I began.

"Scroggins did it! I never had to say a word more. She remarked to the air that there were some limits to the insults even a devoted relative felt called upon to bear, and that she was eligible for an apology. I was too deep in my paper to hear *that*! After waiting a moment she put on her things, and observing that if we valued a floor polisher more than—by gracious, she went out and slammed the door."

I did not lecture him on his brutality to the old, as at another time I would have felt it my duty to do; I didn't even have to struggle to keep down my sinful partaking of his exultation. I was one bristle of breathless interrogation.

"What under the sun," I broke out,

"made you say that about Scroggins being respectable and honest? You can't know anything about him, because there's no——"

"Oh, pshaw!" Dick was looking at his watch and already far away in his thoughts. "I'm on my nerves to-night something fierce. I had a setback to-day about that Mercer deal, the big order of axles, you know, from the Ohio people, and Aunt Win got too much for me all of a sudden. I couldn't stand hearing her forever running down your housekeeping the way she does. I just wanted to stop her mouth."

"But, Dickie!" I began to laugh. "You've got us into the *funniest* scrape! Listen while I——"

He closed his watch with an impatient click. "What the dickens do I care who you get to polish your floors? Good Lord! I thank my lucky stars every day that I married a wife who doesn't bother me with such details. Now look-y-here. Can you possibly

get me packed and ready to start back to the city on the nine-fourteen? I've got to catch the ten-twenty out of New York. If I can get to Mercer before the agent from Hawkins and Company does, maybe I can pull the deal off, after all."

My pride as a competent helpmate rose to this bait, and from that moment until I handed him his packed suit case and kissed him good-by, I thought no more of Scroggins. That spectral personage, however, pricked up an ear as Dick stopped at the door to call back: "Give that floor polisher an extra tip for me! Anybody that can shake Aunt Win loose—"

With which he closed the door and left me to the first of my meditations on the reality of personality.

I took refuge from these thoughts in the sewing machine; but when I sat down before that faithful servant and pulled out the drawer to get at the box of thread, I gave a loud exclamation and sat staring. The box was there, the cover on it, just as when I had played at pretend with Noodles, but the cover was perfectly blank. There was no printing of any sort on it. I realized how startled I had been by the excess of my relief as the simple explanation occurred to me. How could I be so fanciful? The box must have been turned over and I was looking at the bottom. I turned it back quickly; the cover fell off and the spools rattled loudly on the floor. It *was* the cover, after all! I looked at it again. It was made of plain-white pasteboard with not a line of any sort.

I pushed back so hastily that my chair fell over noisily, and, running to the stairs, "Lena!" I called. "Lena!"

When she appeared, wiping soapy arms: "Lena, did you change the spool box in the sewing-machine drawer?"

The stupefaction on her face was beyond any acting. "Vor vot should I do dot?" she asked. "Naw, I ain't been oopstairs sence mornin'."

Indeed, Lena's progress around the house was anything but furtive. I would have heard her.

I turned out the gas and went down-

stairs to practice finger exercises on the piano to divert my mind from what must be, even if inexplicable, a most trivial occurrence. It was absurd to think of it twice. But I did not sleep well that night. I dreamed I was married to a man called Frankenstein.

I met Aunt Winifred on the street the next morning, and was surprised to see that she did not include me in her wrath. She spoke feelingly of Dick's cruelty to her and repeated that it was due her self-respect not to enter the house until he had apologized; but she seemed to consider me a fellow sufferer from my husband's brutal temper, and we walked along amicably enough to our morning's marketing. She asked me again for Scroggins' address, but by this time I was prepared.

"I haven't any idea how to get hold of him," I answered, picking my words with Jesuitical care; "I haven't his address."

Aunt Winifred considered me suspiciously.

"I don't see that it would hurt you any to let me share in a great convenience you happen to have discovered," she said, adding with a cheerfulness which had a little defiance in it: "But I'll find him, anyhow. My parlor floor is in such a condition I just must have him."

"I'm afraid you'll have some difficulty in getting hold of him," I remarked, thoughtfully testing the firmness of the cabbage heads; we were standing in a grocery store.

"Oh, no, I don't think so," she answered airily. "Mertonville's not so large a place that everybody doesn't know everybody else. I've spoken to the other families on my street and they are as crazy to find him as I. You know how horrid and sneaky maids are when they try to do anything with hardwood floors! I've asked several tradespeople about him, and although I've got nothing definite yet, one or two of them thought they remembered hearing the name. Why, here's Uncle Abe. I'll ask him."

Still standing by the cabbages, I listened to the following conversation be-



"She went out and slammed the door."

tween Aunt Winifred and the old negro, who was at that time a sort of factotum in Mertonville.

"Look here, Uncle Abe, you are the very person I'm looking for. You always know all about everybody. I want you to tell me something."

The old darky looked fatuous and grinned.

"Here I is, Mis' Warner, ready to yo' hand."

"Tell me how to find a man who polishes floors. He's probably just lately come to town, and I don't know where he lives, but his name is Scroggins. Probably you've seen him. He carries a sack over his shoulder and a stick in his hand."

him. 'Pears like——" He sought desperately for a recollection among the cobwebs on the ceiling, and finding his interrogator still waiting inexorably for an answer, he took refuge in a weak: "Wid whiskers? Did you say dish yere man had whiskers?"

"He might have," admitted Aunt Winifred.

Uncle Abe cleared his throat and said recklessly:

"Well, now that makes a heap of difference. If he had whiskers now, it 'pears to me like I *mought* have seed such a man going up the steps to that shoemaker's shop what there can't nobody mek out what kind of a country he done come from."

I started at this. I certainly had not mentioned those details to Aunt Winifred.

Uncle Abe lifted his hat with the little finger of his left hand, scratched his wool with the forefinger, and said nothing meditatively.

"Now, come, Uncle Abe, you're the regular town newspaper. We get all our information from you. You know everybody."

Uncle Abe, goaded to speech by this adroit characterization, said cautiously:

"Well, I ain't sayin' I is see such a man, and I ain't sayin' I *ain't* seen

Aunt Winifred, losing for a moment, in her confusion at this answer, the intense concentration which had held her interlocutor up to this point, he hastily shuffled off.

"I think he means the Lithuanian cobbler on Main Street," I said, repressing a hysteric laugh. "When he first came he spoke some queer variety of Polish that nobody could make out, but I understand he's learned very fair English by now."

As my impetuous relative darted to the door in instant pursuit of this clue, I called after her:

"But what in the world made you think that he carried a sack and a stick?"

"Noodles told me while you were getting dinner," she called over her shoulder.

I breathed more freely. That point had a natural explanation.

That afternoon the doorbell rang, and Lena admitted a square, powerfully built young *moujik*, with straw-colored hair and beard, and a dull, Slav face, lighted by a pair of brown eyes, doglike in their meekness and anxious concentration on the expression of my face as I read the note he handed me.

It was from Aunt Winifred, and contained the astounding news that she had discovered Scroggins.

She had found him, she said, at the Polish shoemaker's shop. They were brothers, and this one, recently arrived, could speak no English. She had had, oh, such a funny time explaining to them who she was looking for. She had had to act it all out, the way Noodles had for her. I would have laughed to see her skating about, polishing an imaginary floor! But finally the shoemaker had understood, had darted out into his back shop, and brought back the long-looked-for Scroggins himself, his own brother. She supposed, of course, their name was not really Scroggins, but that was as near as they could spell it in English.

He has done my floor for me this afternoon with so much strength and good will that there's no comparing the result with Bridget's careless smearings; and only charged me forty cents. All my neighbors are crazy about him, and as soon as you finish with him, send him along to the rest. He has a list of names.

I folded the letter together and surveyed the big peasant.

"What makes you say you are Scroggins?" I asked sharply.

Although he did not understand the words, his heart evidently misgave him at the severity of the tone. His broad face took on a frightened look like a guilty child's, but he faced me desperately, murmuring: "Scroggins. Yess, yess, Scroggins," as though the grotesque name were a shield.

I relented and motioned him toward the floor, beginning to move the furniture out. He gave a great sigh of relief and threw himself into his work with a zeal, which, if blundering, was so whole-hearted that I stood amazed, used as I was, like all other suburban employers, to languid condescension on the part of workmen. And polish my floor he did! With a mien of agonized determination he went through all the motions I had described to Noodles, ending perspiring and breathless, while he waited for my verdict, his distressingly beseeching eyes fixed on my face.

"That's all right," I said, giving him the money.

He took it with a religious thankfulness, and went away, wrinkling his forehead over the next address on the list Aunt Winifred had given him.

As for me, I betook myself straight to the shop on Main Street, and "What on earth do you mean by passing your brother off for somebody else?" I cried to the shoemaker, who started guiltily on seeing me burst in.

The Lithuanian, taken off his guard, was terrified into a full confession, and poured it out in such broken and excited English that I could scarcely make out the gist of the many-time repeated explanation and entreaty. The idea had come to him, he said, in his hour of greatest discouragement—his brother for a month, ever since he

landed, had been trying everywhere for work, but nobody would look at a man with no trade who spoke so different a language. Times were hard! So hard! And every day that went by without Ivan's getting work meant so much more misery for the mother and little sisters left in Lithuania!

And then the lady who had come that morning—she had explained so beautifully about polishing floors. It was so easy to do. The lady had said she could not find that Scroggins, and their own name that nobody could pronounce was as much like Scroggins as anything else—on his soul it was! They could without falsehood say that their name *was* Scroggins! What the lady wanted was so simple; Ivan could do it, he was sure. Ah, God willing that he pleased the ladies with the floors, now that they had spent money for the brushes and wax the lady had told about! He could earn forty cents, three or four times a day! It was riches! The mother could come soon with the little sisters. If Ivan did not do right at first, he could learn. For the love of God, if the lady would but allow him to be Scroggins!

The tears were rolling down over his shaggy beard, and his big, blackened hands trembled on his leather apron as his voice failed him.

My own were not very steady as I took out my handkerchief and blew my nose. I felt very queer in my knees and uncertain in my head. Just twenty-four hours ago that forlorn Ivan had been sitting here, shivering, heartsick, like a disembodied spirit waiting for a chance to enter life, and at that moment Noodles and I—what *had* we been doing, Noodles and I?

I cleared my throat. Finally: "I guess we'll let it go at that," I said; "you tell Ivan it'll be all right."

The shoemaker flushed purple. He wiped the sweat from his forehead, looking at me with eyes the immensity of whose relief and gratitude shockingly revealed the bitterness of his suspense. He hesitated, and then: "But those who know about the other Scroggins, will they not—" he began.

I shook my head. "I'm the only one who knows about the real Scroggins," I told him. "And I will keep it dark."

I laughed as I spoke, but I am not sure that my voice was very steady.



You

WE never can find another such day
 With the earth smiling back at the sun;
 When motion is music and silence is song,
 And perfumes all mingle in one;
 From its first glint of dew to its last tint of blue,
 A day made of rapture and roses—and You!

There wait, warns the calendar, days over there
 On the dark other side of the year,
 When the earth turns its back on the sun, with no songs,
 No fragrance, no color, no cheer.
 But though one season's through and another is due,
 A man cannot care—if he only has You!

ALICE E. ALLEN.

A REBELLIOUS NOAH



BY HOLMAN F. DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY CH. GRUNWALD

Foreword: Cap'n Aaron Sproul, shanghaied on board the brig "Saints' Delight," and sailing master by duress for that queer set known as "The Saintly Rollers," finds himself among men and women who profess to believe that they are reincarnations of celebrated persons of history. Among them are "Elijah," and "Moses," and "Queen of Sheba." The Cap'n, much to his disgust, has been dubbed "Noah," as a compliment to his seafaring knowledge.

ON summer seas the wind usually dies with the sunset. At eight bells not a breath was stirring. Cap'n Sproul had been at the wheel for many hours, not daring to trust any of his bizarre associates with steersman's duty.

The female who had confided to him that she was the Queen of Sheba, on earth for the second time, was wearying him with her discourse. He slipped a becket over a spoke of the wheel and began to fill his pipe. He felt that he needed the consolation of tobacco.

"It is not suffered to smoke in the presence of royalty," rebukingly proclaimed the Queen.

The cap'n continued sullenly to tamp down his tobacco.

"And you have the dignity of your high office to respect, Noah," she went on.

Cap'n Sproul produced his match and examined its business end in the starlight.

"I shall be obliged to retire," stated the lady, with emphasis.

"Smoke is recommended for mosquitoes and pests in general," muttered the cap'n.

The Queen did not catch his words, but she caught the first whiff of the pipe and went away, sniffing disgustedly.

"Smoking not allowed on board!" announced Elder Inch, rising from the booby hatch in all his magnitude.

"Well, I'm perfectly willin' to step off'm this lunatic asylum any time, any place," stated the cap'n, firing up. He clinched his pipe firmly between his teeth. A boat hook from the yawl lay on the house near at hand. He had had his eyes on it for some time. He grabbed it up. His possession of it gave him courage to make a final, desperate stand.

The giant elder advanced, but Cap'n Sproul made such a sweep of the weapon he held that Elijah ducked

back. It was the first sign he had given that he could be quelled by show of hostility, and the cap'n was mightily encouraged. He backed into the alleyway beside the lee rail so that the elder could approach him only from the front. He poised his hook ready for combat.

"I've been pulled aboard here when I was mindin' my own business and gettin' ready for a quiet vacation," pursued Cap'n Sproul violently. "I've been mallyhacked and pounded and rolled up and down that deck with the rest of the dough balls you've got on board here, and I've even let myself be comfortably crazy to keep from bein' a plumb lunatic. But we might as well settle this thing right here and now. I'm goin' to smoke my pipe—I'm goin' to do that much, and get a little consolation whilst I'm livin' here in hell, or—or—well, you old, bull-necked girotamus, you, come ahead and see who wins!"

Elijah evidently understood and appreciated utter and dangerous rebellion when he saw it. He groaned a reproachful groan and turned back.

"Go burn your incense to the devil."

The cap'n glanced forward. He saw the man with the fan of red beard sitting on the galley.

"I ain't sure which end of the brig he's on," he observed sarcastically. "But I'll give this one a whiff first."

He pointed to the red-bearded Moses between whom and himself such lively hatred had developed. Then he shouldered his weapon and stumped forward. His spirits rose. At last he had declared his independence and it had been respected. He lost some of his fear of the giant who had been manhandling him so ferociously. He consoled himself for his early submission by the reflection that better men than he would have been conquered by that Goliath of modern days.

The cap'n posted himself on the rail opposite the galley and puffed his pipe and glowered on Moses on the galley roof. The other returned the stare with interest.

"Any objection to smokin'?" inquired

Cap'n Sproul truculently, entirely willing to start something in the new mood in which he found himself. "If you're the bearded lady that I've read so much about, and smokin's offensive, just say so and I'll quit."

"You'd better keep on using your mouth for smoke instead of talk," retorted Moses. "The smoke is worth more."

"Speakin' of smoke," retaliated Cap'n Sproul, "I should think that bonfire under your chin might bother you when the wind was just ahead."

"A revelation that gave you the name of Noah was not inspired," stated Moses sourly.

"You undertake to call me Noah—just undertake it!" sputtered the cap'n, sliding off the rail and couching his boat hook.

"I'll not compliment you to that extent."

"Then call me some other name—Jonah, or Jezebel, or Exodus—any of them Bible names. I don't care what. I want to settle this thing here and now. I've backed your old Mount Pisgy over there into his corner. I'm lookin' for you next."

Moses pulled his knees up into the shelter of his beard and made no reply.

"Come down here and wag them whiskers against my face—come down and look cross-eyed at me—and there won't be no boat hook used." The cap'n dropped his weapon and cuffed his fists together. "I'm beginnin' to realize who I be and where I be and who I'm in with, and I'm proposin' to show this cargo a thing or two."

Moses, however, kept his seat.

"It'll be State prison for the bunch of you! I can make it that for what you've done to me," proclaimed the cap'n, warming to his subject. "But I'll give you an option, you torch-chinned Gehenna goat, you! Come down here and take your lickin' man-fashion and we'll pass receipts in full, you and me."

But the man on the galley roof merely eyed him with the demeanor of a cat treed by a dog.

A ruffle of night breeze slapped the



The cap'n cuffed him back to the deck and set him again at his task by using his ears as handles.

loose halyards against the masts just then, the filling sails popped alarm, and Cap'n Sproul noticed that the old brig was paying off.

"All hands!" he roared, pounding on the fo'c's'l roof with his boat hook. "Get aft to that wheel," he ordered Moses. "Put the helm over and hold her into the wind till I get these sails trimmed."

The spirit of command perched upon him now. In his new state of mind he was no longer a drafted servant but master of his vessel. He saw his opportunity to be a tyrant.

"You set there ten seconds more and it'll be mutiny on the high seas, and you'll take the consequences," he yelled at the inactive Moses.

"I'm no sailor," protested that individual.

"I know it! But you'll be an imitation of one while I'm in command of this brig. You've got five seconds to climb off'm that galley and start aft."

Cap'n Sproul was ferociously climbing one side of the little structure as Moses was scrambling down the other side. He ran aft and took the wheel, for it seemed to occur to him suddenly

that shipboard discipline might speak from the mouth of even this persecuted captive of the "Saints."

"Haul ropes—haul ropes as I tell you to!" the cap'n ordered those who came blinking on deck.

And after he had the sails trimmed to meet the shift of wind, he selected his deck watch, profanely commanded them to mind their eye, and then strode aft, shipboard autocrat from peak of his canted cap to heel of his emphatic boot. He glanced at the compass in the glow of the binnacle lamp and then glanced at the red-bearded man at the wheel.

"Course sou'west by sou'," he growled. "No, not that way! Turn that wheel to port, you pickarel-beaked imitation of a red paint brush!"

"That style of speech is not seemly among brothers," declared Elder Inch from his seat on the booby hatch.

"I'm no brother of this gang," stated the cap'n wrathfully. "What did you shanghai me aboard here for? To run this brig, didn't you? Well, there's a blow comin' on, and I'm goin' to run it. I want passengers to plug hawse holes so far's talk goes, and crew to step lively, and no conversation back. And any time my style of runnin' things don't suit, I'll step ashore and be glad of the privilege."

He began to stride to and fro across the quarter-deck, squinting at sails and compass at each turn.

"I don't know how to steer," muttered Moses, "and as an elder it's not my place."

"You'll know how to steer before I get done with you," retorted his taskmaster, "and if you open that chimney flue again I'll pass you a Portygee persuader that'll turn them whiskers blue. Hold that little half di'mond against the lubber line," he said, tapping stubby forefinger on the compass, "and you catch her quick when she yaws, or I'll bat navigation into your head with the flat of my hand."

He whirled on Elder Inch.

"You got anything to say about the way I'm runnin' this brig?" he demanded.

The old craft was heeling in the fresh, new breeze, the sea was running from under her counter with the sound of a tailrace, and her dingy sails were cracking against a black sky. Elder Inch hunched his huge shoulders over his knees and had no comments to make. He realized the fact that the strength that had served him in his capture of this new recruit would be a poor thing to oppose now to that recruit's knowledge of seamanship at a time when the knowledge was vitally required.

"I'm ready to hear things said," stated the cap'n, walking up to him.

"I'll simply say in saintly words of peace that you're our gallant Noah, charged with our safety in time of trial—our stay, our king of the sea."

He uttered those placating words over his shoulder as he squeezed himself down the companionway, escaping from risk of further contention with this rebel among the Saints.

"A captain who is afraid to steer his own ship isn't very much of a hero," remarked Moses sourly.

Cap'n Sproul poised his foot and kicked, but the red-bearded man escaped by nimbly climbing on the wheel. The cap'n cuffed him back to the deck and set him again at his task by using his ears as handles. The man did not resist. This ferocious tyrant of the quarter-deck cowed him by his very prompt appetite for trouble.

Moses steered, after that, sullenly and doggedly. He did not venture to complain when the cap'n failed to observe the usual shipboard rules of relief and kept him at the wheel hour after hour. As for Cap'n Sproul himself, he pendulumed the deck, his disgusted ire at his position keeping him wakeful, and this opportunity of squaring accounts with the hated Moses helping to solace him for his vigil.

The weather did not bring forth all that the clouds and wind shift had threatened. The ancient craft drove along easily with an eight-knot breeze in her sails. The cap'n strode to and fro with hands behind his back, meditating on ways and means of escape

from his ridiculous position—playing of a crack-brained giant who had plucked him aboard and had given him as sailing directions “the islands of saintly rest and peace.”

A figure muffled in a shawl came up the companionway in the still watches of the night and confronted him as he turned. It was the Queen of Sheba.

“Where wafts our brave Noah now?” she inquired.

Cap’n Sproul checked the first hot retort that came to his lips.

“Look here, marm,” he said, “I joined in and played Noah for you a while ago and let you play Queen of Sheby—and was sociable. Now let’s get down to modern times for about two minutes—you be sociable from my point of view. Where’s this trip supposed to be takin’ us and what’s it all about, anyway? I want to know, and I want frills dropped. I’ve got business ashore and a wife there, too, and I propose to have an understandin’. If you’re less of a lunatic than the rest of ‘em you’ll forget bein’ Queen of Sheby for a little while and post me. I’m a desperate man when I get started. You come down on earth and give me plain facts or I’ll wreck this old tin skimmer and take chances of climbin’ ashore from the jib boom. And I mean what I say.”

“Fate is guiding us—only Fate,” declared the lady. “We are simply wafting away from a sinful world so that we may be alone on the bosom of the waters in order to commune with our spiritual forces. You must read the book that our Elijah has written and then you will understand the need of this communion. Roll, roll the saintly roll,” she began to intone dramatically, but the cap’n seized her by the arm, thrust her down the companionway, and pulled the hatch over her.

“I’ll ask the first seagull I meet. I’ll get more sense,” he growled. “Get onto your course, you cross-section of a hair mattress, or I’ll weave you into the spokes of that wheel.”

He remained on deck for the rest of the night, puffing at his pipe to dispel sleep and holding the unhappy Moses

at his hateful task. He had decided that the day would bring counsel. In the night he could do little else than hold to his aimless course.

Elder Inch and his attendant Saints were on deck at an early hour. They made ready to celebrate that peculiar rite of their faith—the roll along the main deck, in order “to roll out of them all that was carnal,” as their song declared. Cap’n Sproul elbowed the weary Moses away from the wheel and took it himself.

“Go have a turnover with the rest of the pack,” he directed.

“Will you not join your saintly brothers and sisters?” asked Elder Inch.

On past occasions he had grabbed the infuriated cap’n and rolled him by main force. But since the rebellion of the preceding night he seemed to have adopted a more conciliatory attitude.

“When I say ‘No, thanks!’ I’m puttin’ it mild and I’m puttin’ it pleasant—but I’m also puttin’ it strong,” replied the cap’n grimly. “Don’t you go to pokin’ sleepin’ tigers!”

The elder groaned a rebuke and led his flock to their devotions.

“I’m gettin’ some of my rights and personal respect back, anyway,” mused the cap’n. “And I reckon I’ll get more before this thing is over with.”

The mainland showed to port in a blue haze, and there were islands nearer at hand. Cap’n Sproul took advantage of the absorption of the Saints to head toward the islands. He had vague hopes of something happening, provided he could get near land. He was somewhat surprised to find that Elder Inch gazed on the islands with beniginity when he came back to the quarter-deck. The cap’n had expected instant orders to hold out to sea.

“That may be the ‘Blessed Isles’ that have been promised, but the revelation has not been made clear yet,” stated Elijah.

He secured the battered telescope from the hooks in the companionway and took careful survey of the nearest land.

“No human habitations,” he an-



Before the elder had recovered himself he was up-ended, and over the side of the brig.

nounced. "But yonder a flock of meek and lowly sheep abandoned to their fate by heartless man."

"Farmers on the main allus pasture sheep off on islands like that," snapped the cap'n, offended to the point of speech by such ignorance.

"Saints should not pass the helpless and the abandoned—the meek and lowly sheep, emblem of the pure and the good," insisted the elder, a strange light in his eyes. "I order you to anchor."

In the daylight and with the breeze once more bland and no mischance threatening he no longer practiced the

saintly repression that he had shown toward his captive the night before.

"I'm runnin' this brig," blustered Cap'n Sproul.

"You're running it when I'm willing to have you run it," retorted the mighty man of brawn. "You give orders to take in sails and you anchor or—I'll pinch you in twain."

He advanced and stood over his sailing master, and the sailing master, with the memory of gouges and knocks very fresh in his mind, obeyed.

When they were rolling on an easy swell, their mudhook well set, Elder

Inch directed Moses to pick four men and bring off the sheep, stowing as many in each yawl as could be carried conveniently.

"I'll be cussed if I'll stand by and see you critters steal a flock of sheep from an innocent farmer like this," blurted the cap'n. "I'm high sheriff in the county where I come from, and I stand for law and order."

"You're Noah, so defined by revelation to me," insisted the elder, a harder light in his eyes, "and it ill beseems Noah to object to receiving on board a ship of rescue such saintly animals as the meek and lowly sheep."

The obedient Moses and his picked four were lowering the yawl, indifferent to the cap'n's protestations.

"You're a pack of thieves, and I hain't got you sized up a mite wrong," Cap'n Sproul went on. "I've heard stealin' called everything before but 'rescue.' Why don't you own up that you've got an appetite for mutton? I've got more respect for a man who steals in the open than I have for a sneak thief."

Elder Inch reached forward—his hand like a vise—and contemptuously and violently pulled the cap'n's nose.

"I'll pinch it off with my thumb nail next time you insult me," the giant declared.

After that Cap'n Sproul stood apart by himself, devising methods of murder in hot blood, inventing lingering agony, and watched the capture of the sheep with gloomy brow.

The animals were wild, but the Saints were nimble on their feet, and the narrow confines of the island gave them advantage.

Elder Inch posted himself at the rail when the first yawl load came alongside, and reached down and took each sheep from the hands that lifted it. He prodded them discriminately with stiff thumb before he suffered them to escape upon the deck.

"In prime condition," he commented. "Better to be rescued thus for the uses of the Saintly Rollers on board the *Saints' Delight* than to be abandoned by thoughtless and brutal owners, and left

to die on a desert isle. Brother Daniel, nick the ear of yon fat ewe. And grind a galley knife to a sharp edge. Thus of old did the patriarchs sacrifice. And the savor shall be the incense rising to the Saints."

"The infernal old renegade wouldn't let the Saints have as much as the smell," pondered the cap'n, "if he had any way of usin' it. If I liked this, I'd have to give three cheers for this one. He's entitled to 'em."

"And the animals came aboard the ark, two by two," remarked the sister who had made the cap'n her especial mark of attentions. "This must make you mindful of the days of yore, when you lived as Noah, and saw created things pass by you through the door of your great ship. Do you not feel the ancient memories, and the——"

"Marm," broke in Cap'n Sproul savagely, "the way I feel can't be told in no polite language. I advise you to get away from me with fool talk, or you'll hear something that ain't written down in that book you're luggin' under your arm."

"I shall inform Elder Inch that we failed to drive the demon out of you, after all," she stated, with dignity. "I believe another attempt will be more successful."

"You fill yourselves up on stolen mutton, and start to roll me around this deck any more," retorted the cap'n, "and there'll be murder done. You tack that last information onto what you tell that double-fisted old rhinoceros."

"Empty threats," she scoffed. "You have bragged what you would do, and you have done nothing."

Red flushed into the cap'n's tanned cheek. It was borne in upon him that his rage, his protests, his defiance, had all come to naught before the brawn of the gigantic leader of these fanatics. Only downright assassination of the ogre could have protected him. He did not profess to be Jack the Giant Killer. The woman had taunted him on a tender topic. He had voice for no more threats. He walked away from her, seeking the broader scope of the main deck, where the bleating sheep were

huddled. But the fury that burned in him and blazed from his eyes made the timid brutes quail before him, instinct telling them that here walked one who was dangerous.

The interest of the Saints was fully taken up by the loading of the plunder, and the cap'n was left to chew his bitter cud of rage.

The bellwether of the island flock eluded his pursuers longest, and was finally brought along with the last batch of captives. When the elder tossed him upon the deck, he was as savage as a sheep can well be. He stamped his fore hoofs upon the planks, and glowered from his red eyes, wagging his curved horns with lowered head.

Cap'n Sproul had isolated himself from the Saints, standing among the sheep and preferring that company. He had his arms folded, and gazed forth on vacancy, his eyes fully as red and as dangerous as were those of the bellwether. He did not return the baleful stare the animal bent on him, for his gaze was directed over the rail.

This person who was standing among his family seemed, probably, in the judgment of the bellwether, the one responsible for the mischief. He blurted a gruff bleat, put down his head, and charged. Cap'n Sproul was caught wholly unawares. His first dreadful thought, as the impact drove him off his feet, was that the vengeful elder had wantonly kicked him. He fell, and rolled helplessly, and the sheep backed a few steps and butted him again, driving him full into the scupper trough.

Even Saints have a sense of humor. A scream of laughter greeted the horrified cap'n, as he tried to struggle up, grasping the rail. The sheep charged again, while he was on his knees, and before he had got a glimpse of his assailant. The laughter became more uproarious. Cap'n Sproul's frantic belief was that the elder was murdering him, and that his sycophants were cheering on the awful deed.

"You devilish, infernal coward of a thief, give me a show," roared the victim. "I never kicked even a Portygee sailor when he was down."

"Roll, roll out of him all that is carnal," boomed the voice of the elder, intoning the saintly song of his sect.

Cap'n Sproul, butted again, marveled to hear that voice at a distance. He kicked out, grabbed the rail, got to his feet, and faced them. The sheep was coming at him again. He fended him off with brandished boot. His rolling at the hands of the elder had been indignity—this was shame that nearly turned his brain.

"You've joined the Rollers, too, have you, you twisted-horn hellion!" he gritted between clenched teeth.

He drove forward at the charging sheep. With an oath that curdled the blood of the listeners, he set his clutch into the wool of the wether, and lifted him, and heaved him over the rail into the sea.

Sheep follow their leader.

Those sheep followed theirs, at once, unquestionably.

They did not stop to reflect that there was water on the other side of that rail. They merely bleated, ran, and leaped. It all happened too suddenly for the Saints to prevent. In an instant the flock was in the sea, and swimming back toward their island home.

For a moment the elder was speechless, such amazing and sudden loss of his plunder paralyzing his tongue.

When he spoke, he bellowed:

"You fool, don't you know that sheep always follow their leader? I'll put you into the flock, where you belong, that's what I'll do!"

He ran at the cap'n, his face black with passion.

"It's him or me this time," was the wild thought that flashed through the cap'n's mind.

The pygmy had no weapon now to oppose to the giant. He stood there at the rail, with only his bare hands for protection. It was plain what Elder Inch proposed to do. He announced it several times on his way down the deck. He intended to convert his Noah into a Jonah.

"There's one thing I've had practice in aboard here, and that's saintly roll-in," was the next desperate reflection

to occur to Cap'n Sproul. "And I've just had some of the education butted into me by a buck sheep!"

The next instant he threw himself down on the deck. The rushing giant was just reaching for him, and he eluded the clutch. He rolled, and drove himself against the elder's feet, and the man fell heavily over him against the rail, landing with a hollow grunt. His fall took him half over the rail. Cap'n Sproul seized his feet, and before the elder had recovered himself he was upended, and over the side of the brig. He missed his grab at the rail, and dove into the sea with a screech that was hair-raising. A few of the frightened, self-jettisoned sheep were still swimming in circles near the brig, getting their bearings.

Elder Inch came choking and splashing to the surface, and caught at the wool of the nearest swimmer, as a drowning man reaches for a buoy. The frightened sheep promptly swam away, following its mates, and the elder dragged behind, spurning salt water and screaming for help.

"Sheep allus follow their leader, hey?" muttered Cap'n Sproul, further inspiration stirring him. "It was worth bein' introduced to buck sheep to get that idee!"

Consternation had seized on the Saints. The suddenness of that amazing victory, and the loss of their leader, cowed them. It was evident that Elder Inch was distrustful of his swimming abilities. He did not dare to release his



Cap'n Sproul watched the yawl heave away on its snail-like voyage toward the island.

hold on his woolly life preserver, and the sheep, swimming desperately, was carrying him away from the brig.

Moses and several men made a run for the yawl, but Cap'n Sproul was at the head of the ladder before them, plucking a couple of belaying pins from the rack as he passed the mainmast.

"Stand back, you cowards!" he roared. He drove back the men with his slashing weapons, and his recent feat made them fear him too much to venture within his reach. "Wimmen first, when you're leavin' a sinkin' ship! Wimmen first, I say! Over into the yawl there, you Queen of Sheby, or whatever your name is. Over with the rest of you! Sheep foller their leader! You heard him say it, didn't you? It's orders and revelation, too!"

"The ship isn't sinking!" bleated Moses. "There's no need of the women going. We want that yawl. We want to save our leader."

"I'm master of this craft, and I say she's sinkin', and what I say goes," barked the cap'n. "Into that yawl, you wimmen!"

In emergencies the disposition feminine is carried in a rush. A panic is unreasoning. The Queen of Sheba went first down the ladder, slipping and sliding, and the others followed as unquestioning as the sheep that had leaped over the rail into the sea.

Then the cap'n drove the men over the rail. His ferocity made him a fearsome object, and they lacked the moral and physical support of Elder Inch, whose woeful hoots could be heard across the waters. The little yawl was loaded to the gunwales, and the cap'n noted with satisfaction that only a pair of oars could be used.

"Go careful, and don't rock the boat," he advised them from the deck. "That's a nice little island that you're follerin' your leader to, and them lobster buoys show that some one comes here to pull pots every day. So there won't any damage happen to you—and I'll inform you later where your blastnation old brig will be found. That's all for today. Now row!"

"You let us back on board, and take this yawl and desert, if you want to," shouted Moses, regaining some of his presence of mind.

"Me rowing, and you chasin' me with all sail set? Not if the court knows itself, and she thinks she does!" replied Cap'n Sproul. "It ain't goin' to be no tag game from now on. When I decide to leave a gang I usually make sure of goin'. Now, you get away from the side of this brig, or I'll target practice with every belayin' pin on board."

He made a few determined gestures that set them to work at their oars.

Cap'n Sproul stood at the rail a little while, and watched the yawl heave away on its snail-like voyage toward the island. Elder Inch had reached an outjutting rock, and was perched on it, yelling threats and commands.

"I don't know whether old Noah himself discharged cargo this way when he landed on Ariat," soliloquized Cap'n Sproul, left alone, "but, whether he did or not, I've got him skun to bare poles when it comes to quick action, and savin' demurrage."

He understood that he had no time to spend in gloating over his victory. The giant was raging on his rock, announcing what he proposed to do as soon as he could get back to the brig with that yawl. He had not yet comprehended the full design of his sailing master.

The cap'n ran forward, and dragged up the jumbo, the largest jib. He reckoned that he could inch up the spanker unaided after the brig was under way. Then he dove to the windlass, drove out the bar, and slipped the cable, watching the end of the chain snap out of the hawse hole with immense satisfaction. There was a fair breeze, and the jumbo gave the old brig steerage way.

With his wheel in beackets, and hard over, Cap'n Sproul proceeded to tussle with the spanker. Occasionally stopping to moisten his hands, he took a look shoreward. The elder had waded to his hips, and was waiting for the arrival of the sluggish yawl, with a flow of language that stirred the cap'n's tardy admiration.

"That couldn't be set to any hymn tune I know of," he pondered, "but it certainly states facts, ideas, and general condition of the mind as well as some of the best deep-water language I ever listened to. That shows what a man can do when you give him the right text to preach on."

With every square foot of spanker that he raised to the favoring wind, the old brig picked up her heels. Elder Inch pursued for a time, but at last his shouts grew fainter, and the speck of a yawl vanished on the face of the gleaming sea.

The cap'n, encouraged by his success with the spanker, set some of the lighter topsails, and let the vessel smash along with wheel lashed. Like all broad-bellied craft, she made very good stick at steering herself. With the knowledge

that open sea was ahead of him, the cap'n took his ease on the booby hatch, dozing in spite of himself, and trying to get a little snack of sleep, enough to tide him over until he reached some haven.

"I'll put enough miles between us so that that old corn-fed Goliath won't be waitin' on shore where I land," meditated the captor of the *Saints' Delight*. "I don't know whether this case will ever get into an admiralty court or not, but I should hate to get up and tell the story, even if I *have* got tar enough to slap all over old Inch and his pack of Rollers. This thing would sound a cussed sight better in a novel than it would on the witness stand, especially if there was a few old sea cap'ns loafin' in the courtroom hearin' what they could hear. I reckon I'll make a log of it, to show if it's needed."

He got out a stump of a lead pencil and his old account book, and began:

Weather inshore hot and muggy. Felt need of quiet and restful vacation.

He paused to ponder a little on his

experiences of twenty-four hours, and muttered strong anathema under his breath.

Chartered schooner *M. K. Rawley*, laid up at anchor to live aboard and loaf in harbor for week. Been on her less than hour and shanghaied by a giant and pack of Rollers for cruise to where nobody knew.

Then Cap'n Sproul, not well versed in matters literary, and somewhat at a loss for words in which to describe his amazing adventures on board the *Saints' Delight*, fell to pondering, and from pondering, fell asleep, for the vigil of the long night had been too much even for a shipmaster whose long years at sea had injured him to sleeplessness.

The ancient brig beat into the waves sturdily across a sunlit sea, and her sole occupant snored on the hatch, his cap over his eyes. The means by which he had made a portion of his vacation "quiet and restful" might be considered somewhat questionable, and the way out of his trouble was not entirely clear to him, but he forgot all his troubles as he lay there in the sun on the hatch.

[The further adventures of Cap'n Sproul, and his meeting up with certain strange denizens of the coast, will be related in a tale to appear in the next number of SMITH'S.]



Night and Day

THIS tender evening, dark except
For drops of gold and crimson light
Beading the river craft, and swept
Into the long wake's boiling white,
We watch together, I and you,
Strong for all issues, brave and true.

To-morrow, when the world lies bare,
And all its labors clash about,
And in the noonday's sharpened glare
Sweetness and faith seem put to rout,
It may be harder to be true,
But, oh, how sweet to try with you!

JEANNIE PENDLETON EWING.



Adelina's Debut

By Emma Lee Walton

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURA E. FOSTER

BILLY PARKER had been to a show, and he made the announcement of the fact with all the airs of a Pole discoverer, notwithstanding his lack of years.

"Now, listen here, Addie Wright," he said pompously. "It was just about the swellest show ever came down the pike. See?"

"All right, go ahead," sighed the obedient Adelina from her perch on the horse block. "Tell me what it was like. My mamma won't let me go to shows."

"Of course not; you're altogether too small," sniffed Billy. "They've only just begun to let me go, 'n I'm heaps bigger'n you'll ever be."

Adelina looked properly appalled at the idea of being foredoomed to dwarf-hood, though she made mental reservation to the effect that she should be nothing of the sort if it might happen that there was a loophole through which she could escape at the psychological moment.

"There was a lady in silk pajamas," Billy was saying. "She did a whole slew of stunts on a trapeze——"

"What's a trapeze?"

"Aw, gee! You do' know what a trapeze is? Why, it's a—a kind of a swing, that's what it is, and she could sit on it and hold by one hand, 'n I forget all she could do. And everybody they clapped like everything.

Once I thought she was going to fall 'n get killed, and lie all bloody on the floor."

Adelina shivered and put her fingers in her ears.

"I'm glad I wasn't along," she said.

"I wouldn't 'a' liked it."

"Nothing happened, you goosie," Billy cried scornfully. "I was just thinking how it might 'a' been. There was trained dogs that could jump through hoops and say prayers, too, though of course they didn't say anything, just make believed. And there was a lot of talking jokes, too. One fellow was terrible funny. He says he went to What Street—you know that was the name of the street. And then the other feller kept a-saying 'What Street?' just like that, and the first feller'd say, 'Sure, that's what I said, What Street,' and everything like that, 'n everybody roared."

Adelina tried to look intelligent, but did not succeed overwell, so she followed ancient precedent and covered ignorance with criticism.

"Is that all they do in shows?" she asked, in deep scorn. "That's easy enough, I should think. Most anybody could just talk."

"What do you know about that?" exclaimed Billy. "I suppose you'd 'a' liked the play best, if you can't understand jokes."

"Was there a play?"

"That shows how much you do' know about things. There's always a play," Billy said crushingly, as he strutted on the pavement. "They walk like this and say, 'Nothing of the sort!' just like that. They flash their eyes real mad and say, 'Nothing of the sort!' and it's awful exciting. I didn't care for the rest of it, so I don't remember it."

"Oh, I wish I could 'a' gone!" Adelina cried in despair. "It must have been perfectly grand."

"It sure was," agreed Billy patron-

as he turned to leave. "Cross your heart you won't, 'n hope to die, too?"

Adelina gave her vows of secrecy with alacrity, partly because she always had obeyed Billy in spite of a longing to do otherwise, and partly because she recognized with him the finality of the demand for William, and she must know the secret before his departure.

"Well, listen here," Billy said, in a loud whisper, growing louder as the distance between them widened. "I'm going to be an actor when I'm big and you can come to the show 'n sit in a



"They walk like this and say, 'Nothing of the sort!' just like that."

izingly. "There's an awful lot of class to a show like that. My uncle says some of the actors gets a thousand dollars a night just for flashing their eyes 'n making folks think it's real. I bet you can't even count to a thousand. My uncle says they have to work 'n suffer when they're learning, but it's so grand they don't care."

For some time a commanding voice had summoned "William" from across the way, but Billy ignored it as long as he considered it safe. It was only when the tone became impatient that he decided on obedience.

"Don't you tell, will you?" he said,

box. Don't you dare tell, you hear? So-long."

Adelina, left to herself, was wondering if shows did not have pews, like churches, that one had to sit in a box, when her own summons rudely interrupted her meditations. Nothing, however, distracted her from her new purpose, and all the remainder of the morning she was waiting, so to speak, for her cue. Her father had often declared in her hearing that education and training could not begin too early, and Adelina had secretly agreed with him because it sounded serious, and solemnity was as the breath of life to her.



She turned upon the astonished seamstress, and, with blazing eyes, delivered her line: "Nothing of the sort!"

The only difficulty was in knowing how to begin, once the conclusion had been reached that extreme youth was "the psychic moment."

The docile mind receives that for which it is prepared, and in time came Adelina's opportunity. Adelina was ever ready to grasp any that came her way, even when the opportunity belonged by rights to other people, but this was so unmistakably hers that she could not but seize it with glee.

"Adelina," demanded her weary mother, whose soul had been harassed all day by a nervous seamstress, "Adelina, have you seen Miss Dyer's scissors anywhere?"

Before Adelina had had time to make

reply, with or without reasoning why, the rasping voice of the nervous seamstress broke the moment's pause.

"I am quite sure," said Miss Dyer, with a world of meaning in her sharp tones, "I am quite sure that the little girl knows very well where my scissors have gone. She has used them to cut out paper dolls, has she not?"

The call comes in various ways, borne by celestial messengers as to Joan of old, or written on tablets of stone, or scrawled on the sands of the sea, but the wise soul recognizes it, and obeys the summons with a joyous heart. Adelina, who had passed through a whole morning outwardly little Addie Wright, but inwardly a princess trailing

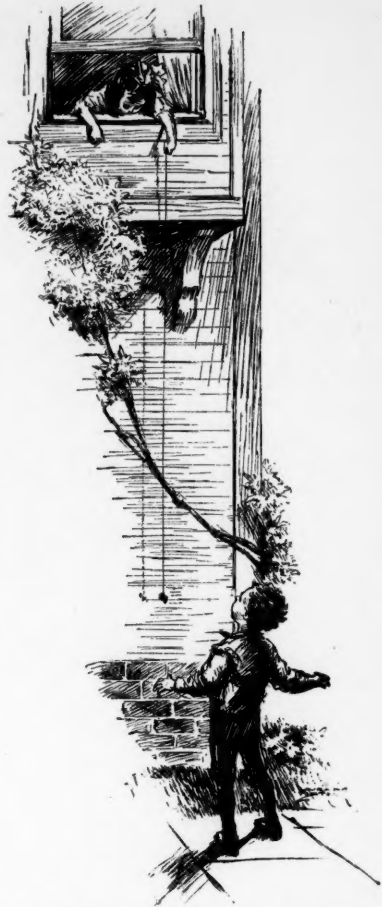
her velvet and satin through marble halls, and haughtily summoning vassals to her side, Adelina knew her cue. With a superb toss of her small head, and a truly royal gesture, she turned full upon the dismayed and astonished seamstress, and, with blazing eyes, delivered her line:

"Nothing of the sort!"

Successful achievement atones for all consequences of a disastrous nature, and Adelina, splendidly, triumphantly silent, went up to her room, obedient to her mother's command, with a heart that sang with the joy of accomplishment. It mattered nothing that Miss Dyer had been offended, that her mother had demanded an apology, or that she must spend the rest of the afternoon ignominiously exiled in bed, for she could act—she could act!

By leaning over the banister she heard her mother explaining that the child must be ill, since she had never seen her in such a temper, or with such terrible, flaming eyes, and Adelina was content. It would have been a simpler matter to calmly inform the irritated seamstress that her scissors were reposing under the edge of the rug, but the joy would have been lacking, the joy of success. Small audiences have perceived genius before the great public has had the opportunity of judging, sometimes; and though Adelina was not aware of the great fact, she did know that she had made a new impression, won a new importance, and she was satisfied.

She donned her small nightgown, and seated herself by the window, in a most uplifted frame of mind. She was small now, so small that the window seat seemed high to her, but one of these days she would be winning a thousand dollars a night for her acting, and people would praise her, and her picture would be on the streets. She would give some money to the washwoman, who had six children and didn't know where in creation her husband was, and some to the little girl on the next street, who had a patch in her dress, and some to the lame boy who sat next to her at school, and laughed



A string dropped from the window, and bobbed before the eyes of the waiting William.

at her for using her left hand. When she gave the lame boy the money she should tell him she forgave him years ago, and hoped he would have a good time, and it would be coals of fire, and there would be another jewel in her crown, because Miss Andrews said Sunday that they were always changing one's crown like that.

Old Mr. Haskins passing by, the

boys playing ball down the street, the policeman on the corner, all of these did not know that they were being seen by one who would one day make great theatres ring with handclapping and cheers from enthusiastic crowds who had paid fifty cents—apiece—to see her, as Billy and his father had done to see the lady in the silk pajamas. They did not know, but some day they should know, and some of them would be sorry they had not been kind in the days when she was suffering and learning.

The boys from up the street would wish they hadn't called her Needles when she passed them, for the ticket man should have orders to charge them a dollar, a whole dollar, which she well knew was more than they had ever had in all their lives. Perhaps then, as they turned away disappointed, she would put aside the red velvet curtain with a white hand and confront them with a gentle smile, telling the man to let them in as she could never forget the dear old days of her childhood and the house where she was born. Only really she wasn't born there at all, though nobody would remember that.

Downstairs the clip-clip of the recovered scissors made a pleasant accompaniment for the murmur of the two voices, and Adelina dreamed on, secure

from interruption or investigation. The slightest noise on the stairs would send her flying to the artistically and deceitfully rumpled bed, but no noise broke the upstairs calm and stillness, and the minutes passed without disturbance of any sort.

She would be free in a little while to dress, and return to the lower floor, but cared no whit, so deep and solemn her reverie. Interruption was the thing least desired, but when Billy's whistle sounded in the side yard she sprang to answer it, inspired with a sudden twentieth-century independence. No longer should she play second fiddle to domineering Billy, no longer take what was commonly known as a back seat, for she had found herself and her Heaven-given talent.

A string dropped from the window, and bobbed before the eyes of the waiting William, bearing at its extremity a slip of paper proclaiming an ultimatum blazing with a new spirit. Adelina had begun well, her début was made successfully, and she defied her stage manager, with the assurance of a world-famous opera singer.

She had written with a spluttering pen:

WILLIAM: I ain't a-going to sit in anny of your old boxes for I'm going to be one myself, so there!

ADELINA.





The Old Stocking Versus the New Mine

By Virginia Middleton

ILLUSTRATED BY R. G. VOSBURGH

BELINDA was thirty-two before she began to consider seriously the matter of providing against her old age. When she had become a teacher, at twenty-two, she had lightly heartedly taken it for granted that this was a problem with which some powerful masculine intellect would grapple, in due course of time. But ten years had made that intellect no more of a reality than it had been at first, and one morning Belinda awoke to the gloomy realization that the signs pointed toward the necessity of taking care of her own declining years.

She had always succeeded in using the whole of her modest salary. She

justified her fondness for good-looking clothes on the high ground that a teacher had no right to appear before the impressionable eyes of her pupils "like a frump." She justified her expenditures for theatres, concerts, and operas on the same lofty score of duty to her young pupils—should not a teacher be something more than an animated text-book, if she is properly to stimulate and enrich the minds of the young? Of course, she had to make occasional trips abroad during her summer holidays—a large and general cultivation, such as familiarity with the picture galleries of Florence and the shops of Paris is alone supposed to

give, was almost insisted upon in the academic circles in which Belinda moved.

Consequently ten years had passed, and not a cent had been saved. Indeed, an occasional Christmas or birthday check from well-disposed relatives had always come in very opportunely.

Belinda realized several things when she first contemplated that bugbear of provision for the latter end of her life. One was that her tastes, unless she began to curb and train them sharply, would not be the sort to subsist comfortably on the pension to which twenty-five years of continuous service as a teacher would entitle her upon retirement. She had observed that her capacity for spending money had increased each year, and she trembled to think into what it might have developed by the time a grateful board of education retired her on half pay. She saw plainly that it behooved her to begin to save, and to save in a most intelligent manner, accumulating as large an interest as possible upon the investment of her thrift.

She began by making a deposit in a savings bank, where three and a half per cent. was allowed upon deposits. Unfortunately, she put in her thirty dollars just a little after the date on which interest began to be reckoned, and the pressing need for a new set of furs, which were going at such a bargain that it would really be a sin not to snatch them up, caused her to withdraw it before the beginning of the next interest-bearing period.

She equipped her room with various little banks, which she distributed here and there, and in which she tried to keep coins of various denominations. But the result was that before the banks had reached that state of repletion where they simply burst open, Belinda, with hatpins and hairpins, and other feminine tools for amateur burglary, had pried them apart, and shaken out the scanty dimes or quarters.

One of the more frugal of her associates suggested to her the advantages of a twenty-year endowment policy in a life insurance company, and this Be-

linda was finally induced to take out. But her specialty was mathematics, and she was able to deduce that, however admirable as a means of learning the art of saving, the endowment policy did not yield a woman of her age a very handsome return upon her investment. However, she felt that she had made a beginning, when she had paid her first four quarterly installments.

Then Belinda fell ill, and for several months was the victim of bills for medical attendance, for medicine and nursing. When she recovered her health she was more than ever imbued with the sense of the grim necessity of making proper provision against her old age, and she began to save with a thoroughness that she had never known before. No sooner was her monthly check cashed than, closing her eyes to the lure of the shops and the temptation of the playhouses, she marched conscientiously to the savings bank.

In two years she had saved somewhere in the neighborhood of five hundred dollars. She was thirty-five now, and the younger women at the school thought that it was merely the process of growing old that had made her lose interests in dress, and that allowed her to walk the streets unblushingly in shoes long past their first trimness and luster, and in gloves with palpably mended fingers.

Belinda, in the meantime, looked upon them with eyes of pity and of panic. If only she had begun to save when she had first begun to earn! If only she could make them understand the necessity for that! One of her favorite diversions on lonely evenings was to arm herself with a pad and pencil, and to calculate just how much she would have in the bank now if she had always put aside one-fifth of her earnings. She used to vary the monotony of this mathematical exercise by changing the rate of interest which she might have drawn upon these hypothetical sums.

There was one among the younger teachers upon whom her words had real effect. Katherine's expenditures were not, as Belinda's had been, on gewgaws

and gayety; Katherine was helping her father pay for the little place he had just bought in the suburbs, and was saving that her younger brother might go to college. By and by, so she used to inform Belinda, she would begin to make provision for her own old age—not that the boys would ever see her in want. However, though her purpose was not the same as Belinda's, her methods were not unlike, and the common interest in saving drew them together.

By and by it came to pass that Belinda found the savings-bank interest too small. She explained to her friend that, of course, she did not want to go into any get-rich-quick scheme, but that four per cent. was not a fair rate. Katherine agreed, supplementing her acquiescence with the information that her father had to pay six per cent. on the mortgage loan he had made on his new property. Belinda withdrew her funds from the bank, and turned them over to a mortgage-handling company, which did, to be sure, obtain more interest for her than the savings bank allowed, but to which she had to pay a proportion of the increase.

She began to study the stock-market reports, and to listen with interest to the tales of young men who had "cleared up" a thousand or so on an investment of fifty dollars or less.

"But that is gambling!" said the shocked Katherine, when Belinda began to explain the beauties of buying on margin.

"Gambling? Everything is gambling," replied Belinda glibly. She was quoting the last person she had heard speak on the subject. "If you tie up your savings in an old stocking, and put



Belinda, with hatpins and hairpins and other feminine tools, had pried them apart.

them under the mattress, it's a gamble whether a burglar won't get in that night and steal them, or whether the house won't catch fire from a blaze started next door, and burn your bank notes and melt your coins. Suppose you buy real estate—what is that but a gamble? You buy it, practically betting that it will increase in value enough to cover your taxes, assessments, and the interest. Suppose—"

"Well, anyway, land can't run away from you," observed Katherine sagely.



"But that is gambling!" said the shocked Katherine.

"It can deteriorate in value until the money you spent for it has practically run away from you. It's just as much of a speculation to buy an acre of rock-ribbed soil, that looks like the solidest thing in the entire world, as it is to buy stock at sixty-four and a half, betting with yourself that it will rise ten points, and only putting up enough money to cover its going down ten points. Gambling! The farmer is a gambler when he sows corn seed. How does he know that the crows won't peck it out of the hills, how does he know that the rains won't rot it, or the drought dry it up,

or the wire bug and the chinch bug despoil it? My dear Katherine, there is only one person who is taking no chances in the world—who is not gambling, in short. That is the person who commits suicide."

From which logical line of argument it is plain to be seen that Belinda had been listening to the persuasive voice of a third-rate broker. The first-rate broker does not admit that he ever takes any risks except those which are thrust upon him by his foolhardy customers, and he is far from soliciting the accounts of workingwomen.

But Belinda had been listening to a broker of another sort than of the first rate. She knew his sister. She had met him at his sister's house. His sister proudly displayed a Persian rug. "Cotton, my dear," she said cryptically. And then she explained how her brother had bought for her a few shares of cotton on margin one day, when he saw that an advance was absolutely inevitable before noon, and had sold them at the exact psychological moment when their value was highest.

Belinda, with a bugbear of that skimped and barren old age before her, sighed and fell to working mental arithmetic problems instead of playing bridge. Her friend had had ninety dollars. Cotton had opened that morning at ninety. Her friend had bought nine shares at ten dollars each—that is, she had secured the possession of nine shares until such time as they should drop below eighty each. They didn't drop—they rose to one hundred and ten. The close of the day found her one hundred and eighty dollars richer than the morning.

Suppose, instead of being a spend-thrift, with a passion for rugs, she had been a good financier, and had done what her brother desired—spent her winnings the next day on other advancing stock—how much would she have acquired in the course of a month also? How long would it take Belinda's five hundred dollars to earn her a hundred and eighty?

Belinda developed a great fondness for the society of the acquaintance with the stockbroking brother. And then, one glorious day when it was announced that his firm was to handle the stock of a wonderful new Western mine, there were fortunes for him, and his sister, and all their friends in it. The stock was selling now—it was unthinkable, ridiculous, grotesquely unbelievable!—but the stock was selling for five dollars a share. Five dollars—and it could not possibly be a year before it would be selling at par. Ninety-five dollars would be, at the most conservative estimation, the profit on every five dollars invested.

Set down in cold print thus, it seems incredible that a mature woman, a woman of intelligence and education enough to be teaching mathematics, should have been tempted by such talk as this. But wiser persons than she were caught in the same net.

Beautiful prospectuses came out from the new mining company's office. The very appearance of the presswork seemed a guarantee of substantial worth; the lithographic plates made profit appear positively inevitable. The prospectus, moreover, was written by a man whose name was not unknown in literature. Belinda felt sure that he could not be mixed up in anything shady or doubtful. On the board of directors of the new mining corporation were surnames universally connected in the minds of the readers with the great fortunes of the country. That none of the given names happened to be equally well known merely seemed to indicate that the elders of the Midas group were giving the juniors a chance.

Belinda was sincerely attached to Katherine. The younger girl's family devotion and sweetness appealed to her deeply, and the habit of saving formed a common bond between them. Katherine looked up to Belinda as one older, more accomplished, more experienced, than herself. She was grateful for her friend's interest, and it would never have occurred to her to pit her own judgment against Belinda's.

She and Belinda studied the prospectus, and all the literature that they were able to collect, in regard to the new mine; they took a great deal of credit to themselves for not being swept away by an impulse. It seemed to them that they were proceeding with an almost rude caution when they went to the broker's office, and actually saw the maps of the region in which the new mine lay. They blushed deeply when they asked, if there was any one, unconnected with the mine, but resident in the same district, to whom they could write for a perfectly unprejudiced report on the property.

The officials were delighted—that was exactly what they wanted—for

every prospective investor to satisfy himself utterly, to put them to the final test, before committing his investment to them. They could give the ladies the names of several prominent citizens of the district in which the mine was located, all of whom, they were sure, would testify that it was a veritable new bonanza.

The girls wrote, and received replies as assuring as replies could be. Belinda withdrew her savings—they were nearly eight hundred dollars now—from her mortgage-handling company, and Katherine took hers out of the savings bank, and induced her father to do likewise. They bought stock of the new bonanza at five dollars a share, receiving in return a multitude of crisp, crackling, ornate certificates, which were in themselves almost worth the money.

Belinda took to calculating, as she rode on the street cars or took charge of a study hour, what her profit would be on fourteen hundred shares of stock bought at five dollars each, and sold at figures ranging anywhere from fifty to a hundred and fifty. She almost decided to leave her money invested until the shares were worth the latter price.

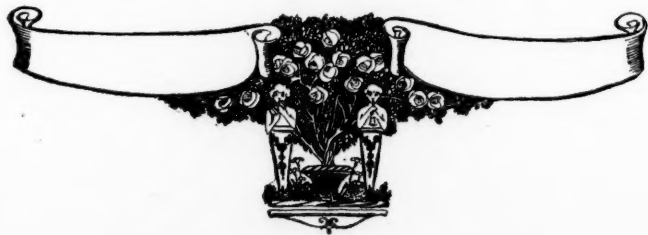
It is a story so often written as to be commonplace. The expenditures of the new mining company were not for machinery, or for rich-veined lands; they had been exclusively for offices, for printing, for art work, and for advertising. These had reaped a larger return probably than any actual mining investment would have gained for them. All sorts of "little people" had responded to their baits—people who had

the impression that the large, old-established corporations had nothing for them. There had been dozens of teachers, scores of widows with small competencies which they wished to increase, hundreds of servant girls, a simple-minded clergyman or two with funds which were unofficial trust funds, placed in his hands as safer than any banking institution.

All of them lost everything that they put in. Some of them were ruined. Some, like Belinda and Katherine, merely saw the savings of years, the fruits of self-denial and of ardent devotion that grace the dull routine of thrift with something poetic, wiped out in an hour.

The moral? There is none. As long as the thought of a poverty-ridden old age menaces lonely women, so long will they be easy victims for the "fake" companies, which promise to rob the future of its terror and the present of its dull self-abnegations. But one thing should be taught to every child in copy-book plate along with "honesty is the best policy," and that is to flee as from a devouring lion from the man who preaches the doctrine that everything in the world is a gamble, just before offering a chance to invest in a "sure thing."

There is reliable stock in the world, and there are reliable brokerage firms. If women must invest their savings in order to provide for their old age, let them show at least as much intelligence about the concerns with which they do business as they do about the groceries where they buy their tea, and the shops where they buy their flannels.





According to Darwin

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. MAYER

WE was sailing o'er the sea, sir, jest as sassy as could be, sir,
On the hoity-toity frigate *Sassy Sarah*,
When we sudden bumped a stone in the Southern 'Torrid Zone,
And was wrecked upon the Desert of Sahara.

Well, of all the pretty places! It was on a neat oasis
Where we tumbled and lay stretching of our legs;
And when rested, if you please, up we clomb the noble trees
Where the ostriches was laying of their eggs.

Ostrich eggs, I wish to state, are dee-licious when they're ate,
Fried or fricaseed or scrambled with a spoon;
If you beat 'em in a tin you can quickly make 'em in-
To an omelet that's bigger than the moon.

Well, becuz of that supply, we existed very high
On the output of them desert Plymouth Rocks;
But a higher truth than botany is this: It's plain monotony
Kills a heap more human folks than battle shocks.

Eggs for breakfast, eggs for luncheon filled each epicurean puncheon,
 Eggs for dinner, eggs for supper, eggs for tea.
 "Spare, oh, spare us!" we kep' begging; but the cook continued eggging
 Till egg-zagurated things occurred to we.

- * I'll explain, to save confusion, there's a book called "Evolution"
 In which Mister Darwin up and says, says he:
 "Folks can change their conformation by a close association
 With the animiles near which they chance to be."

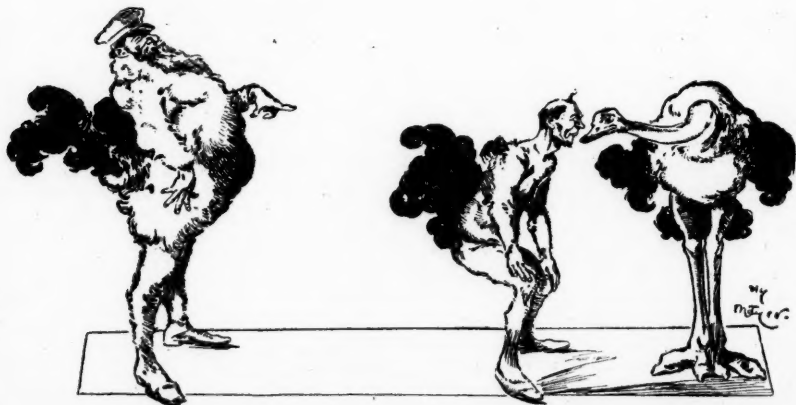
So, when forty weeks of quiet passed with ostrich eggs for diet,
 Suddenly one Sunday morning we beheld
 Midway down our backs was sprouting something weird that set us shouting.
 "We're a-growing ostrich feathers!" some one yelled.

At the truth you'll stand aghast, sir—them there feathers growed so fast, sir,
 That our plumage almost hid us when we dined;
 It is ludicrous to state that the capting and the mate
 Growed the longest tips—full seven feet behind.

Well, to make a long yarn briefer, in a month we struck a reefer
 Which our vessel floated upward safe as cork:
 After twenty months of sailing Bedloe's Island came in hailing,
 And we anchored in the harbor of New York.

At the customhouse we landed, and lmeejutly was handed
 To the gloomy chief inspector, keen for pelf,
 Who, inspecting of our wethers, yelled: "Imported ostrich feathers!
 Say, you each must pay a duty on yourself!"

So, for fear that we had bungled, all our ready cash we pungled,
 Then we galloped to a handy feather store,
 Where we sold them plumes umbrageous for a price so darned outrageous
 That we've lived in wealthy flats forevermore.





"Sit still!" thundered he to his wife. "Can't Mollie clear these few dishes away?"

The Reducing of Mollie

By Irene Elliott Benson

ILLUSTRATED BY H. VON S. LUCAS

MR. DUNCAN SPALDING, grain broker, sat by his bedroom window and glanced at the stock quotations in the morning paper while waiting for his breakfast. Suddenly the room vibrated with a thud, and a heavy, rumbling sound was heard overhead. Jumping from his seat, he exclaimed:

"What the devil is that noise, mother? Did you hear it?"

"Yes, Duncan," said meek little Mrs. Spalding. "It's only Mollie. She's rolling."

"She's what?" thundered her husband.

"Rolling, dear, to reduce. Mollie is growing too stout. She weighs nearly

two hundred pounds. She worries herself sick over it, and she only nineteen. Now the latest thing to do is to roll. Physicians indorse it, and all the actresses practice it with wonderful results. Mollie's walked, and dieted, and taken drugs with no effect whatever. Now she rolls over and over from one side of the room to the other one hundred and fifty times night and morning; and, Duncan, in two weeks she's lost a pound and a half. A masseuse comes an hour daily from one of the Turkish bath places and massages Mollie. She says her flesh is as hard as a stone, and nothing but rolling and rubbing will take it off. The poor child is afraid that you'll scold, so she never

begins until after you get down to breakfast. She must have thought you had gone."

"And who was that elderly female that I met in the hall just now?"

"That's the woman I spoke of. She charges two and a half dollars an hour, and Mollie is black and blue when she goes, she's so very strong."

Mrs. Spalding spoke in gasps and quite excitedly, as she had heart trouble and was asthmatic.

"Well, Emily, for you, a sensible woman, to encourage such damned rot is unbelievable. Let your daughter roll downstairs and breakfast with me once in a while. It's cheaper, with better results. The girl is lazy, pure and simple, and until she exerts herself she'll put on flesh. Didn't I go into Mailard's yesterday, at five p. m., for your hoarhound drops, and there she sat with the two Ryker girls drinking rich chocolates and guzzling down wine cakes and éclairs—all three under their 'North Pole' hats that rested on their shoulder blades, each with a Jaeger-flannel gray complexion, showing that their livers were turned wrong side out. And if you please, madam, your daughter had just sent the waiter for her second cup. Think of it—two hours before dinner! Why, she put two pounds of solid fat on herself then, and I could take my oath that the oldest Ryker girl—the fresh one, who always calls me 'Papa Spalding'—had been drinking a cocktail. I smelled whisky plainly. And the minute they spied me, wasn't I hung up for the whole blooming bill—nearly five dollars? And Mollie rolling, the lazy girl! Let her make the beds, and sweep and dust—that'll take the flesh off. You were a rich man's only daughter, Emily, but you used to do it when her age. I fell in love with you the day I caught you sweeping the stairs for all you were worth, your pretty curls covered by a silk kerchief. Your mother was a sensible woman, and you are not. Mollie bullies you—you fear her. Why, she even has a seamstress to mend her clothes and darn her stockings, while she gads the street and plays bridge, eats rich cake,

and drinks chocolate, and then pays a woman two and a half dollars an hour to rub away her hard flesh after she has rolled one hundred and fifty times. Do you pay for that woman, Emily?" bringing down his fist with some force on the table.

"No," replied his wife, now in tears, "I only help."

As they took their seats at the breakfast table, he still kept on the subject.

"Never here to eat with her father," growled he, adjusting his napkin. "I tell you, she's a good for nothing, and lazy—yes, so lazy that she couldn't graduate at college, and we put her here in the best school. But only because of my money did she slip through that."

Duncan Spalding was easy and indulgent, but his Scotch blood made him as adamant when he once took a stand. As he kissed his wife good-by, he said:

"Better take my advice and start in to teach Mollie housework. She'd make a poor wife for any man now. If I lost my money she'd have to work or starve, by George! Don't let her loaf."

Mollie rolled bravely every morning, not fearing her father now that he knew.

"He's awfully angry," said her mother.

"Oh, don't worry, mamma, he'll get over it," replied Mollie. "Do you see any change in me yet? Mrs. O'Brien says my measurements are much less."

For three days Duncan Spalding listened to the rolling in silence. As he was going down the steps on the morning of the third day he saw Delia, the second girl, opening the area gate. He beckoned her and said:

"See here, my girl, how long have you been in my employ?"

"Going on four years, sir; come Easter," she replied.

"You've been working pretty hard of late. You look tired. How would you like a vacation?"

Delia beamed with joy.

"Your people live in Fall River, don't they?"

"They do, sir," she replied.



"Didn't I go into Maillard's yesterday, and there she sat with the two Ryker girls."

"Can you keep your mouth shut if I let you off for a month's rest?"

"Shure, and I can that, sir."

"Listen, then," said her master, in a low tone. "Go upstairs and pack enough of your traps in a valise to last you a month or six weeks—here's a twenty-dollar bill for your fare and spending money. Go out quietly at once. Leave a note saying that you're overworked, and that you've lit out, and that something tells you to leave. Then go to your home and stay there, mind, until I telegraph you to come back. Your wages will go on just the same. When you return you will be better able to work. But remember what I require of you."

Delia thanked him with gratitude and started to do his bidding, while Mr. Spalding, chuckling to himself, lighted his cigar and walked through the Park, feeding the squirrels with stray nuts from his pocket until he reached the subway station.

That afternoon, upon arriving home, he was met at the door by his pretty daughter.

"Oh, papa," she said, almost in tears. "Delia has run away. Read this note."

"Phew!" said her father. "So she's been overworked, has she? And something told her to leave? Well, that's a hard one on us, isn't it? She must have been a victim of *wanderlust*."

"Oh, no, papa, I don't think she even



"You've been working pretty hard of late. How would you like a vacation?"

knew a man of that name," said Mollie, who was not well informed, and absolutely without a sense of humor. "Delia's young man's name was Maloney. Besides, she wasn't that kind of a girl. And you see, as she says, she was overworked. We really ought to keep two extra maids. Why, I have answered the bell at least twenty times up and down stairs, and Bridget won't leave the kitchen. I've washed dishes and made the beds, and I'm ready to drop. I had to give up our bridge, besides, and I always win lovely prizes. Mamma's heart feels badly—you'd better go up. She's so upset over Delia's leav-

ing. Here's the bell again." And she groaned inwardly as she ran down to answer it.

Duncan Spalding found his wife on the verge of tears.

"Oh, forget it, Emily," he said. "Mollie is engaging a good, smart-looking girl now in the hall."

After a while dinner was announced, and Duncan and his wife went downstairs. The new maid was a Swede. She moved slowly, but seemed to know her business. All of a sudden Papa Spalding called out:

"Step lively, can't you, Mary? Don't you see my meat is cold waiting for you

to pass the vegetables? Judas, but you're slow! Where have you lived, I wonder?"

The girl jumped, nearly dropping her tray. That she, Selma Swanson, should be called "Mary," and addressed by the gentleman of the house in such a manner was too much! And she left at once.

"Lazy set of trollops!" ejaculated Papa Spalding, bringing his fist down on the table with such force that he caused the dishes to jump. "Glad she's gone!"

Mollie, with a resigned sigh, arose and began clearing away the courses.

"Sit still," thundered he to his wife as she arose to help. "Can't Mollie clear these few dishes away? Want to start your heart? Great Scott! I'll dine at the club to-morrow. Every one jumping up—I can't stand it. What's to hurt Mollie? Let her wait on us."

When the dinner ended it was Mollie who cleared away the table and washed the dishes. And then she dragged herself upstairs to bed without even saying "good night."

The next morning Mr. Spalding made arrangements with Bridget to sweep the walks and take charge of the vestibule.

"I'll pay you extra," he said, "until we get a good girl."

"Shure!" said Bridget. "The loikes of those tramps that does be goin' around these days, sir."

"Yes," replied Mr. Spalding, "they're pretty fierce, Bridget, I'll admit—not like Delia. By the way, where does that ungrateful piece of baggage live? I want to send her trunk."

Bridget immediately wept.

"I don't know the number," she sobbed. "It's in Rose Street wid an aunt, sir, and I that fond of her, and she afther leavin' in that manner."

Mr. Spalding thought that he detected the same aroma on Bridget as he had on his daughter's friend at Mail-lard's.

"They all do it," he thought. But he said:

"Well, now, Bridget, you cheer up. We'll get a good one soon. But don't

you do their work and break down. Keep them going—make 'em mind and step lively."

The following day Mollie rolled her regular number, but she started in very early. Her father awoke at hearing the noise, and looked at his watch pointing to six o'clock. Then he grinned.

She walked downstairs and set the table, served breakfast, made the beds, dusted, and then went to market.

Bridget, now feeling important, developed a chronic grouch. They feared even to call her through the speaking tube. The masseuse had lost her job, and was disgusted.

At noon arrived another girl with a quick manner and red hair.

"She'll please father," said Mollie. "She's awfully smart. Really, one might think she'd always lived here. But, oh, I've run up and down these four flights of stairs till my knees throb! I'll be sick, sure."

The dinner passed off pleasantly, and Mollie saw callers in the evening. The following night Papa Spalding came home out of sorts. He snapped at the women. The maid was too perfect to criticize, and he didn't like her eye, as well as her looks of sympathy directed toward his wife—they nettled him. Mentally she put him down as no gentleman.

"What's come over papa?" said Mollie, when alone with her mother. "I work like a servant in this house, and I'm sure Ellen will leave, he scowls at her so, and she's been used to such refined people."

For three days did Duncan Spalding act like one possessed. If his breakfast was one moment late he'd slam his fist on the table and thunder at his wife and Mollie. He never spoke to Ellen on account of her eye. He was just a little afraid of it. But when she gave warning very politely and demanded a month's pay, strange to say Duncan Spalding gave it up meekly and without a murmur.

"I won't stand for a late breakfast," he said to her, "and if a girl doesn't like it she can get out."

Ellen gave him a most contemptuous look, and said:

"I have only lived with gentlemen heretofore."

"Oh, you don't say so," said her master as she left the room.

Then Duncan chuckled to himself.

Mollie now telephoned to a new office for help, having had seven from the last. For three weeks new girls came and left. No one could live with Mr. Spalding, and when he failed to drive them out above stairs, Bridget succeeded in the job below. Mrs. Spalding cried and had the doctor.

"Mollie will die," she told him. "See how she's losing flesh."

And so she was. People spoke of it. Her gowns hung loosely on her now shapely figure. Her Jaeger-flannel complexion had given place to one of cream and roses, and, what's more, she had ceased to complain.

"I guess I'm getting used to the stairs," she told her mother.

"Oh, that wicked Delia!" sobbed Mrs. Spalding to her husband. "To treat us so! It will kill my child."

Duncan shook and sneezed violently behind his large handkerchief, while his eyes were so full of tears that the good lady was sure that he had taken cold.

"Oh, mamma," said Mollie, "don't worry so. I don't mind it now, and I think that it's taking off lots of flesh, only that young Tillinghast opposite watches me so when I make the beds that he makes me furious."

At the end of four weeks, to Mollie's joy, the scales tipped at a hundred and seventy-five pounds.

"Well, my darling," said her mother, "I'm glad that there's some compensation for you."

"I'm just delighted," laughed the girl. "I'll do Delia's work for a long time yet, and drop more."

A charwoman came in twice a week, and the house looked immaculately clean. Bridget earned her extras faithfully, as Papa Spalding was in daily communication with that lady, and lest she should leave many a long green

found its way into her palm as compensation for extra work.

"I give you this," said he, "for the privilege of growling. I'll growl when I feel like it, Bridget, and I want no kicks coming from you if I pay for it."

Then she would grin, and say:

"Shure, and it's yerself, Mr. Spalding, that likes yer little joke."

One night after her father had been unusually cross, Mollie showed him several pairs of his socks that she had darned.

"Look, papa," she said. "You can't find the holes. Mamma says I do it beautifully."

"You're a bonnie lassie," said Duncan, pulling her down on his lap. "And how much do you weigh now, little one?"

"A hundred and sixty-five pounds," said she, "and a nice maid comes to-morrow, so I may get a chance to go and have some gowns taken in."

"By the way," said Duncan, "young Tillinghast is considered quite a catch, isn't he?"

"Yes," she replied, "but they say he has no use for girls—that he had a sad love affair once. He never takes a girl out or calls."

"Well, his father and I went to Columbia together. We three came up in the subway to-night, and he introduced me to his son. I told him," said Duncan, with a sly light in his eye, "of our trouble with help, and it seems he has been watching you. I told him also of how you did a maid's work. He asked permission to call this evening. So run up, little girl, and make yourself beautiful."

Mollie's cup was full. That she should outwit the girls of her set and meet the one desirable man about whom they were all crazy was too much. She came down looking like a rose; at least so thought Mr. Russell Tillinghast.

"You're like the girls of my mother's day, Miss Spalding," he said. "I've longed to meet one who was not afraid of work. I've watched you flying around and going out to market when really I should have been on my way to business. It is refreshing to meet



"Delia McCarthy, is it to confession ye'll be goin' wid me this night, for the good of yere deceitful and lyin' soul?"

a domestic girl. My mother wishes to know you as soon as you'll let her call."

The young man came often, and his mother fell in love with Mollie at once. Then the girl began to wonder if virtue hasn't its own reward, after all, even though enforced. And when they were servantless one evening she ran lightly downstairs to set the table, and lo, it had been done. Standing in the centre was a cut-glass bowl filled with pink roses, with a sealed note beside it, and a card: "Mr. Russell Cobden Tillinghast." And out of the butler's pantry came Delia, blushing and smiling in a guilty manner.

"Oh, Delia!" said the girl. "When did you come? And, oh, how could you have treated us so?"

Then she eagerly lifted the note.

"Howly mither, and how thin ye've grown, miss!" ejaculated Delia evasively.

"Yes," replied Mollie, with pride, forgetting to scold the girl. "I've lost all of my hips, haven't I? And you remember how enormous they were, don't you, Delia?"

"Indeed I do. But your skin is that soft, miss, as well—like a baby's. And shure ye've changed intirely."

"It's housework, Delia," said Mollie

delightedly. "Papa says it's better than rolling or anything, and I guess he's right."

"An' air ye'se afther givin' up the rollin', miss?"

"Oh, yes, Delia. Why, I don't have time to dress even, and oh! we've had an awful time. We've had over sixteen girls in six weeks."

"Ah, miss, what a shame!" said Delia sympathetically. "I'm that ashamed of myself, but, miss, something made me go—that's all." And Delia really cried.

"Oh, well, we'll drop it forever now that you've come back, and I'll help you now. You needn't come upstairs any more, for I prefer to do all that work. But promise me, never, never leave us again, will you? For I may leave myself soon." And Mollie blushed as she read her note.

"Well, of all things!" said Duncan Spalding when he saw Delia. "So you've come back, have you, young woman? A nice time we've had since you left. By rights I ought to turn you out now."

"Oh, no, papa—please don't!" said Mollie. "Delia has told me all, and promised never to leave us."

"Well," said her father, "we'll see how she behaves. Now, Delia, if you'd gone away to get married I wouldn't

have said a word, but to be a 'quitter,' my girl, that's bad, and I didn't think it of you. But don't give way to any more attacks, do you hear? And come up after dinner and I'll settle your wages with you."

While he spoke severely, his eye had the well-known twinkle in one corner, and Delia was reassured.

"Niver again, sir," said she, "will I l'ave this house till ye put me out."

When Delia went down into the kitchen and she and Bridget were eating dinner, she burst out laughing.

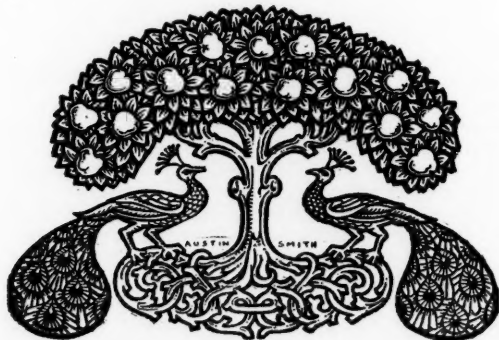
"What's pleasing ye so?" said Bridget.

"Oh, I'm after thinking of the master—he does be that fond of his little joke."

"Humph!" ejaculated Bridget, with her eyes bent upon her severely. "Delia McCarthy, if I dry yere dishes for ye, is it to confession ye'll be goin' wid me this night—for the good of yere deceitful and lyin' soul?" she added solemnly.

Delia ceased laughing, and setting her teacup down she wiped her mouth on one corner of her apron, and glowing crimson, she answered tremblingly:

"It is."



What Well-Dressed Women Wear

By Anne Rittenhouse

THERE have been few seasons which were greeted with as much interest as the one we are now entering. Certainty, apprehension, and expectation are mingled. This trilogy always makes them interesting. While women are always interested in clothes and in the approach of a new season, there has hitherto been little apprehension about it. We are full of that now. Even the men ask: "What next?" Even they have learned that the fashions of the last two years are an about-face of things sartorial. There may have been seasons when more eccentric and amazing clothes have been developed and worn than the last two, but I doubt it. For some reason, not written in the books, the creators of clothes either got so excited that they did not know what they were creating, or they got so defiant they did not care what they created. It makes little difference as to the reason; the fact is that a great majority of the styles was impossible.

The somersault from decent tradition began with the sheath skirt, which was, by its classic name, the Directoire skirt. This garment, which was intended to reveal and not to conceal, was invented in an epoch of license, and it was revived in an epoch that was quiet, and yet it became the fashion, minus the slash at the side. Looking back on all that has been, we are grateful for even that taboo.

The moyen-age styles were not much of an improvement on the Directoire. The skirts were absurdly scanty, and the lack of petticoats, the flimsy materials, and the small amount used, made women objects of ridicule more often than approval. Added to these well-known styles there were bits of the Byzantine, mosaics from the Egyp-

tian, borrowings from the Oriental, all jumbled together in a go-as-you-please style that gave to every amateur a chance to put together a hodge-podge of things and call it a fashionable frock. After this came the Turkish and the Russian styles. The latter predominated. In these there was much gorgeousness of coloring. They did not stand out as definitely or continue as long as the other two periods, possibly because they were not conspicuous enough. Unfortunately the masses of women had become accustomed to freakishness by this time, and those who always dress in the latest fashion, whether it costs one dollar or one hundred dollars, wanted to continue in these styles.

During the summer there has been no definite fashion, or rather no series of fashions, that were copied from an epoch. It has been a careless season, full of vagaries given over to eccentric and individual styles. This does not mean that it has been harmless. It has produced two very bad fashions. One was the hobble skirt and the other was the clothespin, commonly called the Turkish pantaloons. The hobble garment originated in the *aéroplane* skirt, which began with a graceful sash around the knees to suggest the method by which a lady in a flying machine holds, in her skirt, and it ended in a tight band about the ankles that kept a woman from any graceful walking, and made her look so much like a hobbled horse that the name arose of itself.

While the balance of eccentricity lay in the skirts, the milliners were not idle. They were injecting as much freakishness into their hats as their ingenuity could suggest. The cartwheel, the peach basket, the fig basket, and the melon were among the best-known



Charming gown of white voile, with panel of black velvet. Cuffs of silk and black velvet; waist and skirt tucked.



Gown of white liberty satin, trimmed with bands of black velvet. Belt of red and gold; caps of lace on the sleeves.



Suit of blue serge with collar, cuffs and belt of black velvet.

Tailored broadcloth suit. The skirt is pleated on the side and fastened with a large button.



Evening gown of rose-colored mousseline de soie, embroidered with silver, and fringe of silver on bottom of skirt, waist and sleeves.

shapes that brought criticism from side lines. There were many others unnamed and difficult to describe. Queer draperies reared their height into the air, and Chantecler colorings in connection with farmyard fowls were among the oddities.

It is painful to admit, but it is nevertheless true, that the women during the past two years have lent themselves readily to the pen of the cartoonist. This does not mean that everything has been ugly, and that all women have been ill-dressed. Far from it. Good taste, judgment, and discretion in clothes have made a large number of women conspicuous. These women have shown that they know how to steer between Scylla and Charybdis.

This is but a slight summary of what we have gone through during the last two years, but it is sufficient to remind

any woman of the reason why she looks with interest and apprehension upon the incoming fashions.

From the styles that have already come in, the outlook for sensationalism is not as serious as we feared. In truth, the hobble skirt is here in a less exaggerated form, yet it is not necessary for any woman to wear it. She can do as she pleases about it, and she will be very glad before Christmas if her judgment has kept her away from it. The wide hem, which has been such a dominant part of the peasant styles, has become too commonplace for further exploitation, but it may be in second style for a while until one settles down into the fashions of winter.

The new narrow skirt has a hem on it that reaches to the hips, made of another material than the bodice. It is pointed, or rounded down, in the front. This method is shown on a gown of black-and-white checked voile for the mid-season. The hem is of black satin, and runs up to within eight inches of the waist at sides and back. It is put on under a heavy silk cord, which is arranged into an octopus-looking ornament at the back. The bodice has a flat yoke effect of black satin around the shoulders, and is fastened at the left side with oblong brass buttons, which continue to the waist line on the voile. At the side of them, below the yoke, is a pleated frill of thin white muslin edged with Irish picot. One would naturally think that such a gown carried a patent-leather belt, but a definite girdle would cut off the figure too much between the hips and bust when worn with a skirt like this. Therefore, the skirt material is lifted a bit on the blouse, neatly pleated in to fit, and its upper edges finished with a very tiny silk cord. Such a model is excellent for any occasion from now until spring. It can be made in voile for the house or to be worn under a coat, or in cheviot and broad-cloth for the street.

Another fashion that held its own for so many years is the high waist line, which is returning to favor for this winter. Whether the creators of clothes or the wearers of them decided that the large waist line was not a pretty accompaniment to the long-waisted gown no one knows; but the waist line has shot up to its old position in a rather surprising manner. The observer of clothes feared that the long waist line would not last unless the corsets and figures were changed. There was some effort to put curves in the corsets and broaden the hip line, but the women would not have it. It is possible that they reveled in the comfort of the straight-front corset, which allowed them from a twenty-eight to a thirty-three inch waist measurement, which did not press on any vital organ, and they preferred the restriction at



Evening frock for young girl of voile de soie, tunic design, with garlands of roses. The large collar is of lace.



A practical frock trimmed with bands of embroidery.



Street dress of dark-blue suiting trimmed with heavy braid buttons and pleats.

the hip line, where it had been, rather than on the waist line.

While a large waist is not ugly, if defined, it at once becomes thick and ungainly when attention is brought to it by a belt; therefore, the belt has gone from a majority of gowns, and even the high-waisted cloth skirt, to be worn under a coat, has returned to favor. The princess gown, tight-fitting and without a girdle, is not among the new models. The empire effect is entirely different. It has a girdle, or rather a waist line, but it places it just below the bust. This is always a pretty fashion, for the slender figure is graceful in it, and the stout figure hides its defects through it.

It seems very certain that the short coat will be in style all winter. It appears on the best of the new models. The Zouave and the Eton jackets, both of which were promised in the late spring, have not made their appearance. The latter is seen on individual evening gowns, but not enough to warrant it being called the style. The new coats are cut off at the hips, and rounded if the figure can stand it; if not, it is carefully measured to a becoming line between the knees and hips. Remember that it is most important to find out just where to end a coat. An eighth of an inch makes a wide difference. One should stand before a long glass and have the hem pinned up at several lengths before making a choice. The fashion that prevailed during the summer of making a coat longer in front than back is not attractive, and it should not be followed. The coat should be braided about a half inch or more longer in the back. The new models for autumn, and these may not prevail after Christmas, are double-breasted in some unique fashion, and opened from waist to hem.

One model has only one rever, which slants across the bust, and the coat is fastened at its end with one large button and a two-inch embroidered button-hole. Another coat is fastened at a slanting line from the left side of the neck to the waist with a broad band of dull burnt-orange broadcloth on a dull

metal surface edged with black cord and fastened with loops of cord over six brass buttons. It opens at the waist line, and the two sides fall apart. The belt, which is loosely run through cloth slides, is of patent leather with an inlet strip of burnt orange through the centre. It is fastened with silk loops and brass buttons in front. Still another model has a slight sag over the belt, around the figure, and is fastened double-breasted from under the collar to waist. This collar is an extra wide Incredible affair of black velvet, and the fastening is invisible under a short ornamental band of applied broadcloth pieces, cut into triangles and lozenges, and made of dull blue, burnt orange, and black. The suit is blue. The belt of this is of velvet ribbon, and is held into place by an oblong brass buckle. This will give you a good idea of how the new coats are made, for any one of these models is thoroughly smart, and all are turned out by a great Paris house.

Skirts will be short and narrow for the street. While one need not follow the extremes, it is really more comfortable to wear a narrow skirt for the outdoor hours in America. It looks neater, and it does not have pleats to be constantly pressed into place with a hot iron. The cloth ones are untrimmed and gored with seams down the side. If a hem is used, it is of the material cut on the straight and stitched on the outside. Skirts for house wear are long again. Some show decided trains, but it is too early to tell whether women will go back to the grace, mingled with discomfort, of these appendages.

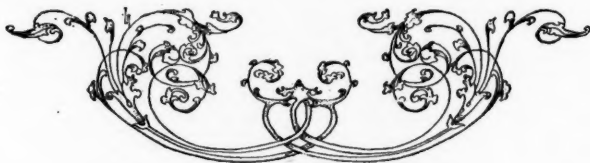
A prevailing style for young girls is on the Dolly Varden idea, somewhat modified. It is not new, but it has been steadily enforced for the last year. It shows a short, scanty skirt tucked in, or rather caught up about six inches above the ankles. This drapery is diaphanous, and ends in a wreath of roses or a band of tinselled embroidery. One model, which is to serve as a dance gown, is of Killarney pink satin cut off above the ankles, and the drapery is of white dotted net falling full from

the waist and gathered to a wreath of roses a few inches below the knees. The bodice is round, and shows a white guimpe of the net, and is draped in fichu effect over shoulders and sleeves. The belt is a row of pink roses, and a wreath of these is worn in the hair.

While one would always disapprove of the skirt that is absurdly short and narrow, the American woman should have enough individuality to insist upon enough shortness and narrowness to make her comfortable in this climate and in her method of living. We take our styles from the French, but we do not live like the French women, nor have any of their traditions about clothes and occasions. We are out on the streets at nine in the morning, and they are not out until noon. They rarely walk; we rarely ride. They never use a street car if they have a coin to ride any other way, and we pack the street cars. It is the same whether they are wives of millionaires or girls going to offices. We walk, we are unchaperoned, we do our own shopping and errands. Therefore, the short skirt is not essential with them, but it should be a uniform with us.

As for hats, they will be smaller this year than for many seasons, but what they lack in width they will make up in height. The so-called Hindu turban is still in first style, and plumes and egrets and unnamed feathers are made to stand upright on the hats. They are put in the back as often as they are in the front. The high-crowned walking hat, with a small brim and a covering of loose Chantecler feathers, is quite the style for street wear, and the flat motor bonnet with its drapery of a chiffon veil is to be generally taken up for street wear in fair or foul weather.

There is an attempt to abandon the collarless blouse and go back to the stiff-boned collars. Whether or not women in general will obey that mandate remains to be seen. They are foolish if they do, for the uncovered neck is a pretty and a healthy fashion. I fear it caused its own death because it was carried to such an extreme in hours when it should not have been worn. However, nearly all the pretty fashions have died because women did not know just when to use them and when not to abuse them.

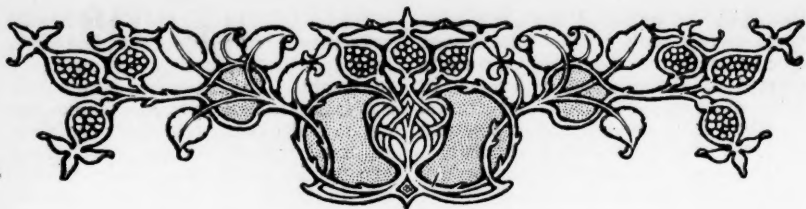


Glow the Firefly

GLOWS the firefly in the dusk,
Deep the woods and still;
On the bank the willow tree
Droops beside the rill,
Trails its branches in the stream,
Lulls to sleep the whip-poor-will.

Broods the darkness over all—
Night of melody.
On the bridge I listen long,
Comes thy voice to me.
Mood of tender wistfulness,
In my soul I dream of thee.

NELLIE M. S. CAPRON.



Little Joe

LITTLE Joe he's orful skeered.
Somepin's a *matter* with that child
'Spect his mother humors him
Coz he acts an' *looks* so sp'iled.
He's a *sight*! This Hallowe'en
You jest orter seen li'T Joe.
He jest yellt an' kicked an' runned
Coz the punkins skeered him so!

An' we helt him an' we made
Him jest blow their candles out—
'Cept you know he wouldn't blow,
But jest yellt an' jumped about.
'Nen we showed him they was jes'
Punkins an' jest made fer fun
Inter gobluns, an' he said:
"I don't keer!" An' off he run.

'Nen we all dressed up like ghosts
An' li'T Joe he went an' hid
In the oven of the range,
An' almost got *cooked*, he did,
'Fore we heard him! 'Nen we said:
"Come an' be a ghost like us,
'Nen you won't be skeered." An' he
Made another orful fuss.

But he let us dress him up
All in white—but on a shelf
Wuz a lookin'-glass, an' he
Saw it an' got skeered hisself!
I don't know whut *will* become
Uf little Joe. I'm right afeered
He'll grow to be a *lady* ef
He don't quit a bein' skeered.

MARGARET BELLE HOUSTON.



THE PERFECTLY SUITABLE THING

By
Hildegarde
Lavender



ILLUSTRATED BY H. HAYGARTH LEONARD

MY dear!" exclaimed Aunt Betty Dinwiddie in a voice where sheer horror overmastered auntly rebuke for the moment. "The man's impossible—impossible! He owns a saloon! Why, he began life as a bootblack!" The height of the impossible had been reached.

"I know it," replied Aunt Betty's niece, Ella Sewall, dispassionately. "He's a man who has *done* something."

Aunt Betty gazed at Ella in a stricken silence for a few seconds. Meantime Ella provokingly directed her limpid gaze through the long French windows, across the colonnaded veranda, down the locust-lined drive to the road, where the Honorable Daniel Foggarty, of New York, was enthraling the eyes of a large part of Bluevale by his strange mismanagement of the horse he bestrode.

"He's said to be a thoroughly corrupt politician," Aunt Betty summoned her forces to remark.

"Probably he is," replied Ella indifferently.

"He murders the King's English, and he is certainly grotesque on horseback," continued Mrs. Dinwiddie, working up a climax.

"He is, indeed," agreed her niece cordially. "And Tommy Voorhis is perfect on a polo pony, and can probably use the subjunctive without a tremor of anxiety. But it is the Honorable Daniel who rules Tommy, back there in

New York, and not vice versa. Yet Tommy was fed from a gold spoon and the Honorable Daniel from pewter—and a knife at that, I dare say! Oh, I do like men who *do* something!"

That Mrs. Dinwiddie chose to take this remark as a personal affront only shows how much more there is in feminine conversation than meets the ear. She arose, and shaking down her dark plumage of conventional grief, she said stiffly to her niece:

"I am sorry, my dear Ella, that you regret that your father and all your forefathers were gentlemen. And that you do not appreciate what your Aunt Jane and I have succeeded in doing for you. Ssh! Here comes some one."

Ella had looked up with some astonishment at the beginning of her aunt's speech. For once she had been guiltless of any secondary meaning in her idle, though whole-hearted, admiration of the Honorable Daniel Foggarty, at present sojourning at Bluevale Hot Springs for his liver's sake, as the metropolitan press widely informed the public. But the abrupt conclusion of her aunt's remarks directed her attention to the drive again.

"If any more women ask me to-day whether it's pink or blue for a boy baby, I shall certainly kill them," she announced determinedly. "Eight have already. I'm waiting for the ninth."

She closed the door of the little room which had been her father's study be-

hind her, and, entering that portion of her old home which had been converted into the Daughters of Colonial Virginia's Exchange for Women's Work, Bazaar, and Tea Room, she surveyed the newcomer with that expression of belligerent inquiry which had already made her quite unpopular among the floating population of the new Bluevale.

The new Bluevale—the only one known to the world beyond the hills—was an aggregation of sanitariums, hotels, annexes, pavilions for “taking the waters,” casinos where the nervously collapsed capitalists of the great cities could play their games of chance without coming into conflict with the old Bluevale's bucolic ordinances, and stables and kennels which were the signs of the unexpected recrudescence of the countryside's ancient hunting renown.

The old Bluevale had slumbered more or less peacefully for the generation that had elapsed since the war, dreaming behind its wide-pillared porches with the trumpet vines hiding their decay, its tubs of oleanders, its magnolia bushes foaming with beauty in the spring, its great, old box trees in whose pungent density the girls and boys of Bluevale had played hide and seek since time began.

It was an unprogressive, drowsy community, with a little flickering pride in old achievements and a little mild scorn, faintly envious, that was more than half indolence, for present-day strenuousness. It had adjusted its shoulders to bear its burden of debt and proud, “genteel” poverty, and it seldom found the load irksome except at the periods of note renewals or tax sales. Then one morning it awoke suddenly from its gentle somnolence to learn that some investigating spirit had found hot springs gushing forth in Miller's Notch, two or three miles beyond the town, in the hills that climbed steadily, line upon line of deepening blue, toward the paler blue of the distant sky.

It was an outsider who discovered the springs. “Of course,” said Ella Sewall, disdainful of home talent. It was outsiders who secured options, who bought land, built caravanseries, adver-

tised, exploited the springs; Bluevale meanwhile debating whether it wanted to be “overrun with strangers,” and deciding that it did not when it was too late to prevent their inpouring, and when Bluevale's fate as a winter and health resort was already sealed, with that rapidity that marks transactions of which millionaires happen to be among the promoters.

The lady upon whom Ella Sewall, unwilling manager of the “Daughters'” bazaar aforesaid, turned her cold, direct glance of question, was undoubtedly one of the new Bluevallians. The old town, where the women went clothed in family pride and more or less graceful made-overs from season to season, had surely never seen her like. Even among the new Bluevallians her type was not sufficiently frequent to enable Ella to recognize it at once. For though no observer of even ordinary acumen would claim for the ladies who thronged the hotel corridors, who appeared at the hunt meets, who danced at the casino, played bridge in the card rooms, and who superintended the building of their own cottages in the neighborhood, that they were all the untouched products of nature, at least they wore their artificialities with the easy challenging air that puts the unartificial upon the defensive.

The woman who looked timidly at Ella as that young lady towered like a reluctant goddess among the sofa cushions, the cases of embroideries and laces, the homespun quilts—for the Daughters were beneficently interested in the neighboring mountain women's industries—the burnt wood, the zephyrs, flosses, silks, the knitting and crochet needles, and all the smothering paraphernalia of the place, was very unlike the ladies who usually came to the bazaar.

To begin with, she seemed nervous—like one accustomed to snubbing, or at any rate sufficiently familiar with it to dread it; in the second place, she seemed what Ella, in her youthful intolerance, designated as “vulgar.” She was short and stout, and her elaborate, tightly fitted frock of blue broadcloth

embroidered with a profusion of peacocks' eyes, accentuated her defects of figure; her brown eyes were prominent, and their appeal was accordingly touched with a sort of grotesqueness; her plump cheeks were blooming with a pink of whose static quality there could be no question; the same sort of carmine reddened her lips, and her hair, waved and curled beneath a big hat loaded with blue ostrich plumes, was of a luster the origin of which even the somewhat pastoral young woman who presided over the establishment had no doubt.

"I wanted to ask," began the newcomer nervously, "that is, may I be served with tea?"

"The tea room," said Ella coldly, "is across the hall; and although we have little call for it at this hour"—she glanced at the grandfather's clock behind a pillow-laden davenport in the corner which registered eleven o'clock a. m.—"I can easily have some made for you. Black, or green, or a blend, which do you prefer?"

"Oh, not for the world, not for anything; if it isn't the right time," cried the lady in blue. "I couldn't think of troubling you."

"It will be no trouble," replied Ella perfunctorily.

But the other, glancing nervously from side to side, continued to assuage that she could not think of such a thing.

"Is there anything I can do for you, then?" asked Ella wearily.

The lady in blue had darted from sofa cushion to bedroom slippers and babies' hoods with a swallowlike speed, and seemed in imminent danger of losing her mental way entirely among the multitudinous articles with which the skill of the contributors to the Daughters' Exchange had cluttered the old room. Brought to bay by the uncompromising young guardian of the bazaar, she recklessly bought a centre-piece of linen embroidered in strawberries, two "Yale" sofa pillows, ten yards of Irish crochet, and a pair of infant's booties.

"My maid's sister had a new baby,

the other day," she explained the last purchase.

"Ah!" said Ella, deftly doing the various articles up in tissue paper preparatory to placing them in a paste-board box.

"You needn't take so much trouble," said the purchaser. "My motor is outside, and I can send the chauffeur in for the parcels. What a wonderful old house this is!"

Ella, with compressed lips, gave all her attention to the bundle tying.

"It's been in your family a long time, they tell me?" pursued the lady, determinedly conversational, yet with some trace of her former nervousness.

"Twenty-six dollars and fifty cents," announced Ella, looking up from a slip of paper on which she had been adding. "I beg your pardon. You said—"

"That this—that isn't this—your house? I mean," cried the flustered buyer, "that I hear it has been in your family a long time. The clerk at the hotel told me so."

She fished a fifty-dollar bill out of a gold-meshed bag, and tendered it in payment of her bill.

"Yes, it has been. I'm sorry, but I cannot change that. I will send the things to the hotel at which you are staying, if you will allow me, Mrs.——"

"Mrs. Forsythe, Mrs. Lycurgus Forsythe," replied the lady, with zest. "Mrs. Lycurgus Forsythe, at the Notch House. You don't know," she ended, with a recklessness that had in it a touch of tremulousness, "how glad I am to say my name! Not a soul has asked me what it was since I registered at that old hotel. And it's a name I'm proud enough of telling. It means something out in God's country."

Beneath the permanent red and white of her skin a flush of feeling ran. Ella looked at her with new, awakening eyes.

"You come from the West?" she suggested in a more friendly tone than she had used before.

"From Deming, New Mexico," chirped Mrs. Lycurgus Forsythe, apparently as much rejoiced to speak the name of her habitation as she had been



She had a callow youth in attendance.

to speak her own. "Lycurgus Forsythe is a name they know out there."

"I'm sure," said Ella, smiling in spite of herself, "that it is a very nice name."

"Handsome is that handsome does! My husband went out there with nothing but the clothes he stood in—and they were no great shakes of clothes! And to-day he's a millionaire. Oh, I know that money don't really amount to anything—but when you've made it all yourself, without doing any one a mean trick to make it, you can't help feeling a little proud."

"I should say not," Ella answered, with kindling glance.

"I wouldn't be talking like this—I know it isn't the classy sort of way to talk"—Mrs. Forsythe suddenly lapsed into humility—"if I just hadn't had to let out! I've had to tell myself about it a dozen times a day to keep from feeling like groveling before the very bell boys up there at the Notch House. My dear, from the way those women look at me, you'd think it was no trick to

pile up four million in five years the way Lycurgus and me—I mean, Lycurgus and I—done—did."

"You helped your husband in his early days?" Ella's voice disclosed unexpected wealth of sympathy; it was almost like a caress.

"My dear," said Mrs. Forsythe eloquently, "I was waiting in the depot restaurant at San Luis when we met; he hadn't had but four meals with me when he asked me if I wanted to try it out with him, and I knew I did—I knew it from the first day he sat down on a stool before my counter. And from that day until he struck it rich—aye, and for long afterward, too—we were never apart. I prospected along with him, I made camp with him, I was with him when he got old man Schwartz, of the Palace Hotel, San Luis, to grubstake him for trying out the Ethelinda—that's the mine that made him and me and old man Schwartz rich. It was named after me; my name's Ethelinda—you wouldn't have thought it, would you?" she ended, with sudden, irrelevant perspicacity.

Ella laughed.

"He says it was as much my find as his, and that, anyway, it was my confidence that heartened him from day to day, and made him put it through. And there was some truth in that; my confidence and my coffee—if I do say it myself, they're enough to put a heart in any one. So that somehow," with a sudden return to her grievances, "it riles me clear through to come here, and have women that never did one hand's turn for themselves or their husbands, look at me as if I was a freak, like the gila monster they were showing preserved in alcohol in Deming when I came away. I don't understand it," with a burst of despondency. "I'm as well dressed as any of them. Don't you think so?"

Ella found herself murmuring some platitudes about the conservatism of Eastern manners and many reassurances as to the splendor of her interlocutor's garments.

"Say, my dear, why don't you come

to dinner with me?" demanded Mrs. Forsythe in a sudden gust of inspiration. "I've got to wait here until Lyke gets back from London; he had to go over there on business, but I was so laid up with rheumatism that the doctor sent me here, and here my husband will expect to find me when he comes back. And I'm so tired of eating alone! Couldn't you come to dinner with me?" She fairly hung upon Ella's answer.

As for Miss Sewall, she hesitated. She was certainly not in the habit of dining with strangers. And what had this stranger to recommend her? "The woman's impossible, my dear, impossible!" declared Ella's inner voice, mimicking her aunt's recent dictum on the Honorable Daniel Foggarty.

"Thank you very much," she said finally. "It is very kind of you, and I shall be very glad to come, some time——"

"Oh, to-night! To-night, please! That is, if you haven't any previous engagement?"

"No, I haven't," said Ella gallantly, resolving to make her favor completely gracious. "I'll be very glad to come to-night."

Mrs. Forsythe's appreciation of Miss Sewall's amiability was all that the most exacting nature could have required. Ella, always chafing against the narrow circle of her own activities, felt a pleased sympathy with the woman who had faced the privations and hardships of a rough life to wrest something from the earth, to be a comrade and an inspiration to her mate. Some deep sense of justice in her saluted the successful pioneer with the honor that worthy success should command; the restless, thwarted ambition to do something claimed, with pride, a fellowship with the woman who had done something; and some maternal pity, more fundamental yet, was up in arms against the snubbing of the poor, overdressed little woman.

Aunt Betty Dinwiddie was impatiently inquisitive when the door of the bazaar at last closed upon the morning's visitor, and Ella returned to the study.

"Did I actually hear you showing that woman the upstairs rooms?" she demanded.

"Yes, I did show them to her," Ella confessed.

Her aunt gazed at her with indignation. "May I ask how you reconcile doing that with your statement that you thought it indecent to ask the world in to look upon the relics of a family life? I suppose you remember what you told me when I proposed that you should have a little museum in the room where General Washington slept when he came to visit your great-great-grandfather Sewall? When I wanted the Jefferson correspondence put in a case, and the Sewall swords hung between the windows, and the Stuart portraits hung opposite?"

"But this was different," explained Ella. "I still find the idea of having our old house exhibited at—twenty-five cents a peep, wasn't it to be?"

"But for the establishment of a bed in the Richmond hospital for any Blue-vale Daughter of Colonial Virginia, not for yourself," interposed Mrs. Dinwiddie.

"Well, I still find that idea repugnant," finished Ella. "As, indeed you know I do even the converting of the lower floor into the D. C. V. bazaar and tea room. But this was different. I showed the rooms to her because—they meant so much to her."

"Meant much to her? What do you mean?"

"She's a Westerner," said Ella. "She's a woman who has done something, helped to make something new, helped to develop, to build up; so she had a sort of feeling about the relics of the people who had done things in their time, who had developed and built up in their turn. Oh, I don't know that I can explain it."

"Did she tell you that she was a woman of family?" inquired Aunt Betty, with skepticism ready to spring out of her throat if Ella should answer affirmatively.

Ella laughed.

"No, dear auntie. She didn't."

"Then what do you mean about her

caring for the relics? You and I care for them, and the Daughters, whom you won't permit to see them. But she—I don't understand you, Ella. They were our fathers, those men and—"

"They were her brothers," declared Ella dreamily.

"If you're going to talk sheer nonsense I might as well go," said Aunt Betty in deep annoyance.

And accordingly she went. She confided to her husband who was at the piano playing the Moonlight Sonata by way of a rest from his forenoon's assiduous labors on the monumental work he was "preparing for the press," as he always put it, "Bluevale between 1776 and 1860," that Ella was the most trying human being she had ever known.

"I told Rick when he brought Ella home how it would be," she declared; her mind leaping back nearly a quarter of a century to the time when her brother had brought home his bride. "I said to him, 'Rick, it isn't that she isn't sweet and lovely, for she is; it isn't that she doesn't love you, for she does; it isn't even that I believe in keeping alive sectional antagonism, for I don't; but it was a mistake for you to marry a Northern girl. You mark my words, it was a mistake.' That was what I said to poor Rick twenty-four years ago. And now look at Ella—our Ella, I mean—in spite of all her careful training, she simply has other ideals in her blood. Do you remember how Rick's wife started that little negro school? She would have been a constant cause of dissension if—of course, no one was sorer than I for Rick when she died so young. But how she crops out in Ella!"

Mr. Dinwiddie, who had a more vivid recollection of his youth than Mrs. Dinwiddie of hers, or who, perhaps, had a more vivid youth to remember, replied, as he allowed the chords to die to silence:

"It's her mother, I suppose, somewhat; but it's something else, Elizabeth, my dear; it's two-and-twenty, it's two-and-twenty!"

"I didn't want to be a waitress in a

Chicago restaurant or a newspaper woman in New York or to take up a homestead claim in Oklahoma when I was two-and-twenty," said Aunt Betty convincingly.

"You had the inestimable advantage of having me when you were at that golden age, my dear." Her husband smiled at her across the keys. "Give Ella a young man, and she will cease to sigh for El Dorado."

"Give her a young man? Hasn't she snubbed Tommy Voorhis until he has actually given up all attention to her? Hasn't she out and out rejected Lawrence Vandewater? I am so discouraged about her! After poor Rick died and we had all so completely squelched her notions of making a career for herself in some outlandish place, I thought we had done so well to get her appointed manager of the D. C. V. bazaar, and to have it established in her own very home! Why, the rent the Daughters pay her, to say nothing of her salary, is enough for her to live on—live on well, as we do things here in old Bluevale. But she still hankers after that impossible lumber development scheme of hers, and says she hates the atmosphere in which she lives. And she's so forbidding in her manner that she actually drives away custom. The Daughters are beginning to grumble. It was the perfectly suitable thing—and see how she's spoiling it!"

But Mr. Dinwiddie, gliding into "Du Bist die Ruh," and smiling at his perturbed wife with the smile that had kept her from longing for El Dorados even at twenty-two, banished the wrinkle from her brow.

"She's too sensible not to see it in time," she concluded under the benign influences.

Meantime Ella, with the aid of her superannuated Cousin Bethia, who was nominally her chaperon and really her inefficient charge, was dressing to dine at the Notch House with Mrs. Lycurgus Forsythe. She had been the recipient of many invitations from the colony in the earlier days of its formation; she was Miss Sewall, great-great-granddaughter of the Sewall who had



Mrs. Forsythe's manner of acknowledging the introduction would have done credit to Mrs. Leary at her most arrogant.

been Washington's trusted friend and Jefferson's counselor, and great-granddaughter of the Sewall who had played so brilliant a part in the war of 1812.

In Bluevale it was natural for the newcomers to recall these things. And she looked the part. Mrs. Vandewater, Lawrence's doting mamma, had tried to make a great deal of her; Mrs. Leary, Tommy Voorhis' sister, lightly wearing the triple crown of beauty, fashionable daring, and two divorces, had shown a friendly willingness to further her brother's aims. But Ella had let her deep-seated indifference to all that they had to offer become too evident. Mrs. Vandewater had been offended, Mrs. Leary had shrugged her graceful shoulders and declared that "it wasn't really amusing enough to go on with, this courting a scornful statue for one's brother," and had given it up. So that it was a long time since Ella had mingled with the new Bluevallians.

And now she was going to appear under the auspices of a Mrs. Lycurgus Forsythe, whom the other women had sent to Coventry for another brand of bad taste than the one which they affected. Ella felt a hot glow of championship as she swathed her thin, black gown—three years old, and fifty-eight cents a yard when it was new—in a long cape that had descended to her from Aunt Jane's last winter in Richmond, and ran down to Mrs. Forsythe's waiting motor.

Mrs. Forsythe, in salmon pink and cloth-of-gold, her massive chignon of coppery hair supported by a three-inch band of salmon-pink velvet dotted here and there with diamond buckles, and wearing resplendent upon her bosom a sunburst which Ella despairingly felt to be the size of a supper plate, beamed with delight when her guest arrived. She looked a little dubiously at the black frock, but her doubts vanished as

she surveyed the slim young figure which it clothed, the proud young head that rose from the soft décolletage.

"If only I had had a daughter!" she said to Ella.

"Have you any sons?" asked Ella.

"Two. Twins. Nineteen. Young Lyke is at Harvard, and Tad is with his father. He didn't seem to make no—any—headway with learning, so his father's taken him into business. But I do wish I'd had a daughter. I'd love so to dress one up handsome, and to make her gay and happy."

Ella sighed the sigh of one who has experienced the full bitterness of being made happy according to the rule for happiness of another generation.

The young girl knew that the smile which ran over the assembled diners in the Tudor dining room of the Notch House, as a little breeze runs over the face of a lake, was one of contempt for her overdressed little hostess. She felt her color rise, partly with indignation, partly perhaps with self-consciousness. Her imagination supplied her with another picture—a lonely mountainside, a camp pitched for the night, a young woman, flannel-shirted, booted, trousered, like the man near her, cooking above the camp fire. What if she was a little noisy, a little vulgar? She had *done* something; she had helped to develop, to create.

What had those smiling, easy, assured women done? Some of the men, to be sure, had earned their right to the Notch House, if that was the form of reward for labor which they craved, but what had the women ever done for their country or their husbands, even, that they should look superciliously upon this woman who had helped to release the buried wealth of the world? She swept in with head more erect than ever, with clear eyes brightened by a high emotion.

It was while they waded through the banquet of many courses with which the Notch House was in the habit of counteracting the effect of the waters and the outdoor regimen prescribed by the doctors, that a telegram was brought to Mrs. Lycurgus Forsythe.

"It's all right," she said as she read. "I'm always frightened when I see one of them things, always think that young Lyke has broken his leg at football or run away with a chorus girl; but this is all right. My brother's coming down from Washington to see me; he's been there on forestry business."

Ella's glow of enthusiasm for the Forsythe family faded; she rapidly pictured Mrs. Forsythe's brother, and she did not like the picture at all. She could admire the Daniel Foggartys only at a distance. Why had she "let herself in" for a lot of undesirable acquaintances? Then she glanced across the room to the table where sat Mrs. Leary, dazzling, amused, amusing, with long emerald earrings swaying almost to her bare shoulders and a circlet of emerald ribbon in her pale gold locks. Mrs. Leary patronized a more skillful "toucher-up" than Mrs. Forsythe.

Mrs. Leary's gay eyes encountered Ella's; her nod of greeting was a subtle impertinence.

"Do you know her?" asked Mrs. Forsythe, reddening beneath artificial bloom. "Yes? Then I suppose there's something nice about her. But I give you my word, my dear, when I spoke to her in the loggia where we were all having our coffee after lunch one day, she just looked at me as if I'd been a chair or a cushion that was sort of peculiar, and picked up a magazine from a table and began to read it. Without a word of answer, you know. I give you my word that's what she did."

Ella murmured an unintelligible reply, inwardly angered by the tale. It was exactly like Adeline Leary, who was arrogantly ill bred with that quintessence of ill breeding which considers itself above the humdrum rules of politeness. How dared she, Ella wonder, how dared she insult gratuitously any woman? What had she ever done in comparison with this little woman? She had squandered always, never conserved, never produced. What rights had she in the world of reality?

The argument that was always in progress in Ella's young mind went on and on. Oh, to be of those who actual-

ly *did* things, the real people, who lived out their days, neither drowsing through them nor dancing a mad dance that advanced them no step upon their way. She forgot to be resentful of the existence of Mrs. Forsythe's brother as she thought.

The Forsythe motor car bowled her home that night wrapped in thanks, in prophecies of a long, delightful acquaintance, in invitations to visit New Mexico, in hopes of meeting on the morrow, in all sorts of ardent, over-exuberant friendliness.

She made sage plans for avoiding the intimacy into which Mrs. Forsythe seemed so anxious to run; she chided herself for too easy an acceptance of the first invitation, and instructed herself that she must proceed with more caution, even in kindness. She arranged a busy, time-exacting program for the next two or three days, so as to be able to thwart Mrs. Forsythe's eagerness.

That no eagerness manifested itself became something of a grievance after the second day. On the third day Mrs. Leary dropped in from a ride, exaggeratedly slim in her black habit. She had a callow youth in attendance, and she told Ella's Sally Ann, in the tea room, that they wanted tea and her famous tea cakes, and that she was going across the hall to find Miss Sewall. She greeted Ella as though it had been yesterday afternoon, and not last season, since they had had speech together, and she came, with characteristic promptness, to her point.

"I see that you're a friend of Mrs. Forsythe's," she said. "I've had the ill luck to offend that remarkable person, and I want to get into her good graces. Do be my go-between."

Ella had a lively curiosity to know the reason for Mrs. Leary's change of heart.

"Of course I had no idea that she was related to David Carew," the lady pursued calmly. "And she is distinctly not a person to be taken on her own merits—if you'll forgive my saying so. But as the sister of the man who owns the biggest copper mine in the terri-

tory where all my patrimony is buried, and especially the man to whom poor dad is trying to sell out his abutting property, she is a person to be conciliated. It wasn't until he came to visit her that I had a glimmering notion as to her identity. So I promptly proceeded to make myself agreeable, but in vain. Can't you help me out?"

It was while Ella was disclaiming any intimacy or influence with the suddenly desirable Mrs. Forsythe, that that lady entered, followed by a man taller and younger than she. Ella, in her self-communing that night, attributed to embarrassment at the imminent meeting between the determined Mrs. Leary and the vengeful Mrs. Forsythe the flutter which her heart performed at the sight of the newcomers. At the same time, she was honest enough to admit that she knew immediately, even in that tremulous second of confusion, that her fear of enlarging her circle of undesirable acquaintances by the admission of Mrs. Forsythe's brother had been groundless. The plump, highly colored little woman—to-day in amethyst broadcloth and velvet—volubly explained that sharper twinges of rheumatism than usual had kept her hotel-bound for two days.

"Else," she said, "I should have brought my brother down to pay his respects before. It's a shame, he's going to-morrow, and I did so want him to know you really." She spoke like one to whom the inner recesses of Ella's heart were open. "This is hi—he, my brother, David Carew, Miss Sewall."

Miss Sewall murmured a greeting. Mr. Carew looked at her directly out of the kindest, sincerest eyes she could remember ever seeing. He spoke with a soft, almost drawling accent, unlike his sister's quick, shrill utterances. It was the voice, though Ella did not learn the fact until later, of the man who has learned to modulate his tones in caring for herds of cattle which an unexpected roughness might stampede. Awkwardly now she managed to introduce the brother and sister to Mrs. Leary.

Mrs. Forsythe's manner of acknowledging the introduction would have



"This land scheme of yours—it's excellent," he told her.

done credit to Mrs. Leary at her most arrogant, but David Carew turned the same intent, kind, searching gaze upon the spoiled young woman of fashion that he had turned upon the manager of the tea room, and gave her the same hearty handclasp.

Aunt Betty, opportunely happening in, was greatly rejoiced at the party which she found taking tea in the room across the hall, with the mellow-toned old Sheraton sideboard almost filling one wall as it had done since great-great-grandfather Sewall's time, and the firelight flashing upon the very fender at which General Washington had warmed his feet more than a hundred years before.

"Adeline Leary was there," she reported exultantly to the author of "Bluevale between 1776 and 1860."

"And she said that Tommy Voorhis was coming down with his ponies next week; I can't help hoping that Ella is learning sense. The Carew man? Oh, no, he isn't as bad as his sister—the men never are so very bad. But an ordinary, quiet-seeming sort, not quick and witty like Tommy. He and Ella got talking lumber development; you know how crazy she has always been about that tract up in Lookout Mountain. I'm glad he's going right back. She'd be more full of notions about it than ever."

But he did not oblige Aunt Betty by going right back. Instead he induced the manager of the D. C. V. Exchange to leave Cousin Bethia and Sally Ann in complete charge during a few dull hours one day while she rode with him out to Lookout Mountain. She was full of

the scheme upon which the family had frowned so completely—of establishing sawmills and pulp mills and a system of reforestation. David Carew heard her with a sympathy which warmed her heart.

"The trouble was," she explained, "partly that we didn't have enough money in the family—this belongs to all of Grandfather Sewall's heirs—and that the rest were unwilling to try to interest outside capital. But chiefly they hadn't the—initiative, the energy; and they didn't think it womanly in me to want to get into that sort of thing. So"—a quick little sigh fluttered on the air—"they established me in that emporium of women's handiwork back there, and have asked me to give public thanks every day since for the eminent suitability of it. And I feel—I feel as if I

should smother! You don't know what yarn smells like, if it's the main furnishing of a room."

David Carew admitted with a laugh that he did not know the odor she seemed to dislike so much. Ella remembered suddenly that she had never before complained to any one, outside the sacred circle, of her lot. She blushed a little as she remembered.

"I know a little how you feel," he told her. "But I wonder if you will understand if I tell you how else I feel, also? How inspiring that old house of yours is, how to be revered the old furnishings? Not altogether because they belonged to the men who meant something to the nation in the old days, but because they belonged to a family. There's always been something pathetically sacred to me in the thought of a family. We were knocked about so when we were little—did my sister Ethelinda tell you? Finally, when my mother died, even the last poor pretense of a home disappeared. Ethelinda was older than I, five years; it was decreed she should go to live with an aunt in San Luis and help to earn her own living by assisting my aunt with the housework. It was so hard that she preferred to work for strangers instead—oh, she had a cruel young girlhood! My father kept me with him in his wanderings from camp to camp. When he died—I was only fourteen—a partner of his took me, an Englishman, adrift out there for God knows what reason. He was a cultivated man. I owe him a good deal. But after a few years I fended for myself—here, there, anywhere. Do you see why those chimneys of yours, that have stood so long, mean so much to me?"

Ella nodded, her eyes full of quick tears.

"But about this land scheme of yours—it's excellent," he told her. "Let us see if I can't convince the family powers that it would be a good thing for them and for the countryside. I—You were so kind to Ethelinda," he added abruptly.

It was generally believed that Mr.

David Carew spoke more or less persuasively to many classes of men. He had quelled a miners' mutiny once, he acted as director in many large undertakings, he was not without influence when he spoke before legislative bodies. But he had never met Aunt Betty, Aunt Jane, Cousin Fairfax, and the other heirs of Grandfather Sewall. It took him three weeks to be convinced of the truth of what Ella had told him:

"You'll fail, and they'll probably be a little bit rude to you. They say that I am a vulgarian to want to destroy natural beauty. They never go near Look-out Mountain to see the natural beauty—they're lazy, they're asleep, and they don't want to be disturbed; that's why they hate the notion. But you'll never wake them."

It took him three weeks to learn that Ella knew her own people. He admitted his final defeat before the fireplace in the shabby old study that had been her father's one afternoon.

"I knew you couldn't do it; no one could do it," she said drearily. "It was good of you to try, though." Then, more drearily: "You'll be going soon, now?"

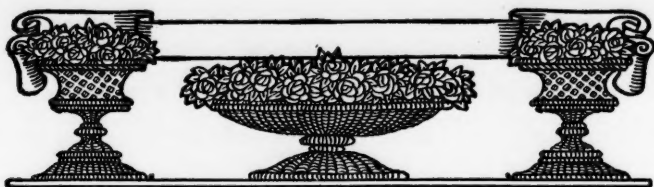
"In a day or two," he answered perfunctorily. He stared at the burning logs.

"There are bigger forests out in my land," he suddenly said, raising his glance to meet hers. "There are lands to be developed, to be made rich, to be made fit for homes."

He fell silent again. Ella's cold fingers laced and unlaced themselves.

"I can't bear to go away—defeated," he went on. "Even defeated by those charming people, your relatives. Could you—there are opportunities for women's brains, for women's energies, too, out there. Ella, couldn't you turn my defeat into victory? Couldn't you turn that wilderness out there into our home?"

He stretched out his hands, and hers met them. A vision of a home as stable, as dear, built on the same foundations of noble service as the one in which they stood, swam before their eyes.



Monte Carlo's Mysteries

By Joseph Whitney Ganson

AFTER our dinner, taken under the shade of the caroubier tree in madame's terrace garden, we strolled lazily about the gravel walks. The smaller the pension, the longer walk is made. Each great semitropical plant makes an excuse for the path to turn and twist aside. It is December, but Monte Carlo is so sheltered from the winds that its sunlight is quite the equal of a day in June, for the bees are hungrily humming in the great heliotrope vine, and the limpid harbor holds the blue Mediterranean ever in humble suit.

La propriétaire watches us through her rose-bowered kitchen window. If the wine runs low in the carafe, *Aspasie* trips out with more. Everything is to please us, for we are pensionnaires that bring notice to her empty house more than the old French lady, whose room is at the top of the house, and who is too stiff to descend to the garden for a meal in the full sunshine. However, her two pet cats, *Léonie* and *Ulysse*, come down for the crumbs and the little bones economized from our repast.

Although Monte Carlo is new—it sprang up around the casino where the railroad wound in along the shore from Nice on its way to Genoa—it has its bit of romance. On the hundreds of picture post cards there is no spot that stands out so quaint as the little chapel under the great railway arch at our feet. The railway track is full twenty meters high above the crossing, and the

church is tucked away under it just back from the Boulevard de la Condamine on a little square of its own, always in the shadow of the trains that thunder overhead.

"Has it a legend, monsieur? Oh, yes! It is the burial place of our *Sainte Dévote*," says *la propriétaire*. "You must know that she was a Christian maiden who dwelled in the Island of Corsica many hundreds of years ago. The pagans persecuted her, because she was virtuous and would marry none of them.

"One dark night *Sainte Dévote* got aboard an old bark that had belonged to her father, and, together with a few faithful adherents to her faith, she trusted herself to the uncertain fury of the storm. God must have guided her, for her bark came to shore right down there in front of the church."

The good landlady reached out her thin, brown hand over the terra-cotta balustrade to point us the spot.

"At that time there was a terrible plague raging along the shore where the fishermen's huts were huddled one against the other, and there were dead bodies piled up at her very feet. But when she put foot to the shore a wonder from heaven was shown, for the plague ceased all of a sudden. Thereby it was known that a real saint had come to visit this sore-smitten spot.

"The wise folks said that the plague was an evil spirit, who was suffered to enter the cabins, because the fisher folk

were so wicked. But when they saw the old bark come to shore, tossed gently by the last waves of the storm, they knew a live saint must be within it. Now, they tell me, the old folk do, that there is nothing so hateful to an evil spirit as the presence that flows out from the heart of a true saint.

"Be that as it may, this evil spirit could not stand the sight of the bark of Sainte Dévote. He fled, and forthwith the plague tormented the people no more. They gave great thanks to God for sending a saint among them to cure them of their sins, and they swarmed over the old bark, seeking some further benefits.

"Sainte Dévote was most modest and didn't acknowledge she was a saint; but she stayed with the Monégasques a long time, teaching them to be good and how to pray right. Her boat was pulled up high and dry by the fisher folk who had been healed, as soon as it touched the shore.

"But by and by Sainte Dévote began to think it might be safe for her to go back to Corsica again, and she asked the fishermen to launch her old bark. That they would not do, for they wanted her to dwell with them forever. Moreover, that same night they set fire to her bark, thinking that then she could not go away from them.

"In that they were mistaken, for the Lord sent a guardian angel to lead her soul away to the holy city. Then the fisher folk knew they had sinned again in opposing their saint; so they built a tomb for her body and a little church to cover the tomb.

"Every year, on the seventeenth of January, our bishop comes down from the cathedral on the Rocher de Monaco to lead a procession about the church. Then, when the illuminations are at their brightest, the fisher folk and the officers of the fête rush down to the shore and drag up the oldest boat that is in the harbor. This they burn as once, hundreds of years ago, they burned the old bark of Sainte Dévote."

Monaco is very old, and under the fortress on the great rock are mysteri-

ous dungeons whose ghosts whisper, and there tradition holds a mysterious finger to its lips. Then, too, the palace of the prince is not devoid of interest. It is very old in parts, and its foundations date back to the days of the Saracens.

Albert Grimaldi is a modern prince, although his palace is full of remnants of the ancient glories of his family, pictures of Cardinal Mazarin, the Bourbons, and Richelieu. In the old days the princes would not allow their subjects to build fine houses. They must live in little shacks huddled up against the palace wall, where filth and ignorance bred disease, and superstition aided the plague.

To-day Prince Albert is one of the enlightened princes of Europe. He has two wives, both living. The Holy Father at Rome annulled his marriage to Lady Hamilton, while the civil authorities divorced him from the woman who had been Alice Heene. However, he didn't change the name of his gorgeous yacht. The sailors go through the streets when he is in Monaco, and everybody knows *La Princesse Alice* is in port.

His people do not think him wicked in allowing the great gambling casino to take its place in Monte Carlo. Does it not give employment to hundreds of Monégasques each year? Rich tourists and Parisian shopkeepers in their wake have caused a prosperous town to grow up.

Doctors nowadays draw diseases to a head. Monte Carlo draws gamblers from all parts of the world for treatment. La Société des Bains de Mer is the head doctor. Part of its system is the great casino, whose running expenses alone contribute to the livings of hundreds of poor people. After all is paid, the "society" makes a profit of over twenty millions. This is divided with the prince, because he has licensed the doctor. Perhaps the same philosophy that sets apart a spot in the universe to punish dead people in may set its seal on this particular gambling hell—for Mammon certainly gets after his subjects here.

True, the prince spends scarce three

months a year with them. But he has provided his subjects with prosperity, and, although he is absent at the time, his birthday is fêted by the peasants, shopkeepers, and casino syndicate alike in such a royal fashion that people come from a day's journey in every direction to see the sights. If their prince gets ten million francs a year from the casino, it is not made up from their losses, because the natives of Monaco are not allowed to enter the gambling rooms.

The prince is a scientist. He has his laboratory. A great museum devoted to his collections fished from the sea bottom overlooks the harbor. A fine cathedral—modern of to-day—dominates the Rocher de Monaco, and the hovels of the older generation are replaced by quaintly crowded abodes, where there is a suggestion of modern comfort.

Yet the Grimaldis ruled, and the foundations of the palace are full of dark passages which pierce to the very bowels of the earth. They are known to but few, and are mostly sealed up. But there are ghastly memories of offenders against princely dignity, who were led into these deeper passages and left behind closed iron doors to find the bones and dust of others who had disappeared from earlier days. So they tell of noises and ghostly whispers heard from time to time.

Not so long ago an old tomb was opened in the village of San Roman. It was a huge affair, covered by the rubbish of centuries. In it were bones of some enormous man. A priest who took charge of the matter brought the bones over to Prince Albert's palace laboratory, that they might receive scientific examination.

It was dusk, and, as the priest was sorting the arm bones into place, a very tall man stood at his elbow and leaned over the table. The priest asked him

what he was doing there, for the door of the laboratory had been locked. The tall man answered never a word, but disappeared like the conventional phantom.

It bothered the priest to account for it, because the church does not believe in dead people coming back. However, the governor of the palace was informed of what had occurred, and the next day he came down to see the bones himself. Strange to say, the appearance was repeated. And as the priest, who was thoroughly startled, asked the tall figure what it was doing there, it disappeared as on the previous day.

Then the matter was brought before Prince Albert. He had no belief in phantoms, and did not connect the strange appearance of this very tall man with the enormous bones. He told the governor to tell the abbé that there was some living person playing a trick. He said to get one of the laboratory attendants to sprinkle sawdust around the table, and that would catch the trickster.

They followed the prince's advice, and spread the trap after having locked the doors. Then when the three descended they saw the tall man leaning over the table and touching the bones. They said that around his head and shoulders was a sort of a bright mist. He disappeared just as suddenly as before; but he left no traces on the sawdust, so the attendant said it must have been a ghost.

You can hear this tale from the attendant who saw the apparition, if you are fortunate enough to find him on duty when the laboratory is being exhibited. The governor of the palace does not talk of it, and he does not like to have the story repeated. Yet, although it is a modern tale, it has been seized upon by the wonder lovers, and bids fair to become a tradition.



THE GIFT-WIFE

By
Rupert Hughes



ILLUSTRATED BY SIGURD SCHOU

[The first installment of "The Gift-Wife" appeared in the July number of this magazine.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE FREEING OF MIRUMA.

RARELY has a woman's five minutes been longer than Jennie Ludlam's, rarely has it seemed shorter. Jebb supposed—so far as he gave her thought at all—that she was prinking herself for conquest, with false curls, false color, false face, false hopes. He hoped only that she would take her time.

As for Miruma, he felt no desire to deluge her with queries; no curiosity as to how she came to be in Vienna; no curiosity at all; just delight in her presence; just an acceptance of the return of his stolen treasure, "and no questions asked."

If they had met in a forest, or a lane, or by a moonlit lake, he could have caught her in his arms, and told her the love that had smothered him. She could have told him what was in her soul, why she was here. Their hearts could have spoken together.

But such communions are not for corridors in a forenoon crowd. So their chatter was but the light crackle of

sparks far from the core of the furnace. And she was chiefly distressed by her desire to sit on the floor and be comfortable—or, at least, to coil up on the divan, harem-wise.

She said with a childish giggle:

"You didn't know me at first. See if you know me now?" And she hid the lower part of her face, peering over the white, white hand that mimicked a yashmak.

But he said: "Oh, I knew you as soon as I saw those eyes."

"Jebb Effendi remembers these eyes, then?"

The only expressions that flooded Jebb's mind were too fervid for that room. He tried to squeeze a sonnet into a look.

"They are the most wonderful eyes in the world."

"*Mashallah!* A compliment!"

"You're no longer in Turkey. Don't be afraid."

Then he flew to matter-of-facter topics.

"But how did you ever get here? And when?"

"Didn't you received my letters?"

"No."

The wide eyes widened. "I sended you twice letters!"

He explained how, in his eagerness to have her letters, he had telegraphed to have them forwarded to Trieste—and then had not gone there. But he neglected to mention that he had been dragged to Vienna to meet Jennie Ludlam.

Miruma sighed.

"Then I deed not helped you! I hoped so much to help you. You have finded the *guzeljik*—the pretty leetla girl vitout me!"

"I have not found her."

Miruma's face blanched with fear. "In all thees time—oh, so much years it seems to me!—you have not founded her?"

Jebb shook his head mournfully.

"You deed not try the Budapest place then?"

"What Budapest place?"

"I sended you in my letter a post card. You did not been to Budapest?"

"I came through there, but I didn't stop—except to eat."

"Only to eat! *Yazik, aman aman!* What pity! The child was perhaps very near you."

"What do you mean? I don't understand."

"Leesten. The day after you have goed, Djaffer is breeng to me a picture post card. He say he find it tack up on the wall in the room of one of the other servants. The man he say he find it long time before—in the room where Djaffer maked your clothes dry after you first camed to my home—you remember?"

"Do I remember!"

"Djaffer say peerhaps the picture is fall out of your pocket out, and shall he burn it. I take it, and send it to you in a letter."

"It is in Trieste now, then. You say it was a picture post card."

"Yes—he is a *carte postale* in many colors—a picture of a little *ada*—how you say?—island. And it say—I cannot pronounce the *majar* language—but I can spell, if you have a pencil." He gave her a card and his fountain pen,

and she wrote: "Margit-Sziget, Budapest."

Jebb knew less Hungarian than Turkish, and he said:

"Who is Margit Sziget? I wonder?"

"I think he is the name of the island. The picture is of a beautiful park. And on eet is writed in a writing like the writing you sended to me: 'Dear mother: Do not worry. I am having a nice time here in thees beautiful place.'"

Jebb nodded impatiently. "Was that all?"

"No, then comes: 'Your loving child!' and then in beeg letters like a child is print them C-Y-N-T-H-I-A—the name of the leetla girl—yes?"

"Yes. And that was found in Uskub, in your house?" Miruma shook her head, meaning yes. "Was the postal card addressed to anybody?" She nodded no.

"Peerhaps you deed forget to make it addressed. But I thinked you might wish to have the card. It might help you to remember. Are you remembering such a place?"

He shook his head blankly. Her eyes softened with mother-full pity.

"The poor effendi was so seek!"

He realized afresh that she had never understood the nature of his illness; but he felt unable to explain at this time and place. He put the address she had written in his pocketbook, and said:

"I must go to Budapest by the first train. Surely I'll find the poor little waif there. You are an angel to write me. And now we've talked so much about my affairs. Tell me about you. What brought you to Vienna?"

It was a brusque question, and she answered it with a blush of meek confusion that told him more than he dared to believe. She had followed him like another Ruth. He realized that his dream of her love had come true. But the realization came just a moment too late—just after she had innocently reminded him of the lies he had told or left her to believe.

He tried to shake off the odious memory.

"But tell me, are you—did Fehmi Pasha grant you the—the *tagal*?"

She blushed more furiously at this. "Yes, effendim, three times he did say '*Bochaltim! Bochaltim! Bochaltim!*'"

"What does that mean?"

"I repudiate her! I repudiate her! I repudiate her!"

He winced at such hard words of release, but the news was perfect. "And you are no longer Fehmi Pasha's *hanum*?"

"I am nobody's *hanum* now. I am joost me. I am free now."

How the little word "free" seemed to be freighted with meaning! What else did it say but "I am free of him, now make me yours"? But it was himself that was not free.

She was so beautiful, now, alone; so doubly lovable here in the surroundings of civilization. She was no longer the exotic met in a strange place. She was beautiful, modern, and lending a grace to her European costume. She would honor him and his name anywhere.

But he and his name would not honor her. What protection could he give her, when he could not protect himself from himself? He had fought the battle through in Uskub, and had chosen the honorabler course, had silenced his love and fled with it. That she had come up with him, that she was here at his mercy, did not change his duty. Being at his mercy, he must show her the truer mercy—the mercy he showed to people who came to Jebb the surgeon. He must use the knife, inflict a brief pain, and a wound that would heal, leaving at worst a scar, but removing deeper evils.

Yet she was so beautiful, and to tell her his resolve was so hateful a task that he actually prayed for Jennie Ludlam to appear and postpone it. He was wondering how to broach the subject of her, and her brother and the ring, when he heard his name paged along the corridor.

He called the boy, and was informed that Miss Ludlam was waiting for him in a lower alcove. Jebb answered:

"*Gleich komme!*"

The boy went his way, and Jebb

turned to find a troubled curiosity on Miruma's face. She looked the question she refrained from asking. He answered the look, but with an air of guilt that he resented, but could not resist.

"Miss Ludlam is—er—you remember that ring I had?"

"Yes."

"It belonged to her."

"But you did say you bought it in Cologne."

"Did I?"

"You sayed it had no associations."

"It hasn't."

"And I find you here! You wait for her! The beautiful Mees Loodlam!"

She had great need to remember that she was not in the haremlik where women may express themselves primitively. She rose, and crushed the jealousy, the disillusionment, the shattered trust back in her breast. Jebb rose to her side, whispering:

"*Hanum effendim! Madame! Miruma!* I beg you! I can explain if you——"

"Please! If you would not have me—shame myself here—please speak nothing—let me—go——"

She hurried away as fast as she dared, slipping through the crowd with a lithe, pantherlike grace that impressed him even then. He stood fast, and saw her vanish.

He felt that life was very hard. He wondered what he had done to deserve this grief; but, most of all, he hated fate for striking Miruma through him. It seemed such wanton malice to be cruel to her.

And then he heard a voice back of him—a sweet and womanly voice:

"Is this Doctor Jebb?"

CHAPTER XXIX.

SISTER JENNIE.

Still gazing after the fugitive Miruma, Jebb turned slowly, resentfully, toward the stranger who had inflicted this anguish on her. He was brought sharply to book, by a gasp of surprise.

"Why, it's Mr. Pierpont. They told me it was Doctor Jebb."



And then he heard a voice back of him—a sweet and womanly voice. "Is this Doctor Jebb?"

His worst fears seemed realized by the swift change from the formal greeting for Doctor Jebb to the gush of cordiality for Mr. Pierpont. And his uneasiness was increased by the sight of what Mr. Pierpont had affianced them to. For he saw before him a short lady whom even a flatterer would call plump. But her hair was uncompromisingly white, and she had all the air of an old maid whom neglect had failed to render lean; whom rather, an unfulfilled destiny had not prevented from matronly contour.

So this was Sister Jennie! As he stared at her in a daze, she smiled tenderly, and said, as she pressed his hand and kept it:

"Was this one of your jokes—send-

ing up a strange name, and asking for my brother? Was it just to surprise me?"

"Is— isn't your brother here?" Jebb stammered.

"Why, no; he's in Servia—some-where in the mountains Roosevelting big game. Don't you remember my telling you in Munich? Do you suppose that if he had been where I could reach him, I should have accepted all that money from you?"

"N-no, I suppose not." And with the hand she was not holding, he pinched himself, expecting to wake up in a sleeping car somewhere, and find that he had been dreaming it all. But Sister Jennie did not evaporate, and the Hotel Bristol stood fast.

"I'm awfully glad to see you," she pattered on. "Do sit down." And she dropped into Miruma's place on the divan. As she still clung to his hand, he was compelled to collapse at her side.

"Where on earth have you been?" she asked.

"Where haven't I been?" he answered, on the American plan of setting a question to stop a question.

"It was awfully embarrassing to me that you should disappear so completely, and leave no trace."

Knowing nothing else to do, he just shrugged his shoulders, and smiled. A shrug can mean anything, and a smile nearly everything. It dawned over him that he had preceded Brother Charlie to Vienna, and thrown himself into Sister Jennie's arms, not only uselessly, but disastrously to his standing with Miruma. Mr. Pierpont had probably forced a bundle of Jebb's money on Miss Ludlam, and told her to buy a magnificent trousseau to wed Jebb withal. He wondered how soon she would take up the matter of crying the banns.

Doctor Jekyll committed suicide in order to rid himself of Mr. Hyde. Doctor Jebb wondered what he could do to punish Mr. Pierpont.

As his eyes rolled distressfully he saw Brother Charlie steam into the hotel and push to the desk like a liner crowding up to a pier.

"There's your brother now," Jebb exclaimed.

"No! Impossible! So it is!" And she left him and made an almost unold-maidenly haste, catching her brother just as he was asking for her at the desk.

It was Jebb's opportunity to escape, but he was afraid to budge. Sister Jennie tucked her hand in Charlie's arm and steered him along the channel, chuffing alongside like a little squat tug.

She was evidently explaining the situation to him, and at the same time he was evidently explaining the surprise he had planned for her. His eye fell

on Jebb. He stopped short, snorted like a bull, and charged.

"So here you are, eh? I never expected to see you again."

"Again?" cried Jennie. "You've seen him?"

"Have I seen him! Didn't he give me the slip in Munich?"

"You've met Mr. Pierpont before! Isn't that funny?"

"Pierpont? That's Doctor Jebb."

"Doctor Jebb! Why"—she turned to Jebb—"why, that's the name you sent up to me, isn't it?"

"That's the name," said Jebb.

"And I got your ring away from him, Jennie. See, here it is." And he fished it out. "He couldn't tell me how he came by it, though."

To Charlie's stupefaction, her answer was a coo:

"Wasn't that delicate of him?" And she beamed on Jebb till she frightened him.

"Delicate!" gasped Charlie. "Delicate! Then you really did give it to him? Then it is true that you—" He was going to say "Are engaged to him," but he was fairly asphyxiated at the thought of his supposedly proposal-proof sister engaging herself to a young man whom he himself had apprehended as a thief.

"Sit down, you old bear, and I'll tell you."

She toppled the mountain onto the wailing divan, sat down beside him, and motioned Jebb to draw up a chair.

"It's an old story to you, Mr. Pierpont," she said, "but you won't mind hearing it again."

Of all things on earth just then Jebb most wanted to hear this story.

"Well, to begin at the beginning," she preluded, filling herself with breath for a long flight, "you see, Charlie, you wrote me that you were going into the mountains for a month or so of hunting."

"Yes," beamed Charlie, "and I had great luck. I bagged three bear, and as for wild boar—one day I got lost, couldn't find my guides anywhere, when suddenly, right back of me—"

"You can tell your story later. It's

my turn now. Don't interrupt again," said Jennie, and Jebb felt like giving her a vote of thanks. She took another gulp of air and set out once more. "Just after you disappeared, Charlie, I had a call for five thousand dollars more margin on my stock in the—oh, that awful investment you let me in for."

"Rock Island, you mean," said Charlie.

"That's it. You told me to hold for a rise."

"Well, I see by the paper that it's up twenty-nine points."

"Yes, but at that time somebody attacked it and the bottom fell out for a few days. I had word one afternoon from my brokers in Munich that if I didn't cover the drop by morning I'd be wiped out."

"Is that so? Somebody was hammering her, I suppose."

The conversation was degenerating into a debate on a subject whose technical terms were as blind to Jebb as his account of a surgical operation would have been to them. But eager Jennie rescued the original topic:

"Well, whoever hammered it, it hit the toboggan, and I stood to lose all I had put up. That very evening the cablegrams announced that my bank in New York had been looted by its president, and had closed its doors. I found where the cashier of my Munich bank lived and telephoned his house. He said that my letter of credit was good for nothing unless the bank opened again."

"Why didn't you telegraph me?"

"You'd gone into the mountains, silly. I was simply in despair. I went to three hotels in Munich to look up friends of ours, and not one could I find. In the last hotel, I just sat down in the lobby and had a good cry. Do you remember?" This to Jebb, who only smiled sympathetically.

"At that moment who should come along but Mr. Pierpont here? I didn't know him and he didn't know me, but he heard me crying, and said: 'Pardon me, madame, is there anything I can do for you?' It sounded so good to

hear an American voice and he spoke so gently and I was so weak that I just up and told him the story. Not only was I going to lose all the money! I had put up, but my letter of credit was useless, and I was stranded in Munich with only a few dollars. And my one living relative hunting bear in the Servian mountains! Oh, it was awful!"

Her plight touched her brother, and he looked teary about the eyelids. Sister Jennie began to cry with a reminiscent sympathy for her poor self; but she looked at Jebb through her tears, and the thought of his munificence brightened her again.

"Well, what do you suppose this angel of a Mr. Pierpont did? You'll never believe it, Charlie—such things happen only in books and fairy stories—but he said—I can hear him now—'There, there, my poor child.' She laughed moistly. "He called me his poor child when I'm old enough to be his mother!"

That she should feel this sent a flash of wondrous relief through Jebb, and he leaned forward with a feeling that he was going to forgive V. Pierpont for something. But Charlie was impatient.

"Go on! What did he say?"

"He said: 'There, there, my poor child! If you'll stop crying, I'll give you the money.' You may believe I stopped crying. I stared so hard you could have hung your hat on my eyes. I said: 'You'll lend me—twenty thousand marks? Me? A total stranger?' 'Certainly,' he said, 'you are an American.' And I said: 'But I have no security.' And he said: 'You're an American,' as if that proved anything.

"Well, to make a long story short, Charlie, I was so desperate that I said: 'But how can you spare all that money?' And he said: 'What's twenty thousand marks between fellow countrymen?'"

This at least sounded like Pierpont, but Jennie was continuing: "Then he said: 'You must have something to get along on till you hear from your brother or till your bank reopens,' and he

actually wanted to give me a thousand dollars more. But I compromised on five hundred. Think of it, fifty-five hundred dollars just picked off a bush! The next morning I had the money at the broker's bright and early, and I made a solemn resolve that I'd never speculate on margins again."

"Did you keep the vow?" grinned Charlie.

She pouted meekly:

"Well, I might have kept it if the stock hadn't gone skyrocketing up again. It never rains but it pours, you know, and in two days that awful bank reopened, and my letter of credit was all right. But when I came to look for Mr. Pierpont, he had paid his bill and disappeared, taking his little niece along with him. And now"—she sank back with a triumphant look—"now I've told my story. If you don't believe it, ask Mr. Pierpont."

"But the ring—the ring," said Brother Charles, voicing a curiosity that was aching in Jebb's breast. "How did you come to give him the ring I gave you?"

"Such a silly question, Charlie! Can't you see I felt so ashamed of taking his money with no security that I forced it on him? He didn't want to take it, but I made him. When he learned it was worth only about half what he lent me he consented. You don't blame me, Charlie, dear, do you? I had to give the dear man some security as a pledge, didn't I?"

"I suppose so," Charlie grumbled. He stared at her, then at Jebb; he was remembering what had happened in the Orient Express. He felt that he had made a fool of himself—or, rather, that a fool had been made of him. He rounded on Jebb:

"Well, why in thunder didn't you tell me all this on the train when I accused you of stealing the ring?"

"You accused him of stealing it," Jennie squealed. "You ac-cused him of st— Oh, Charlie, Charlie!"

"Naturally, I did. I saw your ring on the finger of a total stranger. I asked him politely how he got it and he wouldn't tell me."

"That was his delicacy. Can't you

see, Charlie?" She shook her head over her brother's lack of finesse. "He didn't want to involve me. He didn't know but what I might have had some motive in concealing it—I never did dare to write you about it. Besides, he didn't like to brag about saving my life. Oh, it was just the thing a man would do who was chivalrous enough to have rescued a poor old thing like me in distress. Can't you see?"

Fine points of chivalry were beyond Charles, and he shook his head; but he could understand that he owed Jebb a handsome apology, and he put it in his own terms.

"I guess the drinks are on me, old man. I've made a jackass of myself, and I admit it. What'll it be?"

But Jebb declined to liquidate the account.

Jennie sighed and mothered her own whale of a brother.

"Oh, Charlie, Charlie, will you never learn? To think that you should have called the man who saved your sister—a thief!" She turned to Jebb. "How could you keep from—from hitting him?"

Jebb always thought he got out of that rather neatly. He bowed, and murmured:

"He was your brother," with gallant accent on the "your."

Jennie bowed with an old-school grace that did her much credit. Then nothing must do but she must repay the money at once. She said she dared not broach the question of interest. Jebb warned her not to—with an attempt at magnificence that did not, he hoped, discredit the absent Pierpont.

And when Sister Jennie said she must run up to her room and write him a check for twenty-two thousand marks, he tried again to be V. Pierpontic.

"There's no hurry," he said, but this was rather a failure. It was so much money, and he was in such a hurry to have it before he woke up or before Jennie had a stroke of apoplexy, or the bank closed again.

"Of course there's a hurry—I've had it far too long," said Jennie, and he

thought her adorable. Just in time he remembered to say:

"Would you mind making the check payable to David Jebb?"

"David Jebb?" Jennie echoed in surprise.

"That's the name you gave me on the train," her brother put in.

"That's my real name," said Jebb.

Now Charlie was off again. "But why did you call yourself Pierpont to my sister?"

And again Jennie shunted him onto a siding in time to avert a collision. "Hush, Charlie, don't make another exhibition of yourself. He was traveling incog. Very rich people often do that."

This explanation saved Jebb and satisfied Charlie. Then Jennie begged him to pardon her while she went to write the check. He pardoned her.

Brother Charles and Jebb were such mutually discomfiting companions that Ludlam grew restive.

"Come on into the café and have something."

"No, thanks."

"Well, will you excuse me if I do? I've just got in from Munich and I'm horribly thirsty."

"Don't let me keep you."

"Jennie'll be back in a minute."

"I'll wait here."

Left alone, Jebb was overcome by this new turn of the wheel. The money meant so much to him just now; it meant power, salvation from infinite humiliations; it meant funds for the pursuit of Cynthia. Oh, money, thou sister of charity, going about the world doing works of mercy, yet enduring such cruel slander—if only there were more of thee!

But so insatiable is man that, as soon as Jebb received half of his castaway bread back from the waters, he began to wish for a duplicate miracle to return the rest of his wealth to him. It seemed too much to expect—and it was. He never learned what V. Pierpont did with the remainder of his ten thousand. He can only hope that Pierpont used it magnificently to cure some other poor soul afflicted with what Doctor

Rabelais has called that commonest of diseases, lack of money.

Then the luxury of being a minor Cræsus faded before a keen anxiety for Miruma. He must find her. She must be told the news, the news that solved everything. He would go to the desk and send her his card, imploring her to grant him a hearing.

He paused. What was her name? Miruma was her first name. What was her last? Had she registered as Madame Hanum or Madame Fehmi Pasha? Or what? Or had she assumed some new name for her foreign travels? She had doubtless mentioned this in her letters. But her letters were in Trieste.

It would be embarrassing, suspicious, probably futile, to go to the desk and say: "I have a very dear friend stopping here, but I don't know her name;" or, "Can you tell me who the lady was I was talking with in the reception room a while ago? And will you ask her to come down and talk some more?" or "Please send my card to the beautiful lady who——" Who what?

They would probably order him out at once. Even if they condescended to ask him to describe her, what could he say? He worshiped her eyes, but, man-like, he could not have named their color. Her costume? It was very stunning, but he wasn't sure whether it was cut on the bias or not. Her hat? Did she have one on? Yes, a big one—no, a small one—no, none at all; well, perhaps——

CHAPTER XXX.

LIEBE UND LIEBELEI.

The tragi-ridiculous perplexity of Jebb solved itself. He heard a rustle, and Miruma came to him as swiftly as she had vanished. But her manner was changed. She had been crying hard, and she was wretched. He greeted her with effusion.

"Thank Heaven you came, for I was just——"

"I came to beg that you forgive me for to be so rude to you."

"Don't!" he said.



"Sit down, you old bear, and I'll tell you."

"But yes. Jebb Effendi has been so kind to me. It is to heem I owe that I am free. I am very bad. I have not the right to be angry that he——"

"Deceived you. Say it!" said Jebb humbly, but she would not accept the word.

"That he did not telled me the things I have no right to know. Let us be friends once more—yes? Tell me you forgive me for to be jealous."

"Oh, don't——" He was going to cry: "Don't stop being jealous of me!" but he caught himself, and all he said was: "Oh, don't ask *my* forgiveness. If you could only see the woman you were jealous of! Shh!"

There was no time to explain or to let Miruma escape. Miss Ludlam was at Jebb's elbow with the check folded and palmed, as if it were a slight tip.

II

She pretended to shake hands with him and left the money as she released the clasp.

"There you are, Mr. Pier—Doctor Jebb, and I can never thank you enough."

"Don't thank me at all. Er—er—Miss Ludlam, may I present you to—may I present to you—Miss—Madame—for Heaven's sake, Hanum Effendim, what is your name? She's my dearest friend on earth, but I don't know her name!"

Sister Jennie looked rather startled at such an introduction, but Miruma put her at her ease by the royal dignity of her answer.

"I am Madame Miruma Janghir. I did take my father's name. In Circassia we have the—the surnames. In Turkey not."

Miss Ludlam was staring with both ears at this mysterious conversation. She was as much interested in Miruma as Miruma in her. Each was exotic to the other. Miss Ludlam sat down and motioned the other two to sit. Jebb felt the discreet cowardice of a mere male in such a confrontation. He decided to let them fight it out themselves, especially as he saw that Miruma had caught sight of the ring restored to Miss Ludlam's finger and had turned white as Miss Ludlam's hair.

To explain this ring legend himself was intolerable, so he rose and said:

"Won't you two talk to each other a few moments, while I go find out about the trains to Budapest? I must take the first one."

Seeing that Miruma was afraid and deeply troubled either at this news or at being left with her supposed rival, Jebb added:

"And perhaps Miss Ludlam will tell you the story of the ring."

Then he decamped, leaving Miruma very erect and disdainful toward Miss Ludlam. When he came back the story had evidently been told, for the two women had their heads close together and were on cordial terms. As he came up, Miruma raised her beautiful eyes to him; they were glowing with restored peace and even greater admiration. He said:

"I find there is a train at six-forty-six—my old friend the Orient Express. It gets me to Budapest an hour before midnight. I think I'd better take it. There's just time enough for a good drive about Vienna before train time. Would you care to go?"

There was a convenient duplicity about the word "you," which sounded plural, though his look at Miruma made it singular. Miss Ludlam, who always said the right thing, feared that she could not leave her brother so soon after so long an absence; but that the air would be good for "Mrs. Janghir." Jebb and Miruma exchanged a glance of surprise at this strange title. Perhaps both of them thought how much better "Mrs. Jebb" would sound.

Miruma was willing enough to go

anywhere with Jebb, and she asked only time enough to get a hat and a wrap. When she was gone, Jennie Ludlam, who could see through a millstone with a hole in it, and had guessed at once that Jebb and Miruma were infatuated, lingered to say:

"She's a perfect dear—and such a beauty! I'll take care of her for you while you are in Budapest. My brother and I don't leave for America for a few days and you'll be back soon."

"I hope so."

"Let me thank you again, Mr.—Doctor Jebb. You deserve all the happiness in the world. Your generosity to me was princely. I wish I could repay it in some way—but you are so rich. When you come back I have a scheme which might interest you—as a physician; though I dare say you don't practice any more; but perhaps you would lend me your advice. This is for charity, too."

Undeserved blame is hard to bear, but the heart hardens to meet it. Undeserved praise, however, makes a more insidious attack. There is no sense of martyrdom to help. So Jebb felt himself the veriest sneak to take the wondering gratitude of this good little woman and allow her to treat him as a prince when he was—

On a sudden impulse, he made her sit down, and told her briefly the story of his curse, his other personality, the loss of the child, and his arrival in Turkey. The chronicle had need of brevity, for his time was brief, but the woman was quick to grasp what he so hated to confess. And her sympathy came in a rush of warm thoughts implied in a pressure of his hand, a look of compassion, and a few words:

"I understand. I had a brother, a younger brother—Wentworth was his name—he would have been about your age now, and he would have been a great man if—if— It's about a memorial to him that I want to talk to you some day. Oh, be glad that you have at least half a life left to you, Doctor Jebb, and don't despair. You have helped so many in distress. You helped me. You can, you shall help number-

less others. And perhaps some day you——"

He looked a "God bless you!" but he said:

"She is coming now." And he rose to meet Miruma.

Sister Jennie rose, too, and said:

"You're a vision, my dear. And since Doctor Jebb is called to Budapest for a day or so, I want you to go with my brother and me to the opera to-night."

Miruma accepted with a bashful gratitude, and Jebb and she set out for their drive. He selected the best-looking carriage he could find, and seeing her bestowed, told the driver to take them to the Prater, and the driver with lifted hat obligingly consented.

Along the broad glory of the Ringstrasse, over the Danube by the Aspern Bridge, and down the Praterstrasse the horses galloped, lacing in and out of the interwinding throng with all the speed and skill of Viennese hackneys.

It was a strange sight to Miruma, a leap, a comet flight through another universe. In her few days at Vienna she had grown used to seeing women without veils, women with no shapeless *charchafs* over their corseted figures. But the glitter, the color, the gleaming hurly-burly of beauty, fashion, wealth in equipage and entourage overwhelmed her—as indeed they overwhelmed more experienced travelers than she.

In the Prater the turmoil was gayer, more bewildering. The long colonless *charchafs* over their corseted figures were choked with people. And the air was tremulous with music from the Viennese and Magyar bands in the cafés. At the entrance was a circle where stood a monument on a stone column with bronze prow protruding. It reminded Jebb of the entrance to Central Park via Columbus Circle and its monument.

He longed to be there again, and above all he longed to have Miruma there with him.

She was so strange to the mingling of men and women in this stupendous promenade that she was rather stunned

than charmed. And she could not imbibe the effervescence of the wholesale jubilation that makes Vienna Vienna, because she carried with her the gloom of parting with Jebb, lost almost as soon as found.

Nor could she help feeling that some constraint oppressed all of Jebb's evident delight in her companionship. She imputed it at best to shyness, or to a mere friendship where she hungered for love; at worst—she dreaded that he loved somebody else and was true to her, eager to return to her.

As they drove back the sunset was reddening the city, and the spell of twilight closed round them like an endearing arm. It was peculiarly hard to resist the mellow whisper of this cozy evening air with the sunset like a fireplace giving all the world a sense of home. And Jebb was homesick—for the home he never had had, and had given up the hope of having.

His choice among the world's women was at his side, at his mercy; they were in a city the most flirtatious perhaps of all; the home of the waltz, where amorous trifling, *Liebelel*, is one of the major industries, one of the high arts. Their wheeled gondola was skimming along a darkling street like a foaming rapids of human froth and frivol; everybody at a gallop; life itself a gallop or a waltz; with twilight lending its tenderness to everything. And yet Jebb could not vibrate to the shimmering chords of Viennese music.

He could not flirt with life; he could not flirt with Miruma. The sense of honor that kept him from asking her to be his wife, kept him all the more from any light thought of her trust, her pliant credence in him.

But she made it so much harder for him by her unquestioning, unconcealed devotion. If he could only make her angry, or make her hate him, but his efforts at harshness were so insincere that they simply puzzled her. He was a surgeon, not an actor, and he could not play the part he wrote for himself.

When they reached the hotel it was so late that he had no more than time to make his train, and she less than

time to dress for the opera, which begins at seven in Vienna.

So their good-by was a mere exchange of hearty promises to meet again, and a short hand grip in the crowded hotel corridor. She hurried to her room, he to his train, each taking regret along as a bitter hoard to be counted up later.

He had his dinner on the train steaming south into the embers of the sunset; she would have hers at the elaborate suppers they take in Vienna—after their early-opening, early-closing theatres, at their rarely-closing cafés.

When he reached Budapest and opened his hotel window toward Vienna, at midnight, he thought of her alone and dreaming of him. He could not know that she and Sister Jennie were sitting up and talking, talking, exchanging notes and experiences and estimates of him, rivaling one another in extolling one who saw so little in himself to extol.

Of course, Sister Jennie let slip an allusion to the pathetic affliction of poor Doctor Jebb, thinking Miruma knew of it; and of course Miruma extorted the whole story from her before they parted.

As she crept into her bed, her heart was full of pity for her beloved, wrestling like another Jacob with a ghostly enemy; but her heart rejoiced, too, with a radiant happiness, since now her intuition told her that this, and no other cause or person, was the reason for his asperity with her. And, most of all, her heart was big with that great blissful ache to protect and to mother, without which no passion of woman for man deserves the name of love.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ROSE GARDENER.

Also in Pest there is a Hotel Bristol, and Jebb woke there the next morning to look out across the Danube at the gigantic beauty of old Buda, its high hill crowned by the palace, itself a hill, and by a church built there seven centuries ago. But below him on the Pest side of the river was a little strip

of pleasure ground with umbrella stands like a morning crop of mushrooms.

What Chicago is to New York, Budapest, or rather the Pest part of it, is to its hated rival, Vienna. It has the same mad increase of population, the same zest for the latest thing; its abattoir house is one of its sights; its vast grain trade has sent up wheat steeples; its banging trolleys run everywhere, and it is aligned along a water front, with the Danube in place of Lake Michigan. Only, Chicago endures railroad trains along its profile, and Pest will not permit even carriages to disturb its Ferencz József Rakpart.

Jebb took his breakfast at one of the coffeehouses on the promenade, one of the coffeehouses that have never closed since they first opened.

It gave Jebb untold relief to find English the favorite language of the town, the affectation of the Magyar. He had not finished his breakfast when a man at the next table addressed him in a rather thick dialect and introduced himself as a fellow American, though his name was unpronounceable even when he handed Jebb his card with a legend like a line of pied type.

György Czeklesz.

He asked Jebb to call him "George Checkless" for short and for easy. He explained without being asked that he had been swept into America in one of those tidal waves that nearly depopulated many a Hungarian village; he had become naturalized, had prospered, and returned to his country with Yankee ideas. It was his proud boast that Hungary was out-yanking the Yankees.

After a little desultory conversation, Mr. Checkless rose with a:

"Excoose, please. I got to go and hear de newspaper."

"Hear the newspaper!"

"Sure. Ve got a telephone newspaper. Ain't you heard him? Come listen once."

He led Jebb to a telephonelike affair on the wall, and watched while Jebb listened to a clear voice spilling consonants lavishly:

"You don't understand it? No? Let me listen."

He took Jebb's place, and a startled expression came over him.

"Dere goes anudder bunch of dough for me, Prooklyn Rapid Trensit closed two points off last night in New York."

Everywhere Jebb went the stock ticker seemed to have thrown out its web of tape, and people who knew nothing else of his country knew the market price of "Americans."

But Jebb was not interested in Hungarian news, and he called his fellow countryman from the telephone perusal to answer his own great question:

"If you had lost a child here in Budapest, how would you set about finding her?"

"First I should go by the police office."

This seemed the natural thing to do, and he volunteered to accompany Jebb. But they found there no record of any such lost article as a child.

Jebb had a curiosity to see this Margaret's Island where he and Cynthia had been together. Here also George Checkless took pleasure in acting as Virgil to his Dante. They crossed a heavy Y-shaped bridge to the huge emerald set in the tarnished gold of the Danube.

Here Jebb found a golf links, with gypsy caddies; hysterical gypsy bands; and baths where ladies and gentlemen loaf in the hot sulphur water that boils from some inferno beneath.

He paused to watch the cascade formed of the overflow. The sulphurous flood had turned all the rocks into enormous jewels of ravishing color. From this eye festival he was drawn by the perfumed breeze exhaled from a massive garden and a long hedge of roses, that sweetened the air into a rose wind.

And here, as his nostrils widened over the fragrance, his arm was suddenly clutched by a peasant, evidently a gardener, who bombarded him with a shower of gutturals which he supposed to be peasant Hungarian.

Jebb stared and George Checkless

listened, with equal amazement at the wild-eyed assailant. Jebb knew that foreigners always sound fiercer than they are, but he could not imagine what offense he had given this fellow.

"What's the matter with the old boy?" he asked Checkless. "Does he think I'm going to carry off his garden?"

"I'll ask him vat is loose mit."

Checkless questioned the man, and there was a lively ping-pong of conversation that was worse than Greek to Jebb. At length the interpreter interpreted: "He says how dare you come here."

"Isn't it a public garden?"

"Yes; but he says that you came here a month or so ago and brought a little girl vit you, and then walked off and left her to strangers to protect."

To Checkless' amazement this heinous accusation seemed to fill Jebb with delight. He embraced the earth-smudged gardener and treated him as a long-lost prodigal. In his excitement he piled questions on the man which were as much gibberish to the Hungarian as the gardener's Magyar had been to him.

But the fellow understood the Esperanto of money, and the sight of a gold twenty-crown piece brought his hat from his forehead and his snarl from his lips.

After more parley, Checkless pieced together the man's fragmentary story into this narrative:

"He says, one day in the afternoon, you are come here vit a nice little *gyermek*—child—and he makes notice of her, she is so pretty, and she loves his flowers so. He cannot understand it vat she say, but he loves her because she is so lovink for his roses. But you did look tired and sick, and you sit on a bensch and go like you take a little sleep.

"The little girl she plays all the time and talks vit the gardener. He does not know what lengwitch she speaks it, but they make signs and become grand friends. She helps him trim the rose hedge, and gets vit the thorns sticked, but is very brave and does not make a

cryink. Instead, she makes such a laughink!

"Soon a lady and gentleman is sit on another bensch and watches the little girl, and they call her and she talks by them. But they are not understanding her, either. The man is take her on his lap and lets her listen his watch, and they tell the gardener they weesh God had to them a little child gave like that.

"Long time the child plays here, and then she makes a looking for you. But you are not there. You had gone out of the sight. The little girl is afraid, but she tries not to cry. The lady and gentleman stay a long while to keep her brave, for they say all the time you surely come back.

"But the little girl does not understand. It grows late; the sun is get low and still nobody comes for the little girl. She is hungry and she cries very bitter. They do not know what name she cries, but they think it is somethink like Nunkiday."

"Nunkie Dave!" Jebb echoed, his heart filled with shame and grief.

"They say they do not know what lengwitch such a name is except it is Chinesisch. When the sun is gone out, it grows cold, and the child hungers. The gardener says: 'It is better I take the baby to my home; my old woman gives her to eat and takes care till Herr Nunkiday comes back.'

"But no, the lady and gentlemen say: 'Ve take her to our house, and if

you see the man you tell him we got the child.'

"The gardener says: 'You better tell the police, too?' And they say: Yes, they tell the police; but all the same they like to keep the baby. They say they got more right to have such a sweet child than this Herr Nunkiday who goes out and comes not back. The gardener is not like to let them take the child, but the gentleman gives him some money not to worry. He takes the money, but he cannot help the worry.

"To-day he sees you again, and he has got such a big mad at you he wants to fight it. I tell him you are nice American gentleman, not a Chinese, and I say he is mistaken. Your name is not Nunkiday, but Herr Doctor Yepp. It is curious; you are looking for a child and you look like a man's vat looses a child."

"I am the man," said Jebb. "I was—ill, and I wandered away in a—a sort of delirium. When I came to my senses I was in another country, and I couldn't remember."

Checkless almost swooned at so much history in such essential and concentrated form.

"So! Den all ve got to do it is to find the gentlemen and lady vat keeps the child in storatch, and say: 'Here ve are again.'"

"We must find them at once. What was their name?"

On hearing the question translated, the gardener bade them wait while he



"Ve arr on nord express joost outside russians borders."

went to the tool house and brought from his coat a soiled and wrinkled card bearing this, and this only:

NIKOLAI POGODIN
Machines-à-écrire Flaubert
VARSOVIE ET PARIS

Checkless gleaned from this:

"He is a Roossian name, and he sells French typewriters in Poland."

"I see that," said Jebb. "But this does not tell where he lives in Budapest; ask him."

The gardener turned the card over and put an earthy finger on a penciled address on the back of the card. But it had been blurred till nothing was legible but "Pension—ky Ullöi-ut."

"Who is Ullöi-ut?" said Jebb.

"He is a street, one of the longest streets in Pest."

The gardener could remember nothing more. The number of the house had been there, but it was rubbed off his memory as well as the card. The promise the couple had given of reporting the affair to the police he repeated. But Jebb had already seen the police, and they knew nothing. His blood congealed as he felt himself in the power of kidnappers satisfying their child hunger by a crime.

Checkless was smitten with an idea.

"I got it," he said. "Ve go to the telephone newspaper and tell them they got to tell everybody in Budapest, and maybe sure somebody telephones to the office something about it."

The scheme sounded plausible to Jebb, and they made all speed to the office of the *Telephon Hirmondo*. The vocal advertisement was accepted for its news value without charge, and put upon the wires while they waited.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE Y-SHAPED TRAIL.

The rest of the day Jebb spent in wandering up and down Ullöi Street, studying every house and seeing in each

one a den where Cynthia was incarcerated.

He dined with Checkless at the Hotel Bristol. Checkless also had put in a day of amateur detective work, but without a clue. When they had ordered dinner, he went to telephone to the telephone paper. He came back beaming.

"A man has called up the paper and says he know something. They give him this address and he comes here any minute."

Eventually a hotel servant brought a man who had asked for Jebb at the desk. Jebb asked Checkless to ask the man to sit down and feast. The stranger answered rather petulantly for himself:

"Ain't I got any English? Ain't I gone to New York many times?"

He refused to eat the trash offered him; his motive evidently being professional jealousy, for he announced that he kept a pension on Ullöi-ut.

"You are not Mr. Pogodin, then?"

"Me him? If I was I should put myself in the Donau. He is one dam' reskel, that faller. My name is Laszlo Pataky, proprieting the Pension Pataky, rates reasonable, food sublime."

Mr. Pataky was a man of great excitability. It was constantly necessary to calm him, and restore him to the subject, for every time he came to the name of Pogodin, he frothed with rage. He was chiefly impressed with the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Pogodin had gone away owing him money, and that they had refused to pay for a vase and a pitcher the child had broken. His chief ambition was to aid Mr. Jebb to find the villain and extract from him these damages.

When Jebb offered to pay for the breakages of Cynthia, Mr. Pataky became almost amiable. The gist of a long three-cornered duel with him was that Mr. and Mrs. Pogodin tried to sell French typewriters in vain competition with the American makes. One day the Pogodins came home with a child. They said they had adopted her. They seemed eager that she should not be out of doors, but they explained this

as a fear for her safety in the street, which is full of automobiles, taxicabs, trucks, carriages, and trolleys.

That evening, while Mr. Pataky was at the Folies Caprice, seeing a musical piece, the Pogodins had made haste to pack up their belongings and ship them to the station. Mr. Pataky, being away from home, did not learn which of the stations they went to and from.

In answer to Jebb's frantic demands for a guess as to the probable destination of the couple, Mr. Pataky achieved this masterpiece of cautious decision:

"I am sure you find them in Paris or in Warsaw, if maybe they ain't gone to some other place."

To come to this Y-shaped trail and realize that whichever way he took he would wish he had taken the other, and that every day of delay increased the difficulty and blurred the track, was maddening to Jebb. He gave Pataky the money for Cynthia's little destructions and got rid of him with curt phrases.

The stupid maunderings of Checkless disturbed him even more; but who would not be stupid over the split thread of such a clue? One thing was certain; that Jebb must go to both places at once, and that the road to both lay through Vienna.

The next train was the Orient Express, leaving at one in the morning—the same train he had taken under Ludlam's espionage. He felt that he needed a guardian now more than ever, for his soul was so distracted that it went into panic. He was afraid of life and disgusted with it. He remembered the cynical philosophy that certain Turks sum up in the phrase *Ne-faydé?* What's the use? What's the good of being good, of trying to do good? This became suddenly all the wisdom of the world crammed into a nutshell.

The night life of Pest was in full swing by now. Electricity made a Milky Way of every street.

Suddenly Jebb's heart stopped, for he found himself watching a man empty a glass of the native plum brandy. He found himself smiling at the relish of the smacked lips, found himself almost

envious. For the last weeks he had been more than indifferent to alcohol. He had declined it without effort. But the thimble full of *slivovitz* looked savory. It sent a chill of fear through him.

Why should he resist? Why should he be such a fool as to hope to find this poor child? Why should he make a silly hermit of himself? Why anything? Why everything? *Né-faydé!*

Then he thought of Miruma, his moon, his virgin goddess, his lovely ideal. He felt no longer alone, the sextant of his soul had a purpose, it found him his place on the sea. He had a use, and life had a use.

When he reached Vienna the next morning and went into the breakfast room, she was there. She wore a new gown so beautiful that even he noticed it. Her face was luminous with welcome, but it turned gloomy as she cried:

"You deed not find the Cynthia child. *Aman! Aman!*"

He told the story briefly, hastily; explained his new dilemma. The more he thought it over, the harder the problem seemed. She solved it in one instant:

"Leesten! Do you speak Polish or Russian?"

He shook his head. Then she ran on, eyes flashing with delight over her scheme:

"I am *chérkés*—Circassian born, and I learn some Russian as child, before I am taked to Turkey. Then when I stooody the languages, my teacher says you better learn the Russian, for maybe some day you are wife of Osmanli Pasha who go to Petersburg as ambassador. So I learned several many words—and such words they are!

"But leesten! You shall go to Paris and look, and I shall go to Warsaw. The one who finds the child feerst telegraphs the other. I bet you I gone to find her feerst. What you bet?"

Her early-morning youth upset even Jebb's gravity till he realized all the difficulties in the way. For a Turkish woman, unused to the world, to invade the Russian border seemed rash. But she would hear of nothing else.

By this time the Ludlams met in the breakfast room and came over to their table. The story and the scheme told all over again enraptured Sister Jennie, and even opened the fat eyes of Brother Charles. As a much-traveled woman, Sister Jennie scoffed at the idea of any difficulty in Miruma's way. Had she herself not gone through deserts and jungles, and even Russia? She had friends in Warsaw, too. Polish musicians she had met in Paris and New York, and paid big prices to for entertaining guests. They would be glad to repay her by aiding her friend.

Brother Charles volunteered to get the passport from the American consul in Vienna. An hour later he came back with it boastfully.

"It isn't everybody that could have got this," he said. "I had presence of mind enough to realize that if I said Madame Janghir was a Turkish lady there'd be all sorts of red tape. So I said she was an American."

"Well, she is, by intention," said Sister Jennie.

Miruma blushed and Jebb sighed. When Miruma had received the passports she found herself written down as "Mrs. Mary M. Janghir." What's in a name? It was like calling a rose a cauliflower, but it did not harm the rose.

The Warsaw train left at noon and required seventeen hours for the journey. Jebb's train to Paris took twenty-seven hours, and he was weary of globe trotting.

"I'm so sick of travel," he said, "that I vow I'd rather stay almost any place than go almost any place. If I ever get settled, I'm going to stay put."

He told Miruma that when she reached Warsaw she would better stop at the Hotel Bristol—for luck.

"Is there also a Bristol there?"

"There's a Bristol everywhere."

There was so little time to get Miruma aboard her train and there were so many instructions to give her that leisure was left to talk of nothing else. And Jebb was sadly glad of this; it saved him from the torment of restraining his words of adoration.



He went to the café and had two cocktails, one for himself and one for Jebb.

The parting was a handclasp, a look, and from him:

"Good-by. God keep you!"

And from her the same thought:

"*Khosa, galin. Allah emanét oloun!*"

The Ludlams had decided to go to Paris in the same train with Jebb—a conspiracy hatched by Sister Jennie to console him.

She talked to him chiefly of Miruma, and he found her society excellent. In fact, he almost forgot to smoke. Or when he remembered, Brother Charlie drove him out of the smoking compartment with his eternal stories of narrow escapes from wild animals, if indeed so wide a man could be said to have a narrow escape.

At dinner Brother Charles felt called upon to open wine. Sister Jennie tried to avoid the issue, but she could not suppress him, though she refused to join him. Jebb also refused, but it was less easy than before, and the eternal upward flight of bubbles, like tiny sprites released from a submarine prison, was fascinating to watch.

After dinner Sister Jennie told Charles to go to the smoking compartment and stay there; but she asked Jebb to come back after one cigar. When later he had accomplished his cigar and half of one of Charlie's adventures, he came into the car and sat opposite Sister Jennie. Then she unfolded her plan:

"When I first saw you in Vienna the other day, and thought you were very rich, I told you I wanted more of your help, you remember?" Jebb smiled. "Now that I find you are not an idle millionaire, but a keen and brilliant surgeon—oh, don't lift your hand—it gives you away as a surgeon, and Miruma has told me of your miracles in—wherever it was.

"I spoke to you of my poor brother Wentworth. Before I die, I want to see a memorial of that beautiful soul, cursed, through no fault of his own, by an inheritance from poor ancestors that had Heaven knows what sorrows or failures to drive them to despair. My poor, dear brother was started wrong; he could never hope to be what he ought to have been.

"Starting people right is to me the main thing. If people can only give children a good shove in the right direction we've done about all we can. Heaven knows, there seems to be no controlling them when they grow up. So I thought that a hospital for correcting the malformations and the inherited handicaps of little children would be about as good a memorial for poor Wentworth as I could find.

"And I wanted a large part of its work to be experimental. I want it to keep investigating, finding new methods, pushing into the dark. You understand, don't you?"

"That's about all I do understand in

this world, Miss Ludlam," Jebb exclaimed, with unusual fervor for him. "That's my religion, and the closest I can come to a prayer is an operation. If I had my way, about half the churches would be turned into hospitals. Think of them! Shut up all week, those great, wonderful air spaces—opening only now and then for a man to get up and talk—tell people what they ought to do and tell God what He'd better do—and all the while sick children sleeping in crannies and people dying by the droves of consumption because they can't get air. I hope I don't offend your religious scruples, but I always get excited when people talk of my profession. It is sacred. And as for experimenting—it's the crying need of the world, Miss Ludlam. Surgery is only a few years old; it began with that American dentist who invented anæsthetics; and asepticism is as new as yesterday's paper. We're only at the beginning of the wonders of surgery, Miss Ludlam. If only a man could have a lot more money to spend and all his time to devote to exploring. Talk about discovering America, Miss Ludlam, surgery to-day is where geography was when the Azores were thought to be west. The Christopher Columbus of surgery hasn't sailed yet. Experimental surgery, Miss Ludlam, is the new world; it's unbounded, undreamed of! Why, my God—excuse me!"

He collapsed in full flight, ashamed of his own excitement, but Sister Jennie cried:

"Don't mind me—I'm used to Charlie. I love to hear you swear. It shows you have that frenzy a man needs to be great. You were always so calm I wasn't sure. Now I know. It's just been bottled up. You are the man I need to help me found this memorial. It must be just a little different from those that are already established; it must— But you know so much better than I do what is needed. Won't you please—please—take charge of it all for me?"

Jebb almost fainted at this gift, so great he had never even dreamed of it.

They talked and talked and talked till Brother Charlie came back from the smoking compartment and begged to be allowed to sit down. They talked till he grew drowsy. They talked till he fell asleep, and they talked till the porter informed them that the whole car was complaining.

"That's the way," giggled Sister Jennie, "when anybody tries to save the world, everybody complains that he is being kept awake. Good night. We'll talk it over in the morning."

And when they met next morning at breakfast in the restaurant car, Jebb's eyes were wild with lack of sleep. But it had been the noble insomnia of the night worker, the general who has kept awake perfecting a great campaign.

At breakfast the talk began again. At luncheon they were still at it. Brother Charlie wished himself back among the Servian boars. As a distraction he insisted on opening wine. Jebb declined with a careless shake of the head, and he watched Charlie guzzle without really seeing him. His eyes were full of mirage.

When Paris was reached the Wentworth Ludlam Memorial Hospital and Experimental Station was pretty well talked out, and a good deal of it was mapped out on paper. The cost rather staggered Sister Jennie, but she said:

"I came near starving to death in Vienna from an unlucky speculation. I might as well starve to death and have something to show for my pangs."

When Paris was reached, the first place Jebb sought was the office of the *Machines-à-écrire Flaubert*. The president and his son received him, and recognized the name of Nikolai Pogodin with contrasting feelings. The younger member of the firm laughed, the elder swore.

Mr. Pogodin had been their agent, but his interest in the race tracks of various capitals had mixed up his accounts so that they had regretfully erased him from their rolls. They had written him that if he came to Paris they would cheerfully prosecute him. As for Warsaw, their lawyer was looking up the legal difficulties.

Mr. Jebb explained the situation, omitting all of it that he could. The Flauberts, father and son, both assured him with their best compliments that he might as well give up the child for lost. It was a strange whim that Pogodin should carry off a child, but then he loved other people's treasures. He had a tender heart, as thieves often do, but he was lazy when it came to earning his own property.

This was a pretty reward for a journey to Paris, and Jebb regretted that he had not taken the other branch of the Y-shaped trail. But then he had felt that whichever road he took, he would wish he had taken the other. Sure that poor Miruma had gone on an equally bootless pilgrimage, he sent her a telegram, telling her all of the nothing he had found out.

As he emerged from the telegraph office he collided with a man so plump that at first he thought him to be Brother Charlie. He and the other party to the crash fell back and murmured in chorus:

"Pardonnez moi, monsieur."

They both gaped and stood like figures of amazement.

The fat man was the first to move. He showed signs of retreating or swooning. Jebb was the first to speak: "Billy Gaines! God bless you—how are you?"

"Are you a ghost, or have I gone dippy?"

"What's the matter?"

"Aren't you dead? Weren't you drowned? Weren't you in one of those lifeboats that never came to life after your ship collided with the other ship?"

"I haven't been on any lifeboat."

A café was close at hand, as usual, with chairs far out on the sidewalk. So they dropped into them, and Gaines preluded:

"What'll you have— Oh, excuse me, I forgot."

"Have what you want—coffee for me."

When the garçon had vanished with the order, Jebb began his many-times-told tale all over again. He had brought

himself only so far as Vienna when Gaines said, almost resentfully:

"And to think of the beautiful obituary I wrote of you! I missed the boat, you know, and took the next one. Never knew of the collision till the wireless told us just off Nantucket. You were among the missing, you and the poor little child. I wrote an article about you, gave out interviews. Lord, I cried like a baby over them. I cried so hard I was proud to think I could like a friend as well as I liked you. The Catacombs fellows put up a little tablet for you, and now, you blamed old fraud, you've fooled us, after all."

"I apologize humbly," said Jebb. "I would go and commit suicide to square things, but I've got a big job on hand."

Then he told of his experimental hospital with a fire of enthusiasm he had not known since youth.

Gaines' thoughts were on his obituary, the one piece of real literature he had ever got into print. He found one consolation:

"It will be great news for Mrs. Thatcher. Poor little soul, I did my best for her, but it was a frightful double, triple shock. She was brave enough to pull through, though, but I doubt if she'll stand the shock of joy when she gets the little kid back in her lap again. How is Miss Thinty Sashel, anyhow! And where is she?"

"God knows," said Jebb, plummeting from the clouds again. And then he must tell of Miruma's visit to Warsaw.

Gaines was a Job's comforter now. He argued that it was most improbable that Miruma should ever find the child, or, finding her, should be able to persuade Pogodin to give her up. He would probably skip with the baby to other parts unknown.

"Or supposing—just supposing she does get the child, how's she going to get out of Poland with her? It's hard enough to get into Russia, but it's the devil's own job getting out. That passport was made out for Mrs. Janghir, you say; when she gets to the frontier, they'll say: 'Where's the passport for the child?' She'll be held up, treated

like a revolutionist, and—well, you can imagine what it is to get mixed up with the Russian police. And, of course, they'll find out right away that she isn't an American and never was in this country. And suppose——"

"Don't suppose any more," groaned Jebb. "I give up."

"The best thing you can do," said Gaines, "is to take the next express to Warsaw. You may save the girl from Siberia, if you hurry."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE NORD EXPRESS.

If Jebb had strength to wish for anything then it was that he might be left alone in his despair. Better an arctic night of uninterrupted gloom and ice than these flashes of cheating hope, these short zephyrs of summer and rifts of blue sky, serving merely to show how bitter winter could be.

He went back to his hotel to tell Sister Jennie that he resigned his stewardship in her great project. He must set out on a dismal journey to Poland. But even Sister Jennie was not in her room. She was shopping in the Rue de la Paix. He went to his own room and was dismally flinging his things into his suit case, when a telegram was brought to his door. The combination of Miruma's English and some foreign operator's spelling was cloudy. He was puzzled first by the fact that it was sent from the town of Thorn, which Jebb knew to be in Germany, not in Poland.

All sorts of conjectures flashed across his mind before he found strength to read the telegram.

Ve arr on nord express joost outside rus-sians borders ve arrival in paris day after two morrow cynta is good and sens loaf to nunkerdav.

MIRUMA.

Through this fog of misspelled words a blast of sunlight came that almost smote Jebb Saul-wise to the floor.

He sought Big Billy Gaines and pursued him all over Paris before he found him, and crushed him with the telegram. Billy Gaines was properly humbled, but still so overjoyed that, excus-

ing himself on the ground of having to telephone to a friend, he went to the café and had two cocktails, one for himself and one for Jebb. He did not want to tempt his friend, but he felt that some libation was due to the relenting gods.

Jebb had to live out the day and a half between him and Miruma's return. Sister Jennie, when she finally came back, did her best to distract him from the rapturous tedium. The great hospital hardly served as a topic just now. That was for more sober moods.

He spent a large portion of the time writing and rewriting a cablegram to Mrs. Thatcher. This was not easy, for he must inform her that her child was alive and well and on the way home, that her husband's good name was rescued and documented, and that the poor faithful soul had left an invention which a prominent manufacturer—Charles Ludlam—had inspected and would place on the market for her on a royalty basis with a guarantee of a good income for life.

The object was to say all this without being unintelligibly brief or choking the cable with words—to say nothing of bankrupting the sender; and to say it all in such a way that the poor woman would not expire under the avalanche of good news.

It was finally agreed to send the cablegram in installments; first a brief one that perhaps Cynthia had not perished in the lifeboat; second, that she



Cynthia was asleep—or at least they thought she was asleep.

was found and was well; third, that she was on the way to America and her mother.

Sister Jennie thought that this was enough for the distracted soul to get by wire. She had made up her mind that she herself should deliver the rest of the good news and take the child on the steamer with her.

She foresaw the torture Jebb would undergo in facing the mother—and the newspapers—and telling over again the series of adventures he had gone through and so hated to recount. Whatever sin he had committed was in spite of himself, and he had expiated it in the deeps of purgatorial remorse.

She told Jebb her solemn decision with a light offhand flippancy and a pretense at a selfish desire to have all the fun of the meeting of mother and child to herself. She did not deceive Jebb, and he greeted the smiling pertness of the white-haired girl with a look of adoring homage.

Then he took her cheeks in his palms, and said:

"I always think of you as Sister Jennie. I wish I could call you that."

Tears washed the smiles out of her eyes as she cried:

"Oh, please—please call me that!"

"I've never had a sister," he said, "till now."

Then he kissed her. And she kissed him. Then she turned very red, and said:

"What would Miruma say if she caught us?"

"Miruma!" he sighed. "I have never kissed her—and never shall."

"Bosh!" was the irrelevant answer.

But he told her of his deep resolve to immolate himself rather than Miruma, and he was so earnest that she had nothing to answer him with. Womanlike, she thought nothing so beautiful as a sacrifice.

But seeing how he suffered the delay she suggested his taking a train to—say, Cologne, to meet and surprise the returning prodigals. This delighted him, and offered him occupation.

"You run along, then, and Charlie and I will go to Ostend. We cross there to take a steamer from England. You can bring Cynthia to us at Ostend, and we'll leave you two on the shore to fight out your own battles."

And so it was agreed. When Jebb reached Cologne, he realized that it was the birthplace of Vanderbilt Pierpont, who had lived only three weeks, but had accomplished much; for his memory Jebb felt a mixture of execration and infinite gratitude. When the Nord Express pulled in at the station, Jebb ran through the cars, searching.

Cynthia, dawdling in the corridor as before, saw him first, and set up a shriek that brought all the passengers from their compartments, as once be-

fore. She flung herself upon Jebb like a huge pink tarantula, and his greeting to Miruma was through a cloud of Cynthia's curls. She made such a noise that Jebb and Miruma had no idea of what either said to the other.

The child's first distinguishable speech was:

"Oh, Nunkie Dave, you never told me what Thinbad had in the thoot cathe he bringed his little daughter Bridthet."

And before anything else could be told Jebb had to answer that question. He ransacked his excited brain and produced a catalogue of gifts that would have foundered the reindeers of Santa Claus himself.

And after this Cynthia must tell her own adventures with the Pogodins, and she must show off the Russian she had learned, and the Polish words, and what a nice woman Madame Pogodin was—though not half so nice as Aunt Miruma.

In fact there was no silencing the child till fatigue put her to sleep—or at least they supposed she was asleep.

At the first moment Jebb made haste to whisper to Miruma:

"And now tell me how you managed to find her, you wonderful, angelic —" He stopped short on the brink of a plunge.

"Oh, eet ees such a long story. They were not hard to find, the Pogodins, but they refuse to geeve up the baby. They say she is their own, and they deefy me to proof she is somebody's who is in America. So I go away much afraided. But I come back and wait in the street. Cynthia comes out after long time and I—stealed her from the stealers. Oh, how I runs to the train."

"But your passport—how did you get out of Russia?"

"At the border they maked me many troubles, but the inspector he is very nice man and I—well, I deed not make a flirt vit him, but—"

Jebb was scarlet with agony at the thought. "Miruma! Miruma!" he gasped.

And then she spread her arms in rapture, murmuring:

"*Elhamdulillah!* You are jealous! I am so glad! I deed just say that. The man ees a brute; it was my money, not the smile or the flirt, that makes him forget the child is not on the passport."

From the depths of his soul Jebb sighed with relief. His saint was still his saint.

It seemed impossible to keep his love a secret any longer. He had no right to deny her that tribute. It was her privilege to know that he loved her enough to relinquish her for her own sake.

And then with much hesitation, his mouth full of the ashes of confession, he began to tell her of his other self. She saw the sweat on his brow and the nausea on his lips, and she put her hand on his.

"Do not tell it me. It hoots you, and I knowed it all these many days. Seester Jennie tells it, and it makes me such joy to theenk that you have been shrinking from me not because you did hated me, but because you did loved me all these long time."

He shook the grievous load of this confession from his shoulders with a vast relief; then he added, as he held her hand in his caressing hands:

"Then you understand why I kept silent?"

"Yes."

"And why I can never ask you to be my—my wife?"

"No."

Then he started to tell her that, but this, too, she spared him.

"Leesten, Jebb Effendim, you theenk you have another self that you cannot

keel. I theenk you can, weet the help of Allah and weet my love to make you a home. But eef you deed not keel that Meester Pierpont, still when you are that man I could keep you close, take care of you, save you from to run all over the world, and perhaps some day to be made dead in some terrible place. If I should be your wife—such a beautiful word that word!—I should guard you, and when the long seeckness was over, you should wake back to yourself in my arms always, in your own home—such another beautiful word is 'home'! Then soon, I know, I know Allah would answer such prayer from two such lovers, and soon the other self comes less and less often, and stays less and less long. That could be, couldn't eet?"

"Yes, it could be—it would be, if—but I love you too much to let you endure it."

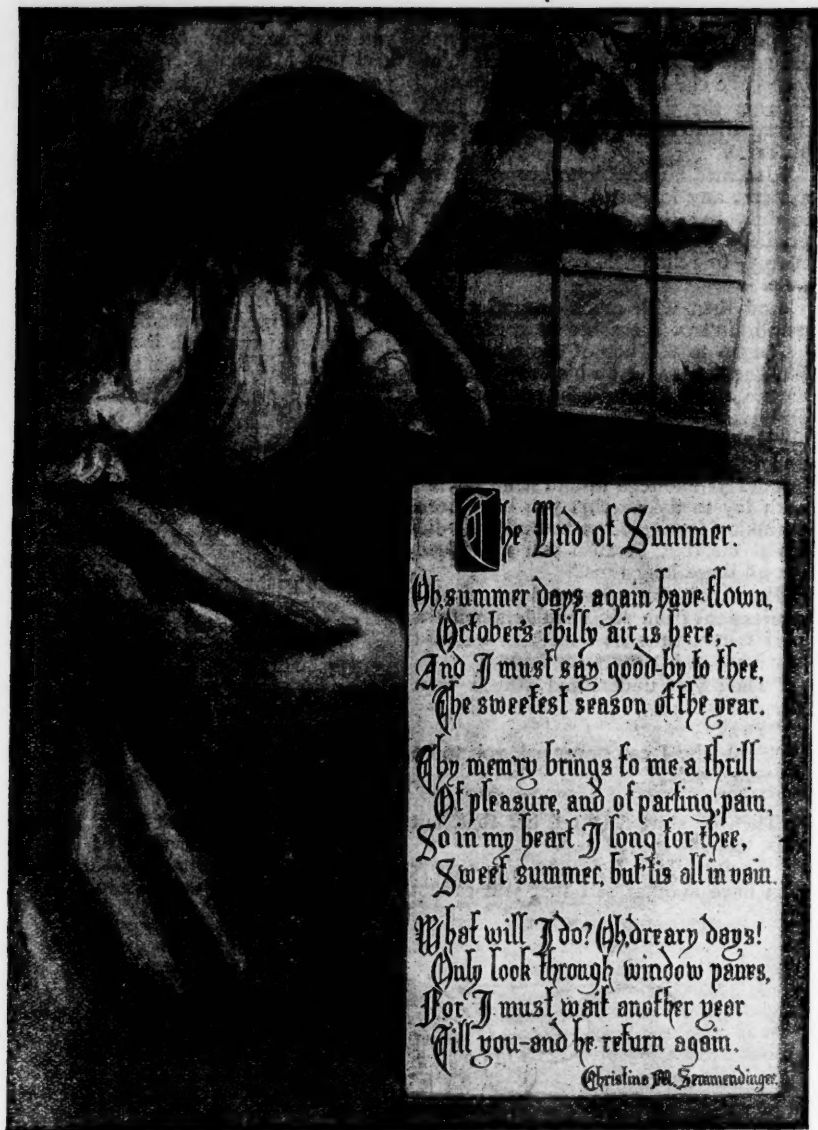
"Hush, Jebb Effendim. What was I when you finded me? The second wife of Fehmi Pasha, only a gift-wife from the padisha, who did not needed me, to a pasha, who did not needed me. I theenk you want me for wife—yes?"

Jebb only cast his eyes up in despair of words to express this desire.

"Then—if thees time instead of to be given by somebody to somebody, I give myself for a gift—then—then—oh, should the gift be refused—should you ruin my life forever—should you—oh, should you make me do all of the proposing?"

Those compartment cars are very cozy for settling disputes of this sort. And Cynthia was asleep—or at least they thought she was asleep.





The End of Summer.

Oh summer days again have flown,
October's chilly air is here,
And I must say good-by to thee,
The sweetest season of the year.

Thy memory brings to me a thrill
Of pleasure and of parting pain,
So in my heart I long for thee,
Sweet summer, but 'tis all in vain.

What will I do? (Oh dreary days!
Only look through window panes,
For I must wait another year
Till you-and he return again.

Christina M. Semmendinger.

All in the Game

By C. Harter

ILLUSTRATED BY R. EMMETT OWEN



THE wonderful deck of cards proved to be just what the dove-eyed gambler had claimed. By nine o'clock he and wicked-looking little Genung had about all the money the two tenderfoots had brought into the game. But the gambler observed that the two were suspicious of his confederate, so he drew the play out until the money lay on his own side of the table.

The tenderfoots were just that far advanced in poker that they understood the situation exactly. Of Genung they had been doubtful from the first, but the pale, dove-eyed boy across the table, with the curly, yellow hair, and the ridiculously beautiful girl's lips—they recognized in him the unmistakable novice. He had laughed all through the evening, had been ecstatic at every win. He was so nice, so clean-mouthed—never a swear-word—and he shuffled the cards up off the table like women at a euchre party. When the play stopped, therefore, and the phenomenally lucky "kid" had everything, they admitted that a beginner stands ace high with the card gods, and went, not disconsolately, out of the room.

Genung stayed. He was in a very misery of silent exultation. "Seventy-five apiece, and dose gazabes tot you was just learnin'."

The sweet-lipped gambler laughed wearily, and made a quick division of the money. When he stood up out of his chair, the effort started a cough which revealed his condition.

"Isn't it a shame you're sick?" said the confederate. "Say, you play de prettiest game dat ever slid over a table."

His purpose, which was now so nearly achieved, showed radiantly in the gambler's eyes, and it was with unconcealed reluctance that he tossed to his partner the deck of cards that had been so instrumental in securing the necessary money.

"Take 'em," he said. "And be very careful with 'em."

"Ain't you never goin' to play cards again?"

"You can count me out," said the boy lightly. "The game I'm going in for now isn't played with cards."

Genung choked. He shoved seventy-five dollars back on the table.

"It's yourn. You're sick. You need it."

"Not me. The county's going to see me all the way through."

"De county!" steel-point sharpness glinting in his narrowed eyes. "What ta hell are youse playin' for—to-day—if de money ain't no good ta ye?"

"To-day?" He met very easily, very genially, the harsh interrogation of Genung's gaze, and took his time to make a careful answer:

"I needed this seventy-five to stake me to the next game."

"Didn't you just say you was trew playin'?"

"Cards—yes."



"Why didn't you tell me you were sick?" Her voice was tear-choked.

"Cheese de riddles, boy. I'm not de puzzle editor of a magazine. Are you, or are you not, on de square, quittin' de card game?"

"I am."

That the yellow-haired youngster, with the cherubim face, who was so peerlessly equipped for the play, was now voluntarily about to forego it, seemed no less than an abnormality in the eyes of the confederate.

"Boy, you're throwin' away a for-

tune. When de rest of 'em sees de way you play, dey all wants to go back to muggins. When de suckers looks at you, dey tinks you just stopped in on de way to de Y. M. C. A." He became less protestful, and scrutinized the gambler's face. "You don't look so bad, kid. A guy from dat sanatorium tried to tell me de oder day dat you was about all cooked."

The gambler stood with one hand on the door.

"I know the best I hold up's a pair of treys," he said, and smiled a very perfect smile, "but, you know—there's always—the draw."

At which speech the small eyes of Genung filmed mistily, with admiration rather than sympathy.

"Leave it to you, kid, leave it to you. If dey's aces in de pack, you'll pluck 'em out."

When the gambler left the cardroom, he mumbled something to the effect that all the aces were up God's sleeve, but he was not in the least resentful. The feeling of the money in his pocket flushed his enthusiasm, as he walked back through the saloon, and he went out onto the street, all aflame with the inspiration of the Purpose. Perhaps the facts do not justify a capital letter, but that is the way he would have spelled it.

The Purpose had come with that very morning. As he went past the door of the laboratory out at the sanatorium, he had by chance overheard the assistant say to the doctor that he thought the "Catron boy would last about three months more." Whereupon he, the "Catron boy," had gone out on the big porch, had sat in his chair, and thought. As life had demanded sheer nerve, much more than thinking, of him in the past, he had found some difficulty in considering a few abstract things which seemed to demand his attention. At times he had not been so certain just what he was trying to work out, and once, in fact, he had given it up entirely. His eyes had closed, and his mind had made a rudderless passage back into the sunlit region of his childhood. Somewhere there he had found it. It had come to him unsolicited, had leaped into the white centre of his consciousness, and had been so wonderful, so satisfying, that tears had squeezed out between his shut eye-lids, which bore no reference to the fact that he had only three months left in which to play cards.

It was in furtherance of the Purpose that he had come to Danvers that afternoon, the wonderful deck of cards in his pocket, had met with Genung and

framed up the game. He laughed another weary laugh, as he came out of the saloon, to think how perfectly his little coup had gone through, until now all that remained was the writing of the letter.

The night was tintured with the fragrance of the year's new growth. The gambler undertook to fix his eyes on the stars and his mind on the Purpose, but he found that he was very young, and that every draft of air was a love philter which life had mixed. Once at the hotel, however, he went directly to his room to do what he had dreamed of. As he sat down to the writing, he felt no particular relief that his enterprise was so soon to be concluded, for the uncertainty of life was its savor, and, from now on, there seemed to be nothing at all which he could not predict. When the train from the south gave a throaty shriek down the lake shore, he was reminded that his letter might well go on the returning mail at ten o'clock. It thrilled him to think that in three-quarters of an hour the Purpose would thus be satisfied.

DEAR FATHER CARRINGTON: I inclose an express order for seventy-five dollars.

If the amount were only larger! A thousand dollars would give him some certainty. "Certainty"—the lovely curves in his girl's mouth bent into a grimace at the word, as at a bitter taste. Seventy-five dollars would give him a chance, a chance. And, indeed, were they so sure that the next world had but two compartments?

He continued:

I want this sum to go into the fund for the new church. Since the folks died and I have been gone from home, I suppose I have not always done just as you would like. But I have played the game for all it is worth, and I shall be back with you in about three months, and you will see that I go right then, won't you, father?

Devotedly.

HARRY CATRON.

When he addressed the letter, his soul was inundated, as it had been in the morning, with a surge of joy and peace and something else, indescribable, but very close to faith, which

moved upon him, tide-like, out of the region of his childhood, and overwhelmed him, and left him very happy. During most of the day, his vision had been abruptly impeded by a black, featureless wall, which reared itself some three months ahead. Now, this barrier shrank until he overlooked it like a sand dune, and his horizon slid away indefinitely over an ocean which lay, azure, sun-glazed, and infinitely quiet.

Tenderly he recounted the money. Buoyantly he started for the express office. But a bell boy was at his very door, when he opened it, to tell him of a lady waiting in the parlor to see him.

The gambler reviewed his very brief list of ladies, and could not think why any one of them should be away up here at Danvers. He was without nerves, however, and went unexcitedly into the parlor.

The "lady" was little Marjy. It was not because she was a child that the gambler called her that, but merely because she was personally small, and he loved her. In the biggest of several big chairs she sat, a great doll of a girl in brown velvet. She had lots of splendid dark hair, and tremendous brown eyes, in one of which she had thrust a wet ball of a handkerchief. She stood up when he came in, and was all of five feet high.

The gambler looked the sternest look his young face could muster, which did not in the least intimidate the lady, for she marched straight over to him, stood far up on her tiptoes, and kissed him.

"Why didn't you tell me you were sick?" Her voice was tear-choked.

"I'm not," he answered curtly. "How did you find me here?"

"You are sick, and I was going out to the sanatorium, only I saw your name on the register."

Perhaps if the gambler had been blindfolded, he might have maintained his severity. But, as it was, with her standing not more than eight inches from where he stood, it seemed rather extravagant to make the effort.

"Did you come here alone?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Who told you you could come?"

"Nobody knows anything about it." For the moment she was diverted, and a little breathless with a sense of her truancy.

"You look like a small boy caught playing hooky. Just what have you done? Have you run away from home to come up here and see me?"

She nodded, being speechless. Her big gaze rose slowly from the floor, until it locked with his. He wanted to hug her. But all that day had been in the service of purpose, not impulse, so he didn't. They sat down.

"Have you been sick ever since you stopped writing to me?" she asked.

He had a way of telling little lies, just as he had a way of cheating at cards—always with a smile, and never in the world had any one been able to look into those priest's gray eyes of his and challenge him. So now he reached over and took both her hands ever so gently, and said:

"Marjorie, did you never get the two letters I wrote you about a month ago?"

Marjorie certainly had not received them.

"And they explained everything," he said, with a great sigh. "How I had been working so hard, and got run down, and had to go to the sanatorium. I have a bad cold now, which makes me cough. But"—he turned on her accusingly, and drove suspicion her way—"you did get my letters, now didn't you, little maid? Otherwise, how did you know I was up here?"

"Clare Haley, who is out at the sanatorium with you, wrote that you were very ill."

"Do I look it?" A question both relevant and irrelevant.

"No," she conceded.

"Well, then."

He leaned back in his chair, feeling secure, but flushed, hot, and inconceivably tired. Thus far he had been unacquainted with self-pity. But now, when he looked up, and his flaccid sense sank deep into the fathomless depths of the girl's two eyes, and found there but a single meaning, the self-pity rose and threatened him. Perhaps it was adven-



"You are about to be sent home, little Marjy," he began.

titious that his hand, slipping into his coat pocket, came upon an envelope and a roll of bills. He told her that he must go to the depot, and she went with him.

The main street, which led a half mile straight to the depot and the lake shore, was cluttered with lumberjacks. A winter's wage burned the pockets of these men, and the fire of spring scorched their blood, and in sheer joy they moved from one saloon to another, and drank uncounted drinks. The lights behind the saloon windows made red and gold flame of the foaming goblets painted on the glass; and doors, swinging open and shut, let forth upon the night blocks of composite and entangled sound: the ringing of glasses, the thick talk, and pool balls clicking, and laughter, and occasionally the un-

sure notes of one who had broken forth into song.

"I have been working very hard," he said wearily.

Her hand slid easily into his, so that the fingers interlaced, and she walked very close to him.

"Selling land?"

"Selling land."

"Making lots of money?"

"All kinds of it."

A noise of scuffling in some building, a half block down the street, swelled tremendously, until several men burst through an open door, and one, a small, wicked-looking fellow, was shoved, thrown, kicked across the sidewalk. A deck of cards, hurled after him, broke wildly apart, and fluttered much like feathers, to the street. "Card cheat"

went hastily through the air; very shortly every one hurried back into the saloon—every one except the ejected; he was quite drunk. Down on hands and knees, he endeavored to reassemble the wide-scattered cards, and his tears dripped fast onto the sidewalk.

The gambler looked reluctantly at the wonderful deck of cards so hopelessly spread about, and pityingly at the befuddled Genung, who never raised his eyes as they passed.

"If de kid had only stayed wid me," sobbed Genung, and the small girl, quivering, walked yet closer to her companion, and spoke timorously:

"Harry, did you know there was another Harry Catron—very same name—in Denver?"

"Is there?"

"I heard about him last summer when I was there. Just think, he's a gambler!"

"Fancy that," he said languidly.

As she walked along beside him, her head bent forward, it seemed to him, as it had often seemed before, that she was for all the world like a little bear. It was a curious suggestion, and one he himself could never understand, for bears are wont to be clumsy, shaggy, and unkempt; bears also, little bears—to look at them—are soft, cuddly, dependent creatures, and perhaps this had something to do with it.

"Harry," she began, in a sly little way she had, "you are grown up now, aren't you?"

"Hmm?" dreamily.

"You are a—a man now, aren't you?"

"I shave, Marjy, if you mean that."

"I mean—just a little promise you made," she said wistfully.

He tried to think.

"Have you forgotten?" Sudden wet glistened in her shadowed, upturned eyes.

"I mean this." She took from her belt a very small, toy, nickeled watch. On the end of its chain was a tiny silver cross she had tied there. The watch, a "grab-bag" prize he had given her, dated far back into their childhood. It

was a memento of the first covenant between them.

"What were you going to do when you got to be a man?"

"Love you, Marjy," he said very slowly, "and build a candy store."

His eyes were curiously fascinated by the little cross, as it glinted to and fro on the end of the chain. But he forced himself to look another way, and smiled. It was part of his training to be able to smile—always.

"Perhaps we had better not build the candy store, after all, Marjy," he said. "At the time, it was my idea that we could eat licorice and candy hearts all day long, and be happy."

"Couldn't we?" she asked. "We could build it a long way off, where nobody would ever come. We could shut the front part up, and have a garden in back, and a high board fence, and one big tree with a bench under it. Oh, I build it every day! I have built it a thousand different ways. But this is the best way: a garden, a high board fence, a tree with a bench under it, and you and I, and a bag of candy hearts."

In the dark, her eyes were as good as taken from him. But the hand he held was a register of the maid's passing life, by little impulsive tightenings, by the pressure of small fingers, by the quick hard pulse against his wrist, and the way the palm warmed, then burned on his—by all these, if he did not already know it, he was shown, as if it lay bare before him, the heart of her. Inside, she must be all flame, flame which had kindled and grown white on his account, and which, he knew, never would burn down until—until he himself—

She looked up at him, smiling now, and whispered, with a slow, rising inflection:

"Harry, do let's build the candy store."

She still carried the watch in her hand. His eye was once more caught by the cross swinging below it, and he said what he said inadvertently.

"I had something else in mind."

"Something else?"

"A church."



"It is because you are very small, Marjy, and have brown eyes."

"A church!"

They stood on the depot platform, almost before the express office. He made an involuntary movement toward the door. But a vague, senseless question, born of the numbness in his heart, had formed on his lips, and he stayed to ask it.

"In case I had been very sick as you supposed, Marjy, did you think of anything you could do?"

"Just one thing," she said very meek-

ly, her fingers closing tight on his. "But I have done that already. Don't you—don't you feel better?"

What a lame, limp sport he was, he accused himself. The kiss still tingled in his blood, but the snap and rebound were gone out of him, and not even kisses could bring them back. Very plainly he understood that she must be sent home before his bluff weakened and collapsed.

The small girl at his side breathed a

little sigh, and looked pitifully self-reproachful.

"Perhaps I never should have come."

He turned to the express office again, and again he stopped. For self-pity had gripped him terribly, and in his boy's instinctive revulsion from it he had clutched at a black prompting to—what? Retaliate?

"You did right to come," he said in a manner ridiculously stern and manly. "You are my Marjorie."

But was she?

They strolled to the other side of the depot, the deserted side, which looked forth on the black, star-mirror lake.

Was she his?

By way of answer he gathered to him her slender person.

Two years before, long after their childhood together, he had played for Marjorie, as for a splendid prize, against several other players, and he had beaten them. At the time, he thought he had won. But some one else had sat in the game, with a new deck of cards, and with brand-new tricks, and now he, the gambler, who had "slipped it over" on hundreds of others, was himself being cheated of the stakes. The lovely prize was sobbing in his arms, but the last deal had been dealt, and the unseen opponent was calling for a show-down. He remembered how he had despised the men he had fleeced, who whimpered when they were stuck, and he resolved, now that he had to lose, to lose gamely.

But gameness did not exclude retaliation.

And Marjorie must go.

"You are about to be sent home, little Marjy," he began, cherishing her. "For I must go back to the sanatorium."

No reply.

"Are you going like a little man?" he asked, with a very specious gayety.

She breathed her acquiescence.

"Then your train leaves in ten minutes." He released her, and smiled, but the inside of him was pitch black.

He must go up street, he said, and she

must wait there at the depot. The train had already whistled for Danvers, when he returned, carrying her valise. Somehow he was very radiant. But before he could find words, she was at him with an anxious question:

"How long will you have to stay at the sanatorium?"

"Three months, perhaps."

"Then you are coming home?"

The query might have been too much for him, had it not been anticipated. As it was, he reached in his pocket, and drew forth a very beautiful bracelet, and smiled his perfect smile.

"See the plaything I have brought for you, Marjy."

All the grace and the essential sweetness of his youth, which not even gambling with "cold" decks could destroy, rose and glowed in him, as he slid the band easily over her wrist.

The expression of her delight was lost in the noise of the train's arrival. As they went across the platform, the best she could think of was a rather immaterial question:

"Why do you give this to me?"

"It is because you are very small, Marjy, and have brown eyes, and because you are so nice to kiss."

She was standing on the back car platform, waiting the train's departure.

"But why," she asked curiously, "why did you say you were going to build a church?"

Unconsciously he pulled from his pocket an unsealed letter, addressed to Father Carrington, and slowly tore it in two.

He looked very engagingly up at her.

"Because all of a sudden I became very good, little Marjy, or perhaps—I was afraid." He laughed, and threw a kiss to her. "But it was only for a little while."

As it was too dark to read the address on the letter, so it was very much too dark to read the mark on a tiny tag, a jeweler's tag, which had caught on one corner of the envelope. But the mark was \$75.00.



Before Your Mirror



HOW TO CULTIVATE A GOOD COMPLEXION

By Dr. Lillian Whitney

BEAUTY is a subject that has occupied the attention of great men of all ages—thus, Aristotle used to say that personal beauty is a better introduction than any letter; some say it was Diogenes who gave this description of it, while Aristotle called beauty: "The gift of God." However that may be, the fact remains that every woman longs to be beautiful, some for self-gratification, others through vanity, and many because they realize, as the ancient philosopher did, that it is a "better introduction than any letter."

We are all willing to concede that a good skin is the first essential toward attaining this end, for whatever other points of beauty we may possess, a discolored or eruptive skin mars it all; then, too, the social and commercial advantages of a good complexion cannot be overestimated; women, especially, appreciate this and endlessly ask: "How can I secure a good complexion?" In almost every instance—unless reduced by the ravages of disease—a wonderful change for the better can be produced with time, care, and thought.

Local treatment is by no means the first step to be taken in the improvement of the skin; yet hundreds, yes, thousands of us, are devotees to the va-

rious beauty cults of the day; and the impedimenta in the way of local balms, salves, and what not stacked up upon the dressing tables of our friends are simply appalling; and when we weary of using the thousand and one things recommended for the purpose, we join the procession that seeks to beautify itself at the hands of professional complexion culturists, the benefit of which, at its best, is only temporary.

It seems needless to say, in this age of hygiene and sanitation, that the foundation of a good skin is good health, for a healthy skin is a beautiful skin, no matter what its texture. Some skins are inherently fine, others grow coarse through abuse; by that I mean neglect of the digestive tract and the use of poor cosmetics. Either one is sufficiently harmful, but the combination is fatal.

The complexion is unquestionably an index to the state of one's health, but more particularly that of the digestion, and, I may safely add, of the nervous system. Women with fretful, peevish, irritable "nerves" suffer, as a rule, with impoverishment of the blood, that manifests itself in a poor condition of the skin generally; whereas composure of spirit conduces to placidity of mien, a free circulation of blood, and a consequent well-nourished skin.

It goes without saying that we cannot have good blood unless we thoroughly digest and assimilate our food, and one of the greatest aids to digestion is so simple a thing as a pint of hot water taken on an empty stomach, preferably upon arising, and, at least, a half hour before the first meal. The insipidity of hot water is sometimes distasteful, in which case a dash of salt or a tablespoonful of lemon juice—which ever one prefers—not only makes it more palatable, but also more beneficial, since each is in itself a splendid cosmetic.

Hot water taken this way subjects the stomach to a Turkish bath, as it were; it is thoroughly flushed out and stimulated for the work it is to perform; the entire intestinal tract feels the impetus thus imparted, with the result that the blood is clarified and speeds on its way to nourish the surface of the body.

In our desire for a good complexion we do not stop to think that the skin is a wonderful organ, and that one of its functions is the elimination of waste matter. The skin, therefore, cannot be in good condition if it is hampered in its work, as, for instance, when the pores are clogged up with effete material from within, and with dust, grime, and perhaps injurious toilet preparations from without.

To be healthy, therefore, the skin must be subjected to a daily cleansing, but more especially is this true of the face, the skin of which is supplied with a great many oil and sweat glands, the clogging up of which gives rise to such unsightly facial blemishes as pimples, blackheads, acne, and the like.

How to properly cleanse the face is an important question, for here it may truly be said that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. Every skin is a law unto itself, and must be carefully studied and dealt with until just the proper line of individual treatment is found; too much experimentation won't do, either. I have known many complexions to be permanently injured with this sort of thing; however, hot water and a pure soap, or a

pure cleansing cream, will do no harm to the most delicate skin. Soap emulsifies grease, more or less of which is eliminated by the skin on every face, and it is this grease or oil, in combination with dust, dirt, and bacteria, that creates so much havoc with the complexion.

Soap has, therefore, great solvent properties, but every skin cannot stand the use of soap, only because care is not exercised in the selection of a pure make—one free from alkali; the blandest soaps are unscented and made from pure vegetable matter.

Another reason why soap injures some skins is because the face is not thoroughly rinsed after using it. Every laundress knows that unless a garment is well rinsed after washing, it is apt to become scorched when ironing over parts that still remain "soapy." The skin of the face is as delicate as the finest fabric; when soap is allowed to dry into it, the effect of the sun's rays, of the air, or the chemical reaction with toilet preparations, is likely to produce unpleasant results, if nothing more than to make it darker in hue.

Once in twenty-four hours, at least, the face should be subjected to a cleansing process. The best time for this, especially for women who are engaged in business and who usually hurry through their morning toilet, is upon retiring, because the pores are more active during sleep, because any treatment instituted has a better opportunity for its accomplishment during the quiet hours of the night, and because one is not immediately exposed to the elements.

I object to the use of sponges and face cloths; they cause no end of complexion troubles, for the simple reason that they are seldom if ever clean after the first using. Sanitary face cloths are being put up in great quantities, and are to be thrown away after each using; but better than all else, as a face cleanser, are the hands, especially the finger tips. After filling your basin with fairly hot water, lather the hands in it with the soap of your selection, and apply this

well over the face, ears, and neck; rub it well into the skin with the finger tips, using a rotary movement; you will thus be giving yourself a gentle massage at the same time; repeat this over and over again, until no doubt remains that every pore has been freed from dust and grime; then rinse well in several clear, warm waters, letting the final one be quite cold and add to it a dash of tincture of benzoin; this acts as an astringent, while softening and whitening the skin, too.

There are some skins that, despite every precaution, cannot tolerate soap; in cases of this kind—or in any others, for that matter—oatmeal, almond meal, and pistachio meal, applied to the face in a manner similar to that mentioned, will be found highly beneficial. These meals are extremely cleansing, and at the same time they whiten and nourish the skin.

Where the continual use of soap is undesirable, and meal is also found "wanting," a good cleansing cream must be resorted to. In any event, I advocate the use of a cleansing cream between times—that is, during the course of twenty-four hours—as the nightly facial bath will not carry us through without additional attention.

A good cleansing cream consists of:

Oil of sweet almonds....	4 ounces
White wax	2 "
Orange flower water....	4 "

This is applied to the face with the finger tips, and gently removed on a bit of old linen; a second application will usually insure a thorough cleansing, after which one may apply massage cream or powder the face lightly.

A good cold cream answers splendidly for cleansing purposes; at the same time it protects the skin in bad weather, softening and nourishing it as well. Many women find a cleansing lotion more efficacious than a cream.

CLEANSING LOTION.

Borax	1 ounce
Glycerine	4 ounces
Cologne water	2 "
Camphor water	20 "
Alcohol	20 "

It is applied night and morning with a soft towel, and is slightly astringent. For enlarged pores it is a good plan to daub an astringent wash upon the face after it is thoroughly cleansed. There are ever so many of these on the market, but the most delightful is one I take great pleasure in giving you, and is made of:

Juice of cucumber.....	4 drams
Tincture of benzoin....	1 ounce
Cologne	4 drams
Elderflower water	16 ounces

The cucumber juice is combined with the cologne; then add the elderflower water, and lastly the benzoin drop by drop.

In applying this wash use a bit of absorbent cotton, and daub it only on those parts where the pores need treatment.

Through neglect and the injudicious use of poor soaps, the skin often assumes a dryness that is exceedingly unpleasant; massage does not always improve this condition, whereas I have tried a lotion that has been most gratifying in its results:

FOR DRY SKIN.

Bruised quince seed....	2 drams
Water	12 ounces
Glycerine	3 drams
Benzoin	3 drams
Oil of rose.....	5 drops

A decoction is made of the quince seed and water, which, after twenty-four hours, is put through cheesecloth; the other ingredients are then added, the benzoin last.

Daub this on the face, and allow it to dry on. It is often found that dry skins will not tolerate glycerine; in such cases I advise wearing a face mask during the night that has been thickly coated with a good absorbent cream—of course it goes without saying that the face must be thoroughly cleansed first. Equal parts of cold cream, lanolin, and cocoanut oil make a satisfactory cream for this purpose; the mask can easily be improvised at home of heavy white linen with slits for the eyes, nose, and mouth, and tapes to

fasten it securely around the head. After its removal in the morning gently wipe the face with a soft towel; no soap and water should be used while subjecting the skin to this treatment.

So much for the complexion, that requires only average care and attention to make it bloom like a rose.

Some one has said that no woman should require facial massage before her fortieth year; that can apply only to the isolated, whose lives are cast in still waters; those of us who are "up and doing," who form a part of this intensely active age, find that unless we take time by the forelock, it is apt to weave indelible tracings upon the countenance long before we reach our fortieth milestone.

How to keep the face fresh and young is, therefore, a question of much importance to every up-to-date woman. It can only be accomplished with daily care and judicious massage. Most women complain that they haven't the time or knack to do this for themselves. To both objections I can only say: Take the time and you will acquire the knack. As a matter of fact, self massage is, in most instances, far more efficacious than that given by another, even though it be a professional, because we are more interested and more familiar with our individual needs and requirements than one whom we pay for the service ever can be; furthermore, a little massage when we first begin to see the need of it goes a great way toward preventing that condition which yields only to professional skill.

What paradoxes most of us are! We all want to be attractive, but we will not even take the trouble to examine ourselves properly and note the ravages that neglect, hard work, poor digestion, rapid living, time, and a hundred and one other things leave upon us; then we are overwhelmed when the evidences of these conditions pile up in the form of gray hairs, wrinkles, haggard lines, and what not.

I advise every woman to scrutinize herself thoroughly with the aid of a triple mirror at least once a week. The telltale lines have a provoking habit of

tucking themselves away from one's direct gaze, and we've got to view ourselves askance, as it were, to find them, *but others see them!* Don't delude yourself for a moment into the belief that they do not.

Ah, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us,

is an admirable couplet to remember and live up to. I'm sure the immortal Burns had visions of female loveliness in mind when he conceived them.

No woman past twenty-five can afford to neglect this facial inspection, and to begin then such individual treatment as will enable her to carry, far into middle life, a youthful complexion.

Skins differ in texture and in their requirements, as everything else in nature does. The professional masseuse, who does the work as a routine thing, is apt to forget this, as many can testify to their sorrow, yet no skin is so thin that it cannot receive a certain amount of manipulation, and thrive under it, if properly given.

We Americans do not begin to have the dazzling complexions that most of our foreign cousins enjoy; for one thing, our houses are notoriously superheated, in consequence of which the secretions of the skin are dried out. These secretions are *nature's cosmetics*, and we must not only stimulate the glandular activity with which the skin is nourished from within, but supply it with food from without. Nothing can take the place of massage in accomplishing this.

The skin must, however, first be put in proper condition to receive the greatest benefit from the treatment; in other words, it must be thoroughly cleaned. I do not approve of steaming the face; it is far more injurious than beneficial; its object is to open the pores and rid them of their contents; this is done more efficaciously with hot towels, and the home treatment of the face should begin with their application. The first towel is wrung in moderately hot water, and directly applied to the face like a mask *after* the skin has been covered with a layer of bland cream, then a second

towel is dipped in water as hot as can be borne and laid over the first one, the steam filters through the under towel and is properly tempered by the time it reaches the skin; remove the upper towel when cooled and repeat and re-apply it without removing the under one at least a half dozen times; by that time the cream has softened the dead skin, the pores have been opened, and the heat has drawn the blood to the surface. Now remove the towels and scrub the face, using for this purpose whatever your individual skin will allow: A fine complexion brush and a bland soap for one, ground almond meal for another, the finger tips and a cleansing cream for another, and so on. And, after all traces of the cleansing process are removed, seat yourself before the mirror and begin the work of massage.

Massage of any kind and for any purpose should never be applied dry, but this is especially true of the face where the skin is particularly delicate, and where every blemish shows. Have on hand, therefore, a freshly prepared massage cream. These creams are apt to dry out, or to absorb impurities, and should be made up in small quantities only. The cream must be warm when applied, and, as both hands and face have already been treated to heat, the cream will be melted sufficiently by the time it is applied. Do not use more than is necessary; a mass of fat and oil will defeat your object. Begin with

the cheeks, about halfway in their middle, and describe small circles with your finger tips, working upward toward the eyes and outward toward the ears. Dimples in youth are apt to degenerate into furrows in later years unless the cheeks are kept well filled out, and the rotary movement for the skin should be supplemented with deeper muscle massage to accomplish this end. Use the two forefingers and imagine that they are a

clip; grasp the cheek firmly between the fingers, and work the muscles out away from the teeth and up toward the eyes—it is a double motion and very simple.

If your triple mirror has revealed tiny wrinkles on the cheek just beside the ear, you must give them special attention. With one hand lift the ear gently out and away from the face, apply the cream with circular movements until the skin glows, as there are few glands in this situation, and the parts require considerable stimulation to keep them



Rub it well into the skin with the finger tips, using a rotary movement.

smooth and youthful.

Faulty habits of expression put ugly lines on the brow, which is one of our most beautiful features. Again the finger tips are used going over and over the forehead in circles from the eyebrows to the hair line. The frowning furrows between the eyebrows require special care; they add years to one's face, and the habit of frowning must be overcome before they can be completely eradicated. These lines are massaged in an opposite direction from that

in which they run. With the finger tips of one hand smooth or "iron" out the furrows, then apply the skin food forcibly and deeply.

If you have formed crow's feet, they, too, require special attention. The skin here is extremely fine—that is why it wrinkles so easily—and is quickly bruised if "crumpled" in rough massage. It is best to smooth it out with the finger tips, as suggested for frown lines, and then manipulate very gently with the finger tips of the other hand. The eyelids must be handled very carefully and always from the *inner* corner outward with long sweeps, using the two middle fingers, bringing them together at the outward corner in a long sweep over the temples.

The nose reflects one's physical condition, and should never be overlooked; the glands at the base and in the corners are usually very active, therefore it should be fully manipulated and the circulation well stimulated.

After going over the entire face as suggested, use heavy strokes with the palms, or with the flat surfaces of the four fingers, making the passes from the centre of the forehead outward, from the middle of the chin upward to the ears, outward from the corners of the mouth.

The throat should also receive some attention, although I will enter more fully into this in a future article.

All excess of cream is now removed with a soft towel, and the face bathed

in several cool waters, to which a little powdered borax may be added if the skin is inclined to be greasy; tincture of benzoin may be used, or a few drops of fragrant toilet water.

I do not advocate so thorough a treatment every day, but at least twice a week is necessary to keep the face in good condition, going over it lightly between times.

Just the right massage cream is a matter of paramount importance. Some skins can absorb considerable fat, others require a greaseless cream. Experiments are necessary until the right one is found, then adhere to that and let no one persuade you to the contrary; for the skin food that does not agree with your demands acts precisely as one that you cannot digest inwardly—it does more harm than good.

One of the most popular is the

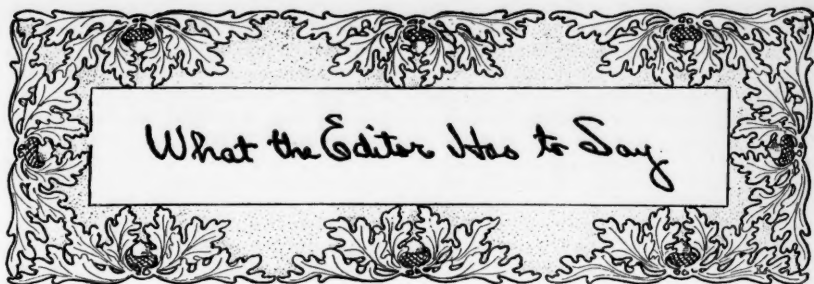
ORANGE FLOWER CREAM.

White wax.....	1 ounce
Spermaceta	1 "
Lanolin	2 ounces
Cocoonut oil.....	2 "
Orange flower water..	2 "
Oil of sweet almonds..	4 "
Tincture of benzoin...	30 drops

In making creams at home, remember that they should always be melted in a double boiler or over a water bath—merely melted. The other ingredients are then added and thoroughly beaten, and when nearly cold, add perfume or the tincture of benzoin.

Dr. Whitney will be glad to answer, free of charge, all reasonable questions relating to beauty and health. Private replies will be sent to those enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address: Beauty Department, SMITH'S MAGAZINE, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York.





What the Editor Has to Say

YOU have in your hands the first number of the enlarged SMITH'S. We hope you like it, and we feel that we have reasonable grounds for the hope. If you liked the magazine in the past you will now get all that you had before in the way of fiction, and a little more beside. If our new departments have any interest for you, and we are sure that they will be both interesting and helpful to a great many readers, you can feel that you are getting something else that you did not expect thrown in for the same price.



AND now a word in regard to these departments. We announced a month ago that, commencing with this issue, we would have a department devoted to books and reading. We had such a department ready to go to press in time for the issue, but it is not in the magazine. At the last moment we decided that it was not up to our expectations; that it was not quite the thing we had planned to do, not quite good enough to give you as an earnest of what you might expect to find in this department in future numbers. We hated to leave it out inasmuch as we had promised it, but we would rather defer the fulfillment of a promise than have something in SMITH'S below the mark we have set for ourselves. Next month you *will* get the department. We believe that after reading it a month or so you will think it worth the waiting for.

IN regard to the other two features which you find in the present issue we think that the articles by Miss Rittenhouse and Doctor Lillian Whitney are each as excellent as you can secure in any magazine anywhere. In one respect we can promise an improvement in both these departments. In the future they will be illustrated more fully and in, we hope, an even better style. The articles themselves will be of the same quality and general tone as in the present issue and by the same authors. We know of no higher authorities or of no one who can write more helpfully about their subjects than these authors.



WE think that the present issue of SMITH'S is as good as any number you have ever had in the past, but we are confident of an even more interesting magazine in the future. The present number contains the final installment of Rupert Hughes' serial, "The Gift-Wife." We have another serial on hand now. We won't announce the author or the title at present. It is a story of especial interest to women, and one of the best books that has been written in the past five years, anyway. It has no resemblance whatever in plot or atmosphere or general style to either of its two predecessors, "The Great Conspirator" and "The Gift-Wife," but it belongs easily in the same class as regards merit, and, if we know anything about it, it will make a stronger and more especial ap-

peal to women. It will commence in two months from now, in the next number but one. We are talking about it thus early, because we think it something out of the ordinary and because we find it hard to keep still about it.



WE would like to have every girl in her teens or shortly out of them, and every reader interested in such a girl, to read the novel that opens the December number of SMITH'S. It was written by Virginia Middleton, who wrote "The Hiltons," "The Jilting of Susan Geary," "The Torchbearers," and a great many other stories with which you must have pleasant recollections if you have been a reader of SMITH'S for any length of time. "Harriet Vonner's Martyrdom" is the story of an inexperienced girl who attaches too much importance to the ordinary polite attentions of a man not particularly interested in her, whose attention signified nothing more than a good-natured wish to have the girl enjoy herself. Her inexperience and foolishness lead her into a tremendous lot of trouble. We never read a story just like this, but it bears the stamp and imprint of reality throughout. It is unusually interesting and absorbing, and of course, after all, that is what counts most in a story. The author is not trying in the least to point a moral; she is just telling the story; and if there is a moral in it it doesn't spoil the tale. Whether there is or not we leave for you to decide.



ANOTHER thing in the next number of SMITH'S to which we wish to call especial attention is the first of a series of two papers by Hildagarde Lavender entitled "Some Feminine Records of Success." We can say truthfully that we have never read anything more helpful, more interesting, more stimulating in any woman's magazine. It is customary enough for many women workers to complain that there is no chance in business for a woman

as compared with a man; that the women must work harder and for less money than the man; that she must be content always with a subordinate position. We ourselves know of too many instances to the contrary to believe that this is so in the great majority of cases, and Miss Lavender has proved it to be true in these two papers. If you earn your own living in a store or office, you'll find these two articles about the best reading you have ever met. It is not fiction. The facts are absolutely as Miss Lavender states them, although the names, for obvious reasons, have been changed in many instances. The first is entitled "Three Business Women." When you read it and hear of the girl who starts life as a cash girl in a big shop and finally winds up as the owner of a fashionable millinery establishment in New York, of the stenographer who becomes a successful business woman on her own account, and of the girl who becomes a successful farmer, you will be in a hurry to read the next article. The point about these accounts is that the women mentioned were not people of genius or talented in any particular fashion. They were just ordinary girls with nothing more in the way of looks and ability than the average. A capacity for hard work, perseverance, and common sense did for them what they will do for almost any one who possesses them. It is certainly true that the time is long past when woman's only sphere is the home. There's just as good a chance in the thousand and one special lines of effort that our civilization is developing for the woman as for the man.



THERE'S a delightfully funny story in the December issue called "Jimmy, the Spellbinder," by Robert Rudd Whiting; there's another splendid short story, "Her Shadow," from the pen of Grace Margaret Gallagher; and there are also stories by Anne O'Hagan, Holman F. Day, Margaret Belle Houston, Louise Kennedy Mabie, and others.

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More About The "Fool," The Frying Pan, and The Flatiron Building.

By ARTHUR S. FORD.

EXPLANATION:

In previous issues of standard magazines I told how Joseph Aspdin, an Englishman, earned the name of "fool" by trying to "make stone" in a frying pan over a kitchen stove. This marked the birth of Portland Cement and Concrete, the wonderful material that made the skyscraper possible and is revolutionizing building everywhere. I told of its amazing growth in America, starting with 42,000 barrels in 1880, jumping to over eight million barrels in 1900, fifty million barrels in 1907, and over sixty-two million barrels in 1909. I told further of the enormous profits that have been made by stockholders in well situated and intelligently managed cement mills, and asked you to join us in equipping our magnificent mill on the Lake Shore Ry. at Sandusky Bay, with water transportation to all points on the Great Lakes from Buffalo to Chicago.

I also told of our intention to duplicate this plant at Spokane, Wash., the giant city of the Northwest, where cement is selling today at nearly \$3.00 per barrel, and asked you if you had any money from \$100 up which was not earning at least 10 per cent., to let me send you particulars of our 7 per cent. Gold Bonds with which you would receive a generous bonus in fully paid and non-assessable common stock.

The number of letters received, the number of friends we have made, and the thousands of dollars subscribed, have proved the wisdom of telling this story straight to the great body of the American Public. We take these additional pages, first to report progress and show what we have done with the money, and secondly, to give those readers who may not have read my first article an opportunity to participate in the great profits we have in sight.

Read every word of the following pages carefully. I do not think the inside story of a business promotion was ever laid before the public as fully and frankly before:

I want to tell you the confidential story of how a big corporation is being financed. I promise you it will be interesting, not because of any merit in the writing or any romantic or spectacular deals put through in the private offices of the "Kings of High Finance," but because it proves first, that a straight line is still the shortest distance between two given points, and second, that the great body of the American public is capable of appreciating a sound and honest business proposition, if placed before them fully and frankly.

Let me go back and start from the beginning.

HOW PEOPLE'S PORTLAND CEMENT CO. STARTED.

It may seem a paradox to say that when People's Portland Cement Co. started it was hristened the "Lake Shore Portland Cement Co.," but it happened that way. About two years ago, several of the leading and most influen-

tial citizens of Sandusky, Ohio, realized the enormous wave of concrete construction that was sweeping the country, and the strategic importance of a modern cement mill of large capacity located on the shores of the Great Lakes, with waterways to every point from Buffalo to Chicago, determined therefore, with their own money, to build and equip an electrically operated mill with a daily capacity of 2,000 barrels.

They did not issue any appeal to the public, but put their hands in their own pockets and provided the funds to start. First, they found about twenty acres located on the shore of Sandusky Bay, in the city limits, immediately adjoining the main lines of the Lake Shore Ry. This they *bought and paid for*. Then came the question of raw material, and finding that they could secure a quantity of ideal lime deposits immediately adjoining a highly successful plant, they *bought and paid for over three hundred acres*, so that the

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

plant should be provided with abundance of raw material for future years. Then came the question of coal, which is one of the principal items in the making of Cement. Rather than be at the mercy of the coal operators they went to southern Ohio and *bought and paid* for over five hundred acres of coal lands, so that they could control their coal supply. Remember, when I say *bought and paid for*, I mean just that. They did not take options nor did they pay for them in part, but they *bought* them and *paid* for them and they were turned over to the company free and clear of all indebtedness.

Then they started work building their mill. They *bought and paid* for the magnificent buildings you see pictured elsewhere in this article, containing over five hundred tons of structural steel, erected these buildings on their mill site, and put in Railway spurs to give access to the plant. The work had progressed to this point when I became identified with the company.

I had been for some years investigating the growth of the cement industry. I had just returned from Spokane, Wash., which city I found to be *badly in need* of a cement plant. Cement was selling there then, and is selling there today at nearly \$3.00 per barrel, being dependent for its supply on Kansas, Canada, and the Pacific Coast.

I do not claim any merit for discovering this extraordinary opportunity; a dozen men had anticipated it before, and there had been much talk of building a cement plant in Spokane, but up to that time *no real effort* had been made towards building a plant, and even today, although the news of our project has stirred up dozens of would-be competitors, there is *no cement mill making an ounce of cement* within hundreds of miles of Spokane.

Through the kindness of mutual friends I was invited to join issue with my Sandusky friends of the Lake Shore Portland Cement Co., who also appreciated the enormous possibilities of Spokane, and I did so, merging both projects under the name of the People's Portland Cement Co. of Sandusky-Spokane. The Lake Shore Company turned over to the People's Company, all their lands, mill-site, coal mine, buildings, etc., taking their payment entirely in our 7 per cent. Gold Bonds, which were made a first mortgage on every asset.

OUR SEVEN PER CENT. BONDS A FIRST MORTGAGE.

By the agreement of the Lake Shore Company to retire its own Bond Issue in favor of the combined company, it was decided that the Bond Issue should constitute a first mortgage on every asset then owned or thereafter to be acquired by the new Company. That the Bonds should pay 7 per cent. interest, payable semi-annually, and that the Chicago Title & Trust Co. and Mr. Wm. C. Niblack, Vice President and Trust Officer of the Chicago Title & Trust Co. should be appointed Trustee for the Bondholders. *This was*

done, and the question of marketing the bonds received consideration.

My advice to them was as follows:

"If you sell your bonds to the Bond Houses, they will not keep them locked up in their vaults, but will distribute them to their investing clients and *eventually* these Bonds must be purchased by the American investing Public."

"*Tell the story of what you have done to the American Public direct; there are thousands of discriminating investors in America today who have sums ranging from hundreds to thousands of dollars invested at considerably less than 7 per cent. Your bonds are gilt-edged industrials, backed by such assets as will convince every one who examines of the merits of your proposition.*"

"You have thousands of dollars of your own money invested in the proposition, and you have taken payment for what you have done in the *very self-same* bonds. If those bonds are good enough for you to accept for the money you have spent, they will be quite *good enough* for the intelligent public, after you have done so much to make the thing a success."

To make a long story short, I convinced them that my method was sound, and was instructed to prepare the story and lay it before the American public through the mediums of magazine and newspaper advertising.

The above is then a history of how the story of "The Fool, the Fryng Pan, and the Flatiron Building," came to be printed in the leading magazines of the Country, and now I will tell you something of the result.

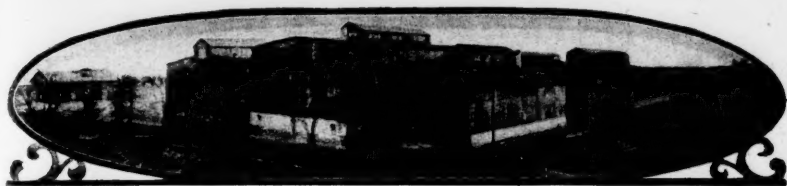
HOW THE PUBLIC RESPONDED.

Like the little boy who whistled when he passed the cemetery, I spent many nervous moments while waiting for the answer of the American Public, keeping up my own courage by assuring my Directors that the Public would not fail us.

I distinctly remember the first day we received a batch of mail; how eagerly we read over the letters, and how meagre seemed the result. Then our first caller came in from an advertisement in the *Chicago Tribune*. How I *talked* to that man. I told him the story I am telling you, *backwards, forwards*, and then started in the middle and told it *both ways*. Then he asked how much money we had taken in, and when I told him he was our first caller, like the Arab in the poem "he quietly folded his tent and silently stole away."

The next day brought some encouragement, for one of the twenty or thirty letters we opened contained a check for \$1,000.00 pinned on a coupon from a magazine. No questions were asked, no comments were made, nor were they necessary as far as we were concerned, for there was the check for one thousand *real dollars*, subscribed by a perfect stranger in answer to our appeal. During the day a dozen investors came in. I remember one particularly, he talked the

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."



ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF PEOPLE'S PORTLAND CEMENT CO., MILL NO. 1, AT SANDUSKY, O.,
ON SHORE OF LAKE, AND ADJOINING L. S. & M. S. RY.

matter over for ten or fifteen minutes, produced a check for \$500.00, which he endorsed over to us.

Since that day, however, we have not looked back. It is impossible to tell you here of the thousands of letters we have received from all parts of America, Europe, and in fact, of the world. These letters brought checks, drafts, money orders, and currency of all denominations and amounts. A gentleman from Yokohama pinned a draft for \$3,000 to a magazine coupon and sent it in without comment. A lady in England wrote us to hold a reservation for her until her check reached us. From Mexico, Honduras, Panama, Hawaii, Philippines, Canada, Australia, and in fact wherever the English language is spoken, read, and American publications circulate, subscriptions poured in.

Quite a number of people called on us in Sandusky to inspect our plant and lands. This was the supreme test, for a cement mill is very prosaic indeed, and we doubted our ability to show an investor *exactly* what all the mysterious machinery and equipment would do.

Today when a man writes that he is about to pay us a visit we know we have secured another bondholder. A gentleman from Michigan came here with his wife, and before he had been in the plant twenty minutes he handed me a check for \$2,500. Another gentleman also from Michigan had purchased \$500 of bonds and paid \$100 as a deposit. In talking it over with his wife he wondered if he had done a wise thing, and very prudently determined to come and see what sort of a proposition we had. He came, he saw, we conquered. He paid the balance on his subscription, duplicated it in ten days, and today, August 31st, I am in receipt of a letter from him saying he will invest another \$1,000 this month, and is confident of placing another \$10,000 with his friends.

HOW WE SPENT THE MONEY.

Now as to progress. The gigantic kilns that were manufactured for us by Reeves Bros. Co. of Alliance, O., reached the plant a month ago, and are installed with the driving mechanism in position on their foundations. The power plant, which cost \$10,000, was brought from the Stew-

art Electric Co., Cincinnati, and paid for before being erected. We have a large force of men in the plant bending their energy towards its completion. All foundations for the grinding mills are in and waiting for the mills themselves, which will come along soon. The dryers are purchased and being loaded on cars. In fact, more than 60 carloads of machinery and material have been installed in our plant during the last 90 days. Our engineers promise completion of the mill within a very short time after this article is printed, and *we are negotiating with two firms for the sale of our entire output for the first year.*

One very interesting fact I am pleased to report. In our prospectus we based our estimates of profits on a selling price of *80 cents per barrel*. This figure reads like a joke today. Cement has risen steadily in the last three months and is *selling today* in Sandusky at \$1.25 per barrel. We needed a carload the other day, and through the courtesy of a competitor were favored with a consignment at \$1.23, which was several cents below the market.

PURCHASE OF SPOKANE PLANT.

The moment we satisfied ourselves of the success of our issue we looked about for Spokane equipment, and fortune served us an excellent turn. At Warners, N. Y., near Syracuse, we found the plant of the Empire Portland Cement Co., which had been shut down owing to having exhausted its raw material, and the cost of obtaining raw material from other sources would have made competition too severe. (Our lime deposits are extensive enough to fortify us for years and our location favors us with additional protection because of favorable rates.)

We were informed by the owners that this plant represented a total investment of over \$600,000. The plant has three hundred acres of land, and had been kept in very good repair. The steel buildings are in excellent condition, having been recently erected. It contains five kilns, besides crushing, grinding machinery, elevating and conveying machinery, tool shop, office and laboratory. We bought this plant at a figure which I am almost ashamed to mention. We sent an engineer to take charge of it, and he is now busy with a force of over twenty men dismantling the

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

plant and loading it on cars. The buildings, kilns and most of the machinery will be shipped to Spokane immediately.

For several months we have been investigating various limestone deposits in Washington, and have been negotiating with Railroads with regard to rates on raw material, finished product and coal. The officials of one of the Trans-Continental lines are very anxious that we locate on their line.

They have been kind enough to write that if we will locate in their vicinity they will give us a generous share of the immense orders they place for cement. As I write this page I am awaiting a telegram from our chemist with his report on a new property and before you read these words we expect to have publicly announced our decision on its purchase.

NOW ABOUT OUR COAL MINE.

As we naturally will not require any large amount of coal at our Sandusky plant until it commences making cement, we felt it prudent to sell the entire output so as to produce a daily revenue. We therefore contracted for the entire output of this mine with the W. H. Warner Co., Cleveland, O., until 1911, at \$1.00 a ton for three-quarter coal. We have spent thousands of dollars in enlarging the mine, and have installed a new cutting machine so that when we need the slack coal for our mill we will continue to receive a handsome daily return from this very valuable property.

25 PER CENT. STOCK BONUS STILL GIVEN WITH OUR 7 PER CENT. BONDS.

We still offer a 25 per cent. Stock Bonus with Bonds and have only about \$250,000 in Bonds that we wish to sell. These bonds, as I have told you, constitute a First Mortgage on every asset the Company now owns or may hereafter acquire, including therefore the Sandusky mill, our Coal Mine, the Spokane Mill when completed, and any other property we may purchase. The bond interest is payable semi-annually at the Chicago Title & Trust Co., or through your own Bank. We have no preferred stock, the entire capital stock being common, so that when the bond issue is paid all of the profits belong to the Common Stockholders. The Directors of the company have subscribed an additional \$50,000 cash, payable when the Sandusky Mill is completed, to provide that plant with proper working capital and it is difficult to see how they could show their



THIS IS THE PLANT AT WARNERS, N. Y., BOUGHT BY PEOPLE'S PORTLAND CEMENT CO. FOR REMOVAL TO SPOKANE, WASH.

confidence in the proposition any more strongly.

The profit from Mill No. 1 should be enough to pay the entire bond interest several times over, and the profits from Spokane should be two or three times the amount of our Sandusky mill, leaving our Coal Mine out of the question.

We are confident that our Common Stock should be worth par within a very short time and the history of other well managed cement

companies shows that it is this stock which reaps the biggest reward.

You can make your payment in one sum and thus start earning your bond interest at once, or you can spread your payments over five months, receiving your bonds and stock when payments are completed.

Remember that the 25 per cent. bonus we offer you in common stock will be withdrawn as soon as the receipt of subscriptions justifies it.

WRITE TO US TODAY.

If you wish any further information we will be pleased to furnish it. If it is possible for you to visit our Plant at Sandusky we will be glad to show you what we have. We will send you letters from local bankers who are interested in our proposition and endorse it (Third National Exchange Bank, and American Banking and Trust Co., of Sandusky, O.), in short, if you are prepared to consider an honest 7 per cent. First Mortgage Gold Bond investment you owe it to yourself to write us at once.

You will receive a 25 per cent. bonus in common stock if you subscribe at once, and you can rely absolutely on the assurance that the proposition will be conducted along legitimate and honest lines, with a view of making money by the manufacture and sale of cement, than which no better industry exists in America today.

MAIL THIS COUPON.

Mr. A. S. FORD, Secy. & Treas.
People's Portland Cement Co.
235 Feick Bldg., Sandusky, Ohio.

Without obligation of any kind on my part mail me particulars of your Seven Per Cent Bonds, with which you offer 25% Bonus in fully paid, non-assessable Common Stock.

NAME
STREET
CITY

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."



How do YOU "size up"?

When you come in contact with a big man whose "Yes" or "No" means Success or Failure—how do you "size up"?

At such a time your future "hangs in the balance." You are being scrutinized, weighed, tried. **Have you the training that decides in your favor?** If not, you can easily get it.

If you will but mark the attached coupon the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton will furnish you—**absolutely free**—with full particulars regarding a course of I. C. S. training which will qualify you for a good position **in the occupation of your choice**. With such a training you are **bound** to "size up" well. If you can read and write and have as little as **thirty minutes spare time daily**, the I. C. S. will go to you and train you in your own home. Mark the coupon.

No Obstacles in the Way

It is absolutely immaterial how old you are, what you do for a living, or how little you earn—there's an I. C. S. way specially adapted to your requirements. The more obstacles there seem to be in your way the better the I. C. S. is able to help you, for during the past 18 years its **one specialty** has been to help poorly-paid but ambitious men to win better positions and better salaries.

Mark the Coupon.

The average number of 300 letters received every month from students **VOLUNTARILY** reporting advancement won through I. C. S. help proves that the I. C. S. can help you. During August the number was 307.

Marking the coupon only costs a two cent stamp. Mark it now for a bigger salary.

SUCCESS COUPON

International Correspondence Schools,

Box 399 SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position, trade or profession before which I have marked X.

Automobile Running
Mine Superintendent
Mine Foreman
Fishing, Steam Fitting
Concrete Construction
Civil Engineer
Textile Manufacturing
Stationary Engineer
Telephone Expert
Mechan. Engineer
Mechanical Draftsman
Electrical Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Electric Wireman

Civil Service
Architect
Chemist
Languages—
Banking
Building Contractor
Architectural Draftsman
Industrial Designing
Commercial Illustrating
Window Trimming
Show Card Writing
Advertising Man
Stenographer
Bookkeeper

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____

State _____

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."



Real Food Clean and Fresh

DON'T think of Uneeda Biscuit as a mere lunch necessity, or as a bite between meals.

Uneeda Biscuit are the most nutritious food made from flour, and are full of energizing, strength - giving power.


Uneeda Biscuit are always crisp and fresh and delicious when you buy them. Their sensible, dust tight, moisture proof packages prevent the unclean, tough condition so common to ordinary crackers.

(Never sold in bulk)

NATIONAL
BISCUIT
COMPANY

5¢
for a package

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."



Ostermoor

\$15.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.,
June 24, 1910.

Messrs. Ostermoor & Co.

I have been sleeping on the celebrated Ostermoor Mattress for the past eight years, and am so very much pleased I would certainly not have anything else but Ostermoor in my house.

Yours very truly,
H. C. DAVIDSON.

8 Years here

Over a million Ostermoors have gone into the best homes in America. The above letter (one of the thousands we have received) indicates the service they give. No other mattress can offer proof like this.

144-Page Book with Samples, FREE

The Ostermoor Mattress is not for sale at stores generally, but there's an Ostermoor dealer in most places. Write us and we'll give you his name. We will ship you a mattress by express, prepaid, when we have no dealer in your town or he has none in stock. Try it 30 days—money back if you want it. Be sure of the genuine Ostermoor by seeing the trade-mark label, also the name Ostermoor woven continuously in the binding.

OSTERMOOR & CO., 216 Elizabeth St., New York Canada: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

Mattresses Cost
Ex. Prepaid. Best blue and white ticking.
4'x6' folds, 45 lbs. \$15.
In two parts 50c extra.
Dust-proof, satin finish ticking \$1.50 more.
French embroidered Art Ticks, \$2 more.



THE FOX



W. R. Fox, Pres. Fox Typewriter Co.

On Free Trial!

I mean just what I advertise! You neither agree to purchase my typewriter after trial nor to obligate yourself in any way to purchase. You make no first payment—no deposit—you pay no express charges.

THE FOX VISIBLE TYPEWRITER represents today the highest type of typewriter building and is **absolutely unequalled** by any other typewriter on the market. It gives full Visible Writing, has a Back Space Key, Tabulator, Two-color Ribbon with Automatic Movement and Removable Spools, Interchangeable Carriages and Flatens, Line Lock, Stencil Cutting Device and an exceedingly Light Touch. **It is extremely Durable and almost Noiseless.**

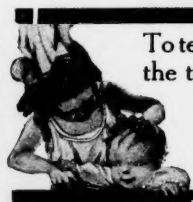
Send for Catalog and Other Advertising

Date _____ 191____

Fox Typewriter Co.,
4711-4721 Front Street
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Please send catalog and arrange for the free trial of a Fox Visible Typewriter.

Name _____
Address _____
Business _____ H8



To teach the regular care of the teeth, a *pleasant* dentifrice is necessary. It's a treat, not a task for the children to use—

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

because of its *delicious efficiency.*

The antiseptic, anti-acid cream, that is delicious without the presence of sugar, efficient without "grit" and all that is beneficial without any injurious effect.

Trial tube for 4 cents

COLGATE & CO.,
Dept. F, 55 John St., N. Y.



Tell the substitute: "No, thank you. I want what I asked for. Good bye."

William J. Locke

is acknowledged by critics to be the greatest living novelist. He wrote these books: "Derelicts," "Idols," "The White Door," "The Usurper," "Where Love Is," "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," "The Beloved Vagabond," "Septimus," "Simon the Jester."

His latest book, and one of the most intensely dramatic ever written, will appear as a two-part story in

Ainslee's Magazine

A generous installment of twenty-eight pages will appear in the November issue, published October Fifteenth. Price Fifteen Cents.

LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

contributes the complete novel—A Story of the Stage.

Anthony Partridge, Eden Phillpotts, E. Nesbit, J. W. Marshall, Jane W. Guthrie, A. A. Knipe and Carey Waddell are among the contributors.

Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you. I want what I asked for. Good-bye."



The Cigarette
you can
smoke all
day without
a trace of
"nerves"—
because it's just
pure, clean, sweet
tobaccos, blended by
artists. Prove it.

MAKAROFF RUSSIAN CIGARETS

15 cents and a quarter
AT YOUR DEALERS

Makaroff - Boston

Mail address—95 Milk Street, Boston

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

Boston Garters are made
of best materials in a clean
factory, by well-paid help.
Every pair warranted—
penalty, a new pair or your
money back.



BOSTON GARTERS
RECOGNIZED THE
STANDARD, AND
WORN THE WORLD
OVER BY WELL
DRESSED MEN.

Sample Pair, Cotton, 25c., Silk, 50c.
Mailed on Receipt of Price.

GEORGE FROST CO. MAKERS
BOSTON, MASS., U.S.A.

See that BOSTON GARTER
is stamped on the clasp.



The Famous Meister Piano

In Your Own Home 30 Days Free
AND WE PAY THE FREIGHT

Shipped on this basis to any home in America

If you don't like it send it back and we'll pay the return freight, too.

**PRICE \$175.00 \$1.00 a Week or
\$5.00 a Month**

No Cash Payment Down—No
Interest—No Freight—No Extras

Handsome Stool and Scarf Free. Rothschild 10-Year Guarantee
Good with Each Instrument.

Just to prove to you the splendid worth of the MEISTER piano, let us spend it to you on thirty days free trial. It won't cost you a penny or a moment of bother. First, send for our beautifully illustrated MEISTER catalog and see how the Meister is made and the materials used in its construction. Read therein the testimony of delighted owners. Select the style you like and send in your order. We'll do the rest. The piano will be shipped to you promptly, freight prepaid, no matter where you live. Try it a month at our expense. You will be under no obligation until you decide to buy. Then you may take full advantage of our easy payment plan which makes it easy for any man of modest income to own this famous instrument.

SOLD DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO YOU—
We deal only with the people direct and sell more pianos than any other firm in the world. We are sole makers of the MEISTER piano. It is produced in our own magnificently equipped factories and sold direct from the factory to you minus the usual profits of jobber, retailer and special salesman. There is only one small profit and that is ours. We were obliged to secure extra factory facilities this year because of an enormously increased demand and we are doing the finest work in the history of piano making. This instrument is made of the very finest materials by men who have earned their way because of efficiency, and is fully guaranteed for ten years.

THIS IS THE BEST \$175 PIANO IN THE WORLD, but we manufacture other and more elaborate styles which are illustrated in the catalog. If you don't find it to be precisely as we have represented—if it doesn't perform to your entire satisfaction—if you don't regard it as the richest toned instrument you have ever heard then we'll take it back after the month's free trial and it hasn't cost you a cent.

ROTHSCHILD & COMPANY—total resources exceeding \$3,000,000—conducting one of the largest and most successful commercial institutions in the world—do not sell to dealers except as individual purchasers and make no deviation from regular terms and prices as published.

THE MEISTER PIANO CO.

Rothschild & Company, Sole Owners

State, Van Buren and Wabash Aves.
Dept. 49, Chicago, Ill.

PRESERVE BABY'S SKIN



With CUTICURA SOAP

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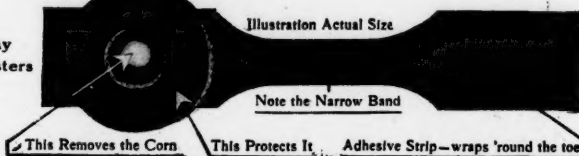
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One of the secrets of success is to have all the chickens that are fully developed at hatching time, whether they can crack the shell or not. It is a simple trick and believed to be the secret of the ancient Egyptians and Chinese which enabled them to sell the chicks at 10 cents a dozen.

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Our book tells how to make the best green food with little trouble and have a good supply any day in the year, winter or summer. It is just as impossible to get a large egg yield without green food as it is to keep a cow without hay or fodder.

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No lamps required. No danger of chilling, over-heating or burning up the chickens as with brooders using lamps or any kind of fire. They also keep all the lice off the chickens automatically or kill any that may be on them when placed in the brooder. Our book gives full plans and the right to make and use them. One can easily be made in an hour at a cost of 25 to 50 cents.

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Tell the substitutor: "No, thank you, I want what I asked for. Good-bye."

(C)



(A)



(B)



(D)



"Love at First Sight!"

Note—Pictures now ready for delivery

"Why so much frowning?" asked a friend as he paused at the door of the writer's office.

"Because I can't find the right words to tell the magazine readers how really beautiful and valuable are the 1911 'Pompeian Beauties' in colors. You see, each 'Pompeian Beauty' is really worth \$1.50 to \$2.50," I replied.

"Oh, I see," he laughed, "can't make the public understand how you can give a \$1.50 picture in colors for 15 cents, eh? Well, charge 'em a dollar. Maybe that will make 'em sit up and observe. Let's see the pictures." I pointed to the wall behind him. "Those! Those for 15 cents apiece!" His voice indicated his own unbelief.

"There you are!" I laughed. "Won't believe me yourself. Just 15 cents apiece. But which is your choice?"

"That one for me!" he said. "No, wait a moment. That one! No, I—I—say—I love 'em all! They're great! They're wonderful! Just say in your ad that it's a case of love at first sight for every single one of them! They are all heart-breakers! If the public could only see them in their real sizes and colors you'd be swamped!"

Yes, it is a case of "love at first sight" for those who see them in their true and exquisite colors. Then the question is: Which "Pompeian Beauty" would you rather have on your walls? Any one is worthy of a fine frame. Yes, you may order several if you can't decide on one. You run no risk. Read our "money back" guarantee.

Why \$1.50 is not charged: The manufacturers of Pompeian Massage Cream want to make you so delighted with each picture you get that you can never forget who gave it to you, for each picture is practically a gift, the 15 cents being charged to protect ourselves from being

overwhelmed. We get our reward through years to come, and from the good will and confidence thus established. You get your reward at once.

MEN—DON'T—WOMEN

"Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one." This is the advice of men and women (in a million homes) that use Pompeian Massage Cream. At all dealers; trial jar sent for 6 cents (stamps or coin). You may order pictures, trial jar, or both.

Our 1911 Pictures. Each "Pompeian Beauty" is in colors and by a high-priced artist, and represents a type of woman whom Pompeian helps to make more beautiful by imparting a natural, clear, healthy complexion.

Our Guarantee. If you are not satisfied that each copy of any "Pompeian Beauty" has an actual art store value of \$1.50 to \$2.50, or if for any reason you are disappointed, we will return your money.

NOTE—The handsome frames are only printed (but in colors) on pictures A and B. All four have hangers for use if pictures are not to be framed. Only artist's name-plate on front as above.

Pompeian Beauty (A) size 17"x12"; (B) size 19"x12"; (C) size 32"x8"; (D) size 35"x7".

NOTE—Pompeian Beauty D went into a quarter of a million homes last year, and the demand for it is still heavy.

Final Instructions: Don't expect picture and trial jar to come together; don't expect reply by "return mail" (we have 20,000 orders on some days). But after making due allowance for distance, congestion of mails, and our being overwhelmed at times, if you then get no reply, write us for mails will miscarry and we do replace all goods lost or stolen. Write plainly on the coupon only. You may order as many pictures as you wish for yourself or friends.

POMPEIAN Massage Cream



All Dealers
50c. 75c. and \$1

Read this coupon carefully before filling out your order.
THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 14 Prospect Street, Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen:—Under the letters (or a letter) in the spaces below I have placed figures (or a figure) to show the quantity I wish of one or more of the four "Pompeian Beauties." I am enclosing 15c. (stamps or money) for each picture ordered.

P. S.—I shall place a mark (x) in the square below if I enclose 6c. extra (stamps or coin) for a trial jar of Pompeian.

Write very carefully, fully and plainly on coupon only. ☐

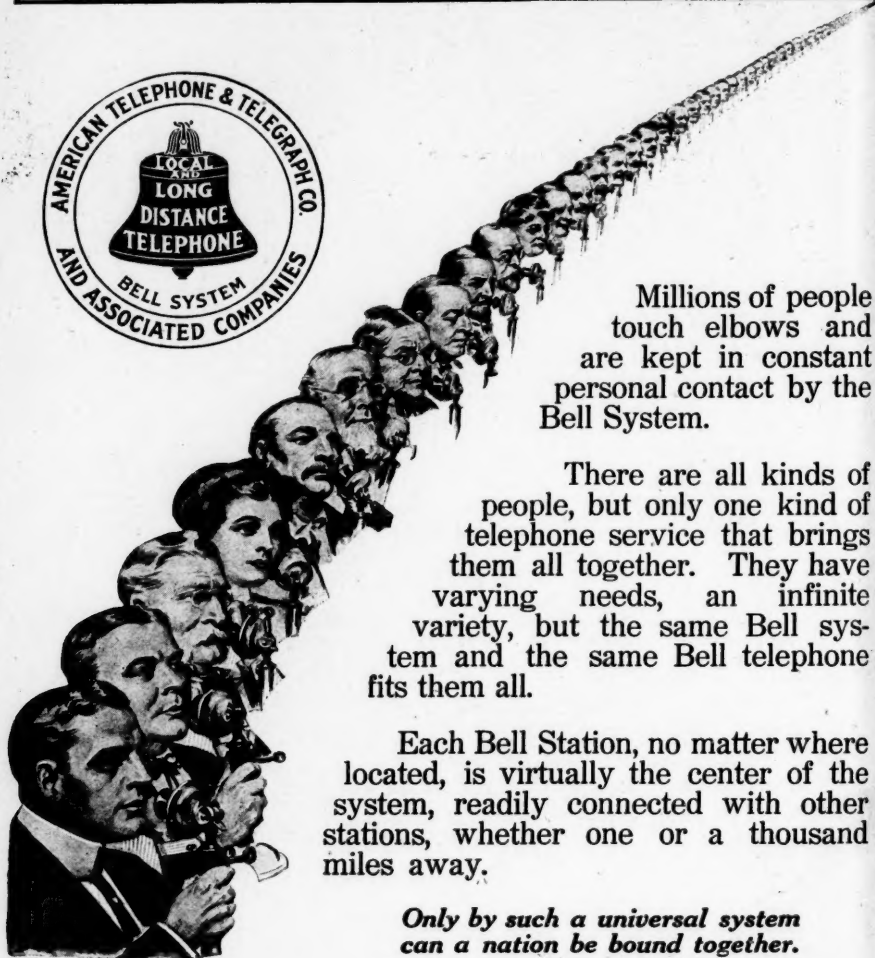
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Other soaps are white in name — stay white for a time — but turn yellow as saffron with age, because of the cheap ingredients and refuse greases used in their making. Fairy Soap is always white, first, last and all the time. It needs no coloring matter or high perfumes to disguise the quality of the edible products from which it is made.

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